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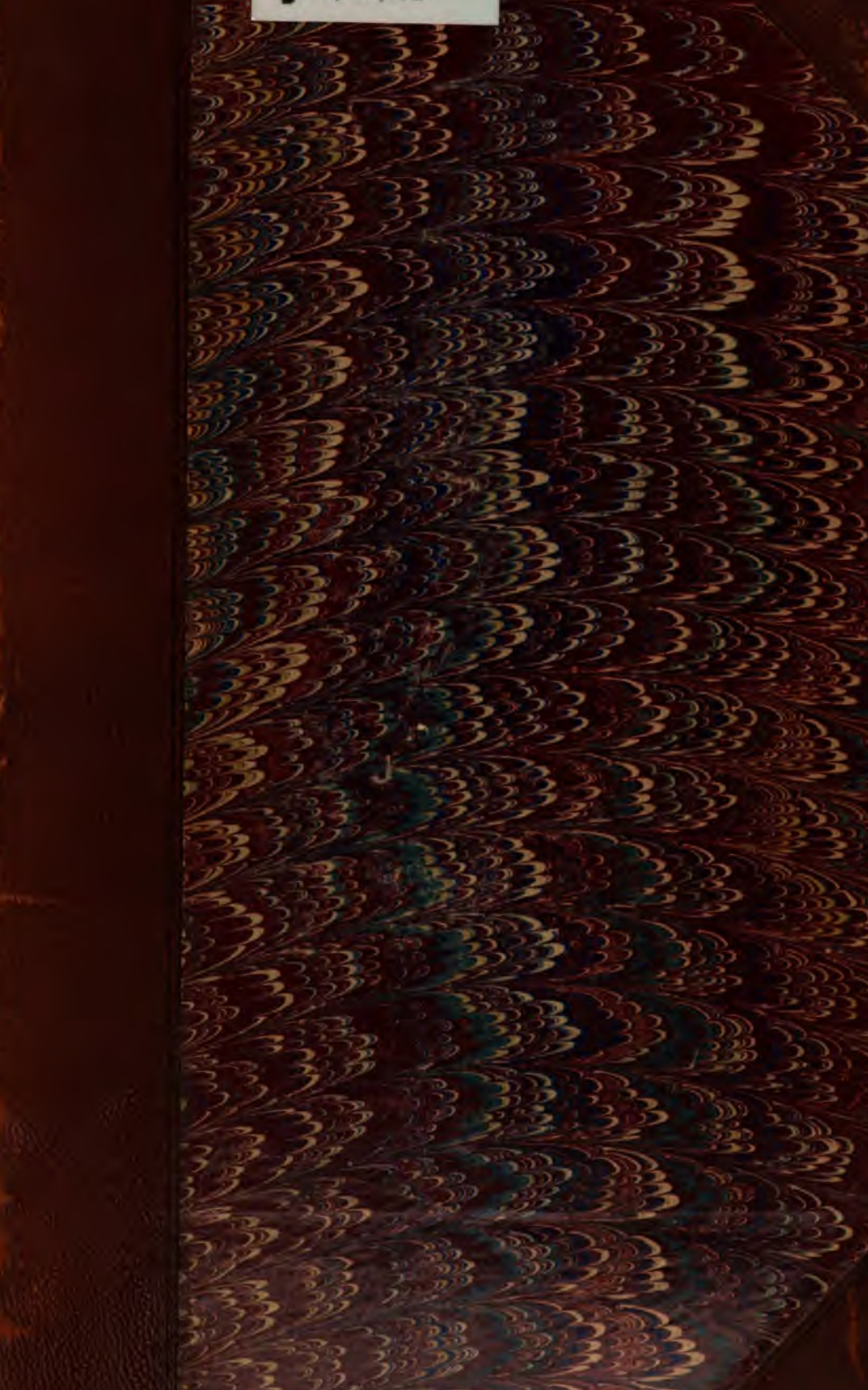
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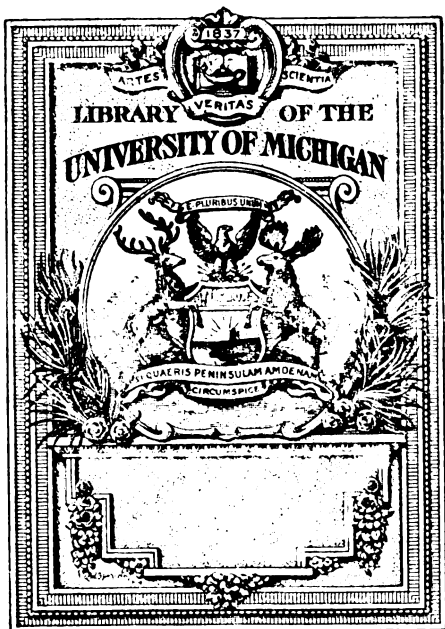
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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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## Art. I.—LOCAL TAXATION.

*Reports of H.M. Commissioners appointed to enquire into the subject of Local Taxation, 1899–1901.*

THERE are signs discernible on the political horizon that finance may ere long become a burning question. Our national expenditure, according to the last return of 'Public Income and Expenditure,'\* has risen from 71,648,227*l.* in 1880–81, to 94,115,434*l.* in 1898–99, and, owing to the war, to nearly 170,000,000*l.* for the year 1900–1901. Our local expenditure, according to a return supplied by Sir Edward Hamilton to the late Commission,† has risen from a little over 38,000,000*l.* in 1875–6, to over 55,000,000*l.* in 1895–6, the latest year for which accounts were then available. This is not to be explained as the mere ordinary growth of taxation, it marks a silent revolution of thought which has taken place within the last half century.

Fifty years ago the country was beginning to see that expansion of industry and commerce which followed on the adoption of free trade. It has frequently been pointed out, but in our judgment it has never been sufficiently recognised, that the full advantage of the policy of free trade cannot be reaped by a nation which is continually increasing the scale of its expenditure. The abolition of protection is really a very small part of the free-trade policy. Free trade recognised the necessity of taxation for revenue, but it adopted without reservation the

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\* P. Paper, No. 319 of 1901.  
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† C. 9528 of 1899, p. 30.



maxim of Say—a maxim which in the older treatises it was usual to call golden—‘that the very best of all plans of finance is to spend little, and the best of all taxes is that which is least in amount.’ So early as 1848, two years after the repeal of the Corn Laws, we find Bastiat, Cobden’s most distinguished disciple, drawing attention to what he considered the incompleteness of our adoption of free trade.\*

‘What Cobden heard from Bastiat,’ writes Mr Morley, ‘made him all the more anxious to bring England round to a more sedate policy. . . . At the very time when Peel consummated the policy of free trade he asked for an extra credit for the army, “as if to proclaim,” said Bastiat, “that he had no faith in his own work. . . . I must speak to you in all frankness,” Bastiat proceeded in his urgent way. “In adopting free trade, England has not adopted the policy that flows logically from free trade. Will she do so? I cannot doubt it; but when?”’

The answer to the French economist’s enquiry, after a pause of half a century, is still ‘not in our time.’ Opposing forces have been too strong.

The expectations of Cobden have been delayed, not only by the inherent immobility of things, which was inevitable, but also by a more or less unconscious change in the attitude of the public mind towards the functions of the State. The new ideal is summed up by Bluntschli : † ‘The proper and direct end of the State,’ he says, ‘is the development of the national capacities, the perfecting of the national life, and finally, its completion.’ The public perhaps has not realised this change; and we find Mr Cannan ‡ complaining justly enough of the stupidity of those who do not see that, in public estimation, the State is no longer a mere agent for the protection of life and property; but that, by popular acclamation, a much larger responsibility has been thrust upon it. There is probably no remedy for what is called the grievance of the rate-payer; it is his own creation, and is implicitly sanctioned by the mission which he has entrusted to the State.

An answer might be made, by those who hold to the

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\* Morley’s ‘Life of Cobden,’ vol. II, p. 12.

† ‘Theory of the State,’ English translation (Clarendon Press), p. 320.

‡ ‘Economic Review,’ October 1901.

earlier tradition, that Bluntschli's phrase confuses two things which are essentially distinct, Society and the State. The 'perfecting and completion' of human life is to be found, it is true, in Society; but the State is merely a function of Society. The finance of Society is organised, for the most part, on the principle of free exchange, while the finance of the State is taxation, a thing which mankind will always regard as burdensome; and it is the friction and pain of this burden that must ever render unprogressive and inexpansive those services which depend on state regulation. The process of voluntary purchase by which men acquire necessities, conveniences, and luxuries causes no misgiving; but the organisation of life by taxation, notwithstanding the benefits which it confers, is followed by controversy and often ill-will.

Mr Cannan, however, is clearly right; the answer suggested may be a good one, but the Bluntschli theory is, for the time being, accepted, and higher expenditure is an inevitable result; and, as this policy crushes out the nascent attempts at an alternative line of action, it is bound, probably, to go forward with increased momentum. In further illustration, let us briefly contrast the spirit in which the problems of local administration have been approached formerly and now. The dominant desire fifty years ago was to restrict, so far as possible, the number and the extent of public services which were entrusted to the monopoly of the State or local authority. With regard to the poor-law, the middle of last century witnessed a most strenuous campaign, of which the purpose was to relieve the community of a large part of its responsibility for the maintenance of the poor. The controversy has been kept up till the present day with varying fortune. At the present time we are distinctly on a reactionary tack. Recent circulars from the Local Government Board have practically reversed the policy with regard to outdoor relief, which for sixty years we have been accustomed to expect from the central authority. Politicians on both sides of the House have committed themselves to projects for making the maintenance of old age a public and no longer a private responsibility; and there are signs everywhere apparent that the medical treatment of the poor is becoming, tacitly and without protest, a public charge. While this is the general temper of the time, it is no

matter for wonder that current administration follows the same course, and that pauperism, in spite of higher wages and prosperous trade, does not decrease, has become generally constant, and in some places even tends to grow. The cost, it may be added, of maintaining pauperism is largely on the increase.

With regard to the dwellings of the poor—another pressing subject of contemporary controversy—the same drift of public policy is apparent. On Mr Disraeli's motion for an enquiry into agricultural distress, February 19th, 1850, in reply to reactionary proposals, Sir Robert Peel, whose attitude represents the unwilling but inevitable acceptance of free-trade doctrines by this country, not only for that time but for all time, declared that the situation must be met by more free trade; parochial settlement was an unjust infringement of the freedom of labour; and he also commented on the impolicy of the duty on bricks. A simplification of land title and transfer, a stern repression of immoderate expenditure, together with a confidence in the equitable and enabling economy of the law of demand and supply, gave to the reformer of that day a solid hope of progressive and permanent improvement. The policy is well summed up in the title of a contemporary pamphlet, 'Do not Tax, but Untax the Dwellings of the Poor.' By common consent the problem which we have to face to-day is that the high cost of providing additional house room for the poor has restricted supply and condemned many to pay excessive rents for overcrowded and insanitary dwellings. When it is further remembered that from a third to a quarter of the yearly price of house-room in the ordinary market is represented by rates, it is impossible to deny that the reformers of that day were attacking a fundamental aspect of the subject.

The obstacles, however, to that policy appear, in local as well as national affairs, to have proved insuperable. At the very opening of the scene we find the local authority with a practically unlimited power to levy rates on houses and land. The assumption that the public authority (as representative of the State) was bound to carry out a constructive policy, inspired it with many new ambitions. The advantage of national education, costly systems of sewerage, improved poor-law establishments, baths and wash-houses, public parks, and all the

objects compassed by spirited local and municipal government, is admitted; but the question remains whether this method of development is not providing luxuries at the expense of that very necessary elementary want, a good house. If in towns all these admirable things are provided by throwing a burden on houses, it is easy to see how the present difficulty has been created. There now arises a display of what is somewhat superciliously called 'an ignorant impatience of taxation'; and a Royal Commission is appointed to discover a remedy for this and other grievances. The proposal to 'untax' is not admissible. Taxes on luxuries and superfluities of income not being sufficiently productive to finance the present large operations of local administration, we must base our levy of revenue on some common necessary of life. As already hinted, there is probably no remedy; and, while we adhere to our present conception of the duties of the State, it is stupid to complain that the effect of state-building in one direction is unbuilding in another.

Our object in this article, however, is expository and not controversial. At the same time this preliminary and theoretical presentation of these remoter issues appears to us to be absolutely necessary, for they are really more fundamental than those submitted to the Commission. The problem before the Commission was not, Can this policy of spirited local administration be reversed? but, given this administration, what is the best method of providing the necessary funds? Until taxation can be rendered popular, which is tantamount to saying, 'or ever your pots be made hot with thorns,' so long is taxation likely 'to vex us even as a thing that is raw.' The Commission therefore had a difficult task, which is further complicated by the great uncertainty as to the incidence of taxation. A distinguished authority, Professor Seligman, has told us\* that, with regard to this question, 'there have been almost as many views as writers.' That rates and taxes

'remain where they are imposed, that all taxes are shifted to the landowner, that they are shifted to the trader, that they rest on the labourer, that they rest on the rich consumer, that

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\* 'Incidence of Taxation,' p. 90; quoted by Lord Avebury in Presidential Address to Statistical Society, November 19th, 1901,

they do not rest on the consumer at all—these, and variations of these doctrines meet us in bewildering confusion.'

Sir E. Hamilton, Sir G. Murray, and Professor Nicholson are quoted to the same effect, and Lord Avebury sums up truly, 'This is, I believe, the general opinion of political economists.'

One other consideration we would submit to the reader before entering on the details of the subject, namely, the vast importance which, in democratic countries, must now attach to that power of the purse which taxation confers on the public authority. Restrictions and regulations of personal liberty are now rare, but, while the functions of government in this respect have tended to decrease, the power of arbitrary taxation is still a very real danger. The eminent French economist, M. P. Leroy Beaulieu, in the earlier editions of his '*Traité de la Science des Finances*,' declared himself a warm supporter of the principle of direct taxation; in subsequent editions he is obliged to record some change of view because of the partisan use which, he thought, was being made of this arm of government. '*Dans un pays où les luttes politiques sont violentes et les esprits peu scrupuleux, les impôts directs courent le risque d'être des instruments d'oppression.*'\* We cannot say that we in England have experienced this evil, though the complaint of the income-tax payer is loud; but in local politics the danger of corruption is by no means so remote. Poor-law elections are generally regarded with the utmost apathy, and in such cases their purity may be safeguarded by the utter irrelevance of the issues put forward by candidates; but occasionally they are influenced by promises of profuse expenditure; and the same may be said of other local bodies.

The recent extension of house-building by municipalities has brought out a suggestion from a strong supporter of the forward municipal policy, that such property should be vested in a non-political body of trustees—a very notable admission of the inherent dangers of the situation. To this fear of oppression on the one hand and corruption on the other there must be added the fact that in local elections, by the operation of the compound-

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\* Vol. i, p. 251; note to fifth edition.

ing acts, and by the exclusion of corporations and limited liability companies from the franchise, an electorate is created which has no direct interest in economy. This irresponsibility is further increased by the sums given from the national Exchequer in relief of local taxation. The persons who elect the local administrator are not the persons who pay the cost. Thus recently we have seen the poor-law guardians in certain Welsh unions, where the rate was almost entirely paid by the coal-owners, using the public funds in aid of miners on strike. The connexion of these remarks with the general question is to be found in the fact that (apart from the obscure question of incidence) the levy of the rate may have a very important administrative effect, nay, that the divorce which has already taken place, and which it is proposed to widen still further, between taxation and representation, might make possible a policy which would not be taxation but merely a legalised method of spending the property of one class for the benefit of a totally different class. We do not mean to say that confiscation may not be occasionally justifiable; but it should not be compassed by the side-wind of local taxation. Proposals to reduce the liability of the ratepayers by larger contributions from the national Exchequer may give a momentary relief; but, in view of the present inducements to spend, it is impossible not to fear that in the breathing-space so gained the present momentum in favour of lavish expenditure will gather strength, and in the long run will be accelerated rather than retarded.

How then, if a policy of spirited local and municipal enterprise is so popular, are we to account for this 'ignorant impatience of taxation'? The answer, we believe, is simple enough. The increased wealth of the country, if analysed to its constituent elements, means a vast and growing series of conveniences and luxuries organised for the use of the community by the economic expedient of exchange. The wider this expansion, the wider also is and will be the satisfaction; for, *ex hypothesi*, every operation of free exchange distributes an advantage to buyer and seller alike. What the country does not sufficiently realise is that, owing to our loss of faith in the harmony of economic exchange, we have in certain matters abandoned free exchange and are resorting more



and more to a system of forced exchange or taxation. The public services maintained by this system of forced exchange, viewed apart from the method by which they are acquired, may be most valuable; but the fact still remains incontestable that, in the track of their expansion, there is, and always will be, a resentful feeling of dissatisfaction. The exact relation of economic instincts to those sound maxims of experience on which our social prosperity depends, is a large and difficult subject; but the suspicion with which the normal man regards the value of the assets thrust upon him by taxation, has at least an intelligible, though possibly a mistaken basis.

A brief outline of the history of English Local Taxation must now be attempted.

Previously to the year 1601, and the Act of 43 Eliz. c. 2, various non-statutory rates were levied by custom and common law. For our present purpose this chapter of the history of rating may be neglected, for these rates have now for the most part become obsolete, or rates for the purposes served thereby are now collected by various statutory enactments. Statutory rates previous to this date are of antiquarian rather than of practical interest. The Act of 43 Elizabeth, therefore, itself a consolidating Act, may be taken as a starting-point. Henceforward all local levies were directed to be made by the authorities created by that Act, or, in cases where a separate collecting authority was made, the rate was levied in respect of the same property and from the same persons as were liable to the poor rate. The great importance, therefore, of the clause defining the subjects of the rate is obvious. Yet, strange as it may seem, the precise meaning of that clause has been the subject of controversy with varying fortune almost down to the present day, and this not in small details but in its most fundamental principle.

'This Act,' say the Commissioners in their first Report (p. 9), 'like others which preceded it, gave no directions for the guidance of the Overseers as to the method or system by which assessments were to be made or rates collected. It merely directed that occupiers of certain specified properties in the parish, as distinguished from inhabitants there, were to be taxed (which has been interpreted as meaning upon the basis of the annual benefit arising from the property situated in the parish); and also that every inhabitant, parson, vicar,

and other was to be taxed, but not in respect of any specified subjects. . . . It appears to have been generally agreed that the intention of the Act was that inhabitants were to be taxed according to some standard of ability and . . . in respect of some other kinds of property than those expressly mentioned in connexion with occupiers.'

The legal interpretation of the position was that 'taxable capacity was to be measured by the visible properties both real and personal of the inhabitants within the parish, and only within the parish.' As a matter of interpretation the parson was held liable in respect of his tithe; and, in the course of a series of legal decisions, it was generally accepted that stock-in-trade was the only form of personal property which could be made liable to the rate. Isolated attempts were made to bring in other property, but without much success. Even with regard to stock-in-trade, so great was the difficulty of assessment and collection, that the practice of rating it became exceptional. In a 'Discourse touching Provision for the Poor' (1683), Chief Justice Hale remarked that

'they lay all the rates to the poor upon the rents of lands and houses; which alone, without the help of the stocks, are not able to raise a stock for the poor; although it is very plain that stocks are as well by law rateable as lands both to the relief and raising a stock for the poor.'\*

In a judgment delivered in 1775, Lord Mansfield denied that personal property had ever been assessed to the poor rate under the Act of Elizabeth. The true ground of the exemption of personal property was that to rate it was impracticable.

'If,' says Lord Mansfield,† 'the justices had considered, they would have found out the sense of not rating it at all, especially when it appears that mankind, as it were with one universal consent, refrained from rating it; the difficulties attending it are too great, and so the Justices should have found them.'

In certain places, however, principally in the clothing districts of the south-west of England, the practice of

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\* Printed in Burn's 'History of Poor Laws,' p. 146.

† First Report of Commissioners, C. 9141, p. 11.

rating stock-in-trade did prevail. On this the Poor Law Commissioners, in a report on the local taxation of 1843,\* make the following adverse comment:—

‘It gained ground just as the stock of the wool-staplers and clothiers increased, so as to make it an object with the farmers and other ratepayers, who still constituted a majority in their parishes, to bring so considerable a property within the rate. They succeeded by degrees, and there followed upon their success a more improvident practice in giving relief than had ever prevailed before in England. It was in this district, and at this time, that relief by head-money had its origin, and produced its most conspicuous effects in deteriorating the habits and depreciating the wages of the agricultural labourer. When the practice of rating stock-in-trade was fully established in this district, the ancient staple trade rapidly declined there, and withdrew itself still more rapidly into the northern clothing districts, where no such burden was ever cast upon the trade.’

The above is a striking illustration of the impolicy of allowing a majority of ratepayers to levy a rate on a section of the community, in order to defray the indefinite expenditure which the licence of the law allows to the almost unfettered discretion of the local poor-law administrator. In these days of foreign competition also it reminds us of the fact, too frequently forgotten, that the command of markets will of necessity belong to those who are least encumbered by the burden of taxation.

In 1792, and in a series of decisions in the following years, it was laid down by Lord Kenyon that, even without evidence of usage, stock-in-trade was liable to assessment. It must be matter of surprise that, this decision notwithstanding, the rating of stock-in-trade was never largely adopted. This may be accounted for as part of the laxity and want of uniformity with which such matters were formerly treated. In many out-of-the-way places, and even in the metropolitan parish of St Mary, Whitechapel, so late as 1823, the poor-rate was not assessed, and never had been assessed, by an equal pound rate, but was made, according to an ancient custom, by the vestry, ‘without respect to value, but according to the

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\* Report of the Poor Law Commissioners on Local Taxation, 1844. 8vo edition, p. 37.

ability of the party charged, such ability being estimated with reference to property whether in the parish or out of it.\*

Meanwhile other rates had been, and were being, raised by various local authorities. By the 12 Geo. II, c. 29, 1739, a consolidation of various county rates took place; and this general rate was directed to be paid by each parish and township, in proportion to the assessed value of each, in one whole sum, to be taken out of the poor-rate, or to be levied on the district in like manner as the poor-rate. There was therefore a strong inducement for the local authorities to underrate the assessable value of the parish. This was the condition of things when the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834 was passed. Unions of parishes were then formed, but each parish still continued to pay for its own poor, and to contribute to the common charges of the union, not on the basis of rateable value, but in proportion to the number of its paupers. A uniform principle of assessment was not, therefore, very material as between parish and parish; and though there were permissive powers vested in the union to adopt union chargeability, this power was only used in one solitary instance. The principle of union chargeability was very fundamental in the scheme of reform of which the Act of 1834 was a first instalment. Accordingly, in 1836 a Parochial Assessments Act was passed. By design or oversight no mention was made in this of stock-in-trade; and the silence of the Act was thought, in places where stock-in-trade had hitherto been assessed, to authorise its exemption. The courts, however, decided, in the case of *R. v. Lumsdaine*, that the Act had not repealed the liability of stock-in-trade—a decision which practically rendered illegal ninety-nine per cent. of the local rating of the country. To obviate this difficulty, an Act was at once passed exempting stock-in-trade, and personalty generally, from contributing to the poor rate. The Act is kept in force from year to year by the Expiring Laws Continuance Act. This exemption of personalty, contrary, it is alleged, to the intention of the Act of Elizabeth, constitutes the main grievance of those who now contribute in respect of land and houses.

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\* Cannan, 'History of Local Rates,' p. 79.

The history of assessment has many other ramifications which must be noticed. Originally assessments seem to have been made in a somewhat rough and ready way by the overseers and justices. Appeals to the courts were rare; but gradually, as time went on, a definite body of doctrine began to emerge. Regard seems at first to have been had to the number of acres occupied; then attention was paid to the value of each holding; and down to the time of William III the actual or rack-rent seems to have been taken as the standard. Obviously, however, certain properties require more repairs than others. Accordingly there came in a practice of differential assessment by the allowance of deductions. This was at first without express or detailed legal authorisation, but generally in pursuance of the equitable purpose of taxing according to ability. From the year 1770 onwards the courts seem to have sanctioned a rough principle of valuation. All land was assessed at three quarters of its yearly value, and all houses at one half. A judgment of the year 1830—*R. v. Lower Mitton*—lays it down that the rate on a particular property should be

‘according to the annual profit or value which the subject of occupation within the parish produces. That, generally speaking, would be properly estimated at the rent which a tenant would give, he paying the poor (and other) rates and the expenses of repairs, and the other annual expenses necessary for making the subject of occupation productive; and a further deduction from that rent should be allowed, where the subject is of a perishable nature, towards the expense of renewing or reproducing it.’

This practically is the standard adopted in the Parochial Assessment Act of 1836, and still constitutes the principle of assessment. The Act was at this time required to render equitable the proportion of contribution from different parishes to the county rate, and secondly, to further the general policy of the Poor Law Commissioners, which was to enlarge the chargeability from the parish to the union. The Act, however, was merely permissive; and according to the Local Taxation Report of 1843, only 4444 parishes out of 15,635 had at that date adopted its provisions. The valuation of parishes for county purposes was still at that date in a most anomalous condition. All

parishes were undervalued; so no one parish gained the whole advantage of evasion. Valuation in most cases had not been made for twenty or thirty years; and in sixteen counties 'the principle of the existing scale was unknown to the clerks of the peace.'

In 1845, by the 8 and 9 Vict. c. 3—now superseded by the County Rates Act, 1852—the justices were authorised to make a separate valuation; and, as between parish and parish, for county contribution purposes, the law, *if utilised*, seemed to put matters on an equitable footing.

In 1861, for the first time, the contribution of each parish to the common fund of the union was based on rateable value; and it became imperative to adopt, for poor-law purposes, an intelligible and uniform principle of assessment. In 1862, accordingly, the Union Assessment Act (25 and 26 Vict. c. 103) was passed. The guardians are thereby required to elect an assessment committee. To this body the overseers of the different parishes submit their valuation lists. Power to object both to over and under-valuation is given to all concerned. There is an appeal to Quarter Sessions and to the High Court. This is practically the present plan of poor-law assessment. The Union Chargeability Act of 1865 completed the policy of 1834, and, except in one or two small items, abolished parish chargeability, and substituted union chargeability for all poor-law purposes. Within each union therefore (fraud and error excepted) an equitable principle of assessment may be said to obtain; but there is no guarantee of uniformity as between union and union, and consequently as between the parishes which constitute separate unions. This makes it necessary to maintain still a separate valuation for the county rate, and also for the municipal or borough rate. Then there is another valuation required for the Land Tax, and yet a fifth for the Inhabited House Duty, which are collected for the imperial Exchequer.

In the metropolis the principle of uniform valuation has proceeded a step farther. There the institution of the Metropolitan Common Poor Fund in 1867 made a uniform system necessary. This is secured by the Valuation (Metropolis) Act, 1869. Quinquennial assessment is obligatory, and the uniformity of standard is largely assisted by the device of making the surveyors of taxes—



the representatives of the national Exchequer—assessors, with powers of objection; and also by giving a right of appeal to every public body authorised by law to levy rates within the metropolis. The London Equalisation of Rates Act, 1894 (57 and 58 Vict. c. 53), has made a further use of this general assessment.

The Commissioners have made in their first Report a unanimous recommendation in favour of one uniform assessment over the whole country for local as well as imperial purposes. The majority of the Commission favour a more centralised assessment authority, i.e. the county authority, working by assessment committees, and strengthened by the presence of assessors, representative of the Treasury and of other spending authorities. An interesting expression of dissent, recorded by Mr Elliott, dwells on the loss of local knowledge resulting from the supersession of the union authority, and also the risk of friction, which is already considerable, between the county council of an administrative county and the borough councils (not being county boroughs) and urban district councils that exist within its boundaries.

We dare not, in the space at our disposal, enter on a discussion as to how far the additional burden which is borne by the owner of personal property as a taxpayer compensates for his exemption from assessment to rates. The whole subject is obscured by a variety of considerations. It is impossible to speak positively with regard to the real, as opposed to the nominal incidence of taxation. Taxation is paid by persons, not by things; and an inequitable distribution of burdens between different classes of property is not necessarily inequitable as regards the persons who pay. Further, the question is raised how far a purchaser or inheritor of property, burdened with a time-honoured liability to rates, is aggrieved by the fact that other property which he may or may not possess is taxed more lightly or not at all.

If we pursue the question further, and enquire how heavy taxation can be levied with least injury to trade, we are met by the difficulty that, to be productive, taxation must be levied on some common necessary, and that, while it may be possible to relieve interests which at present seem injuriously affected, the necessary revenue cannot be obtained without imposing a burden elsewhere,

which sooner or later, in one way or another, will be an influence in restraint of trade and industry, and of the services to the consumer which arise therefrom.

The deliberations of the Commission were naturally governed by the precedent of earlier attempts to distribute the burden of local taxation between taxpayers and ratepayers; and, in pursuance of our design to expose as clearly as possible the issues at stake, a brief summary of events is necessary.

As we have already seen, the grievance of the owners of real property, as against the owners of personalty, in respect of local rating, was of old standing. When, in 1846, Sir Robert Peel abolished the Corn Laws, he gave an undertaking to provide for transferring a part of the local burdens from the rates to the Exchequer, as a compensation to the landed interest for the removal of protective duties. The memorandum of Sir Edward Hamilton\* gives a most interesting and lucid account of this and subsequent transactions. It is worthy of notice that a year earlier Peel had expressed himself hostile to any such transfer, and it is impossible not to feel that his conversion was largely due to the political exigencies of that critical year of 1846.† Be this as it may, the concession made by Sir Robert Peel practically opened the flood-gates.

By gradual additions the relief granted to local taxation from the Exchequer has risen, as shown in the following table (see next page) from Sir E. Hamilton's memorandum.

Sir Robert Peel's measure of 1846 put on the national Exchequer the whole cost of criminal prosecutions and the maintenance of convicted prisoners, half the cost of medical relief in England and Scotland, salaries of poor-law schools and union auditors, and the whole cost of the Irish constabulary; and a point was made that, in each of these changes, there was a guarantee of improved administration or other public benefit. The protectionist

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\* Memoranda chiefly relating to the Classification and Incidence of Imperial and Local Taxes; C. 9528, p. 7.

† Two small grants for criminal prosecutions and removal of convicts made first in 1835 are hardly important enough to form an authoritative precedent.

party were by no means satisfied by this concession. The distinction was then drawn between local expenditure purely for the benefit of the locality, such as a sewer rate, and local expenditure on objects of national responsibility, such as the poor-rate. In the prolonged contro-

## UNITED KINGDOM.

Year.	Taxation raised for local purposes by Local Authorities.			Taxation raised for local purposes by Parliament.	Proportions per cent.	
	Rates.	Tolls, Dues, etc.	Total.		Total Taxation raised for local purposes by Local Authorities.	Taxation raised for local purposes by Parliament.
1842-43	£ 10,730,000	£ 3,176,000	£ 13,906,000	£ 624,000	96	4
1852-53	12,999,000	3,156,000	16,155,000	1,262,000	93	7
1872-73	22,806,000	5,350,000	28,156,000	2,412,000	92	8
1875-76	27,643,000	6,419,000	34,062,000	4,026,000	89	11
1885-86	32,324,000	6,612,000	38,936,000	5,776,000	87	13
1891-92	34,651,000	6,878,000	41,529,000	10,927,000	79	21
Latest* year)	38,506,000	6,425,000	44,931,000	10,718,000	81	19

versy which went on for more than twenty years on the subject, the argument that a rate for a national object ought to be levied on a broader basis than that afforded by the land and houses of the community, was not easy to answer; but the practical difficulty (of which the history of the rating of stock-in-trade is a forcible illustration) remained insurmountable. In 1871 Mr Goschen introduced bills, which were almost at once withdrawn; and nothing was done till 1874, when Sir Stafford Northcote carried a measure giving a grant for pauper lunatics maintained in asylums, and increased grants for police. Mr Gladstone opposed the measure on the ground that it transferred a burden from a fund supported by property to a fund supported by property and labour jointly. An objection of a more substantial character was his apprehension that the shifting of chargeability would fail to secure better administration of local services, and that the measure lacked safeguards against extravagance.

\* C. 9528, p. 30. 'Latest year' appears to be 1895-96, 'so far as the figures are available.'

This argument strikes the same note of warning as that sounded by Sir R. Peel in 1846. Mr Gladstone's prescience in this matter has been to some extent justified. The evidence of the Lunacy Commissioners, contained in vol. iv of the evidence, leaves little doubt that the pauper lunatic grant has led guardians to classify as lunatics large numbers of senile and weak-minded persons for whom asylum treatment was neither necessary nor fitting—a fact which largely explains the alleged increase of lunacy. In 1882 further Exchequer assistance was voted for dis-turnpiked roads. In his address to Midlothian electors in 1885, Mr Gladstone stated that the objects to be aimed at in any re-arrangement of local burdens were, to relieve the ratepayer, 'wholly or mainly, by making over for local purposes wisely chosen items of taxation'; to encourage the administration in economy, instead of as at present 'tempting and almost forcing it into waste; finally, and most of all, to render the system thoroughly representative and free.' In connexion with this last sentence, it should be noted that the institution of the Metropolitan Common Poor Fund in 1867 had provided an object-lesson of the effect on the mind of administrators of adventitious grants for which the local authority was not directly responsible to its own local ratepayers. Apart from the equalisation of burden which it effected, it is, we believe, very generally admitted that the administrative effect has not been in favour of economy, but rather the reverse. In 1886 came the short and dramatic Chancellorship of Lord Randolph Churchill, who gave a distinct indication of policy by allowing the statute authorising the levy of the London coal and wine dues to expire.

In 1888 Mr Goschen, in connexion with the Local Government Act of that year, introduced certain financial changes whereby the system of grants-in-aid was, for the most part, abolished, and in lieu thereof certain specified taxes, still to be collected by the central authority, were allocated to the relief of local taxation. The revenues assigned were: (1) excise licences, which might, by favour of an order in council,\* be collected by the local authority, but which, as a matter of fact, never have been so col-

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\* Hamilton Memorandum, p. 21.

lected; (2) half the probate (now the estate) duty; (3) the extra duty or surtax on beer and spirits, added in 1890.

The grants-in-aid, at this time discontinued, would, if renewed, have amounted to 2,600,000*l.* for England, and to 300,000*l.* for Scotland. The first item of the assigned taxes, the transferred licences, produced 3,000,000*l.* in England and 318,000*l.* in Scotland. The transaction, therefore, showed a balance of 418,000*l.* in favour of the local treasuries. In Ireland the old grant-in-aid system was left undisturbed, and a sum of 40,000*l.* was voted as an equivalent grant. The other assigned taxes, namely, the share of the death duties and the beer and spirit surtaxes, were therefore additions to the relief of local taxation. They are allocated to England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the proportion of 80, 11, and 9—figures representing what was thought to be the percentage of contribution of each country to imperial taxes generally. The whole of this revenue is paid into the Local Taxation Account; and from this, after meeting certain charges in respect of the Diseases of Animals Act and police pensions, the Local Government Board assigns the local taxation licence duties to the councils (i.e. county councils, and to the councils of those boroughs which have the rank of counties) in whose area they are collected. The death duties and the beer and spirit tax are also paid over to the councils in proportion to the amounts of the former grants-in-aid as certified by the Local Government Board.

The sums so allocated form the Exchequer Contribution Accounts of the councils, and they are redistributed by the councils to the various local spending authorities. The receipts of the Local Taxation Accounts from these three sources of revenue in the year 1899–1900 were:

	<i>£</i>
Licence Duties . . . . .	3,475,734
Death Duty grant . . . . .	2,341,282
Beer and Spirit surtaxes . . . . .	1,328,001
Total . . . . .	<u>£7,145,017</u>

The payments for the same period were:

	<i>£</i>
Diseases of Animals . . . . .	33,440
Police Pensions . . . . .	300,000
Allocated to Councils . . . . .	6,811,578
Total . . . . .	<u>£7,145,017</u>

From their Exchequer Contribution Accounts, constituted as above described, the councils are directed to pay certain specified charges for police, for union officers' salaries\* (in the country the whole sum spent in 1888-9, in London one-half of the salaries of medical officers), pauper lunatics, technical education, sanitary officers, poor-law school teachers, public vaccinators, revising barristers, registrars of births, &c. The balance is paid in aid of county and borough rates generally.

In 1896, by the Agricultural Rates Act, the occupiers of agricultural land in England and Wales were released from liability to the extent of one-half of their principal rates; and the deficiency was ordered to be made up by a further grant out of the estate duty derived from personalty. A later Act has put the owner of tithe, not severed from the benefice, in the same position as the agriculturist. The deficiency, however, in this case is made up out of the sums already payable to the Local Taxation Account in respect of the death duties, and does not increase the total amount of the relief granted by the central authority. Both Acts were passed as temporary measures, in the expectation that the Government would sooner or later deal with the subject in a comprehensive manner, and it was in consequence of this pledge that the present Commission was appointed.

This, then, is the present situation. Grievances still remain, but the space at our disposal obliges us to treat this, the most important part of the subject, very briefly. There is still the general complaint that the inequality of burden as between taxpayer and ratepayer is not yet redressed, and that further measures of relief are needed. The justice of this is practically assumed throughout the discussion. There is also to be discerned a tacit agree-

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\* In London, inasmuch as the union officers' salaries were already paid out of the Metropolitan Common Poor Fund, the grant which corresponds to this grant had to be apportioned on a different plan. The council is therefore directed to pay fourpence a day for each indoor pauper. The grant is based, not on the actual, but on the average number for the five years previous to the Act. This grant is not required to be paid out of the Exchequer Contribution Account. The balance remaining with the London County Council after the above-mentioned specific payments are made, is not sufficient to provide for this indoor pauper grant; the deficit, therefore, has to be paid from the county rate. Except in this instance, after the specific payments are made, there is a balance available for rates generally.

ment that a complete separation of local and imperial taxation is the ideal method of reform ; but no practical suggestion of great importance is made. The difficulty is obvious if we consider that relief on these lines could only be secured in one of two ways.

1. The discovery of fresh sources of local revenue which could be collected and spent by the local administrator within his area. To do this on any considerable scale has been pronounced impracticable—a view in which the impartial observer is constrained to agree. It is suggested, however, as a small step in this direction, that the Inhabited House Duty (now an imperial tax) should be assigned to the local authorities. There would be no administrative difficulty in this ; but, as Lord Balfour, in his separate recommendations, clearly shows, such an arrangement would give relief where it is least needed, while in the poorer parts of towns, owing to the exemption of houses under 20*l.* annual value, and in the sparsely populated rural districts, the yield of this tax would be infinitesimal. Other proposals for further assignment or new local taxes are made, but they are all open either to the objection that they do not lend themselves to that complete separation of local and imperial finance which is essential to successful administration, or that they are ‘fancy’ taxes, productive, probably, of more irritation than revenue.

Much importance is attached in certain quarters to the taxation of ground values, and it is frequently suggested that this might form a new source of revenue. The Commissioners are opposed to the disturbance of existing contracts, and the majority are of opinion that no new tax on land is practicable or equitable. A separate report by Lord Balfour and four others recommends, subject to existing contracts, the levy of a special site-value rate. The amount raised, we are told, would not be large, but the plan would have advantages. The contribution of the ground-owner would be direct and visible, and would tend to put an end to agitation for unjust and confiscatory measures. It would correspond, we apprehend, to the division of rates between owner and occupier, which is thought to work so satisfactorily in Scotland. The suggestion that it would lighten the burdens in respect of building, and so help towards a

mitigation of the housing difficulty, appears to us to be more doubtful. The only way in which taxation adds to the price of houses is by diminishing supply; and the same laws of 'shifting' the incidence of taxation will apply to this new impost as already apply to existing rates, with, we believe, much the same adverse results to the occupier.

2. Relief might also be gained by the transference of certain services, which are now local responsibilities, to the imperial authority, both for administration and finance. In this connexion much importance is attached to the distinction drawn between services which are onerous and of national responsibility, such as the poor-rate, and services which are beneficial and of local responsibility, such as sewers and other local improvements. The first are obviously suitable for transference to the central authority, where and when such a course is practicable. The other, equally clearly, must remain a local charge. The late Lord Farrer, for instance, suggested that the care of lunatics should be referred to a central authority, after the precedent of the prisons, which, in 1877, were transferred to the Home Office with satisfactory results. The point was put to the representatives of the Lunacy Commissioners. Their reply convinced the Commission that no good could be done in this way. Local supervision is necessary, they argued; and local administration with central chargeability is impossible; moreover, the present system is satisfactory, and it would be unwise to alter it. *Nolumus episcopari* is, in fact, their answer. A piecemeal transference of what is really a portion of the poor-law administration is probably impracticable. The present tendency of the local guardians to hand over their weak-minded inmates to lunatic asylums, because this gives a distinct financial advantage, shows the danger of this divided responsibility. We believe that if any relief is to be found by a transfer of the nature described, it must be on a bold and comprehensive scale; and it requires great courage, not to say temerity, even to mention such a proposal.

It may be of some academic interest, however, to remind our readers that it was the clear and deliberate wish of some members of the celebrated Poor Law Commission of 1834 to introduce a much more centra-



lised form of poor-law administration than that which was eventually established, and this for administrative rather than for financial reasons. It was not then contemplated to make the chargeability other than local. Purely in the interest of better administration, Mr Chadwick and his friends, following the suggestion of Bentham, wished to supersede what he considered the elective empiricism of parochial boards, and to introduce a responsible service of paid and properly qualified officers. Mr Chadwick made no secret of his bitter disappointment that his views were compromised and his scheme mutilated by the Poor Law Amendment Act, which, though based on his recommendation, fell far short of his ideal.

There are those who are never weary of telling us that the present administration of the poor-law is a public scandal, and that thus it will continue so long as it is left in the hands of untrained and irresponsible managers. The man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client; and a very slight emendation of the proverb is needed to describe the policy of a democracy which will not recognise the necessity of obtaining expert administration in the very difficult matter of poor-law relief. The present system of management, it is said—and we fear with considerable truth—imposes a heavy burden on the ratepayers, and chains down the poor to a condition of artificial, unnecessary, and degrading dependence. It is generally assumed by practical politicians that any change in this direction is impracticable. Looking however to the great importance of the administrative as well as the financial aspects of the question, we think that this solution should not be too unceremoniously dismissed. The difficulty of its adoption is not an intrinsic one, but due mainly to the probable attitude of public opinion; and public opinion can be educated. There are, moreover, many combinations in the way of more centralised and intelligent management which might be found administratively efficient; and an improvement in administration would undoubtedly bring a decrease in expense, and would itself be a relief, independently of any transfer of financial responsibility. The reports of the Commission give no countenance to any expectation of a solution of difficulties in this direction;

and they seem unanimous in recommending, with modifications, a continuance and extension of the present system.

The majority Report favours the plan of assigned taxes, claiming the approval of Mr Gladstone—a financial authority from whom all parties are glad to derive support. It appears, however, from a note appended to Sir E. Hamilton's memorandum (p. 27), that what Mr Gladstone had in his mind when suggesting a transfer of 'wisely chosen items of taxation,' were items of taxation which admitted of being localised, and which thus secured a complete separation between local and imperial finance. It is here that the divergence of opinion between Lord Balfour and his colleagues may be said to begin. As we understand it, Lord Balfour considers the assigned taxes, which are not locally collected and not really locally expended, as an unworthy and misleading subterfuge; and accordingly he recommends that such relief to local taxation as may be deemed necessary should be given frankly out of the Consolidated Fund. In this view he is supported by the high authority of Sir E. Hamilton and Sir G. Murray. The majority wish to continue the present system; and they express, somewhat vaguely, the hope that at some future time it may result in the complete separation of the assigned taxes from imperial finance. There seems to us, however, to be absolutely no evidence that there is any tendency in this direction.

The majority Report recommends some revision of the principle of allocation, involving an increase of about two and a half millions, mainly apportioned to poor-law purposes. Additional grants are recommended for police, main roads, technical education, and criminal prosecutions, which call for little remark. More controversial is the recommendation with regard to the allocation of the poor-law grants. The Report recommends the continuance of the union officers' grant, and advocates its extension to London in lieu of the present indoor pauper grant. It singles out several classes of paupers—lunatics, children, sick and infirm persons, and proposes as at present to give Exchequer assistance in respect of these classes when they are being suitably maintained. The grant, which is alleged to have caused an artificial increase of lunatics, should be extended to cover the case of all epileptic and weak-minded persons who are maintained

separately from the other inmates of the workhouse; and this, it is suggested, will prevent the present tendency to classify as lunatics persons who do not require the more costly methods of maintenance usual in asylums. Lord Balfour's criticism on this portion of his colleagues' scheme seems to us to be unanswerable.

'Regulations,' he says, 'could never be framed which would effectually control local administration in the case of these classes; and, if the grant were confined to patients in special wards, these wards would at least be kept constantly full. Further, the stereotyping of the items towards which assistance is to be given may impede the central authority in its endeavour to secure the best forms of administration in the different districts and at different times. In the case of poor relief the proper method of administration varies between country and town, and again between ordinary provincial towns and the metropolis; and from time to time wider experience and, perhaps, to some extent, changes in public opinion, make progressive variations of policy desirable.'

In a note he points out, as an illustration, how the grants, originally made in 1848 for teachers in poor-law schools, represent a policy which is altogether out of date. Of recent years there has been, especially in the country, a progressive diminution of the number of children taught in poor-law schools. It is thought in every way better to send the children to the local elementary school. The grant given for teachers, therefore, though its first intention was obviously good, has not in the event continued to be an encouragement of the most approved line of policy.

The present allocation of the imperial subvention, it is further objected, even as modified by the Report of the majority, brings about no equalisation of onerous rates between different localities. Lord Balfour puts the case of two unions, each of 100,000 inhabitants, with 200 lunatics to maintain. One union has an assessable value of 1,000,000*l.*, the other of 250,000*l.* Each lunatic costs 22*l.* 2*s.* per annum. The Government grant is 10*l.* 8*s.*, leaving 11*l.* 14*s.* to be paid by the union. This amounts in the rich union to a rate of  $\frac{1}{8}$ *d.*, and to 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* in the poor union.

'I desire to record my opinion,' Lord Balfour concludes his criticism, 'that so long as the poorer districts are not treated with greater liberality than the richer ones, it will be almost

impossible to secure reforms in administration, which would entail an additional burden upon the rates, without constant appeals to the central government for assistance, such appeals mainly coming from the poorer districts in which the burden is already very high. If the rich and the poor districts were once placed, so far as possible, upon the same footing, I believe that these demands upon the State would be less frequent and persistent, and that administrative reforms would be more easily effected.'

Lord Balfour therefore proposes a system of 'block' grants to various selected 'national' services now performed by local authorities, viz. poor relief, police and criminal prosecutions, asylums, sanitary officers, main roads and bridges, technical and intermediate education. The expenditure on these objects in 1898-9 was 20,700,000*l*. Towards this Lord Balfour proposes a state contribution of about one half, 10,025,000.\* The present grant, including the Agricultural Rates grant, amounts to nearly 8,500,000*l*.

He desires to correct the fault which he imputes to the system of assigned taxes. His allocation is to bring about a more equitable adjustment of burden to ability, and to encourage good administration without the danger of stereotyping methods which may require alteration to meet new conditions. To this end he concurs in the recommendation for an equitable and uniform assessment. The present relief to the agriculturist and to the tithe-owner is to be preserved, and their assessment fixed at one half of the net value.

The poor-law 'block' grant he proposes to allocate in the following manner—the grants to other services, *mutatis mutandis*, being made on the same principle. Population is a primary measure of the requirement of a district; and valuation is the best test of its taxable ability. To these two factors it is necessary to add a third, namely, a *standard of legitimate expenditure*; and the best means of ascertaining this 'is to take the minimum sum per head of the population for which the service can, under the most favourable conditions, be performed.' A reasonable

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\* In addition to this, elementary education cost in 1898 about 14,404,012*l*., of which 8,388,342*l*. was paid by the State (parliamentary grants), and 6,015,670*l*. from local rates, subscriptions, &c.

figure, it is suggested, would be 3s. 6d. per head of population. Expenditure above this limit is termed 'excess expenditure.' It is then proposed to take a small *standard rate* in the pound (4d. is the sum suggested) which, worked out on the rateable value of different unions, will give results varying according to the relative wealth of each. This sum should then be deducted from the standard of expenditure arrived at as above, and a *primary grant* from the State should be given to cover this difference. A *secondary grant* should then be given in respect of the *excess expenditure* to the extent, it is suggested, of one third. An instance will show the operation of the grant more clearly.

The population of Helston Union is 22,157, and 3s. 6d. per head gives as a	£
<i>Standard expenditure</i> . . . . .	3,877
The assessed value is 64,392l., and a rate of 4d. thereon gives a	
<i>Standard rate of</i> . . . . .	1,073
<hr/>	<hr/>
The <i>primary grant</i> , therefore, will be . . . . .	£2,804
<hr/>	<hr/>
The actual expenditure of the guardians in 1898-99 amounted to . . . . .	6,155
Deduct from this the <i>standard expenditure</i> . . . . .	3,877
<hr/>	<hr/>
This gives the <i>excess expenditure</i> . . . . .	£2,278
<hr/>	<hr/>
The <i>secondary grant</i> (one third of this) would be . . . . .	£759
<hr/>	<hr/>
Total grant-in-aid would be . . . . .	3,563
Add. balance, which will fall on rates . . . . .	2,592
<hr/>	<hr/>
Total expenditure . . . . .	£6,155
<hr/>	<hr/>

An elaborate table is given on p. 78, showing how the scheme would work out in different unions. The proportion of expenditure met by grants is highest where the assessed value per head of population is lowest. In a poor union (e.g. where the assessed value is 3l. per inhabitant), when the expenditure per inhabitant is at the moderate rate of 4s., a grant of 2s. 8d., or 66·7 per cent., would be given, and a rate of 5·3d. would be needed to pay the balance. As expenditure rises, the proportion, but not the amount, paid by grant would fall, while the rate per pound would rise, till in a poor union, when the

expenditure is 11s. per inhabitant, the grant would be 5s. per inhabitant, or 45·5 per cent., leaving the balance to be raised by a 2s. rate.

In a rich union (e.g. where the assessed value is 9l. per inhabitant), when the expenditure per inhabitant is at the moderate rate of 4s., a grant of 8d., or 16·7 per cent., would be given, and a rate of 4·4d. would be needed to pay the balance. When the expenditure in such a union has risen to 11s. per inhabitant, 3s., or 27·3 per cent., would be received from the grant, and a rate of 10·7d. would be required to raise the balance.

The proposal has an appearance of equity. The richer unions do not, of course, lose the advantage of their high assessment, and their rate per pound will always be low; but the proportion of the grant which they receive will always be less than that received by the poorer unions. At present, and under the scheme recommended by the majority, as has been pointed out, a policy extravagant in itself (e.g. the classification of the senile as lunatics), and also a policy not in accordance with the most enlightened opinion of the day (e.g. the unnecessary continuance of poor-law schools and teachers), gives, and will give, a financial advantage to the local ratepayer. This is not as it should be; and it is one of the merits of Lord Balfour's scheme that this sinister influence would cease.

The danger of course remains—and it is inseparable from any scheme of grants-in-aid—that with a decrease of his burdens the vigilance of the local ratepayer is apt to be relaxed. The only limit to the expenditure of a certain class of local administrator is his fear of the revolt of the ratepayer. If the ratepayer's burdens and fears are diminished, the probability is that expenditure will leap forward with a bound. Lord Balfour indeed proposes, as we understand it, that the proposed 'block' grants shall still be under the control of the Local Government Board, and that they shall only be payable if the Board is satisfied that the public services are being properly performed. It is characteristic, however, of the times that the malfeasance principally in the mind of the authors of the scheme is the inclination of the local authorities to spend too little. At the present time the influence of the Local Government Board is strongly exercised in favour of very

elaborate, not to say sumptuous, buildings and appliances. The consequence is that every year the burden of paying for the medical treatment of the poorer classes is thrown more and more on the public authority. The same complaint which we hear made against the voluntary hospitals (*viz.* that gratuitous treatment is given to many who could afford, and ought to pay) is made against the poor-law infirmaries. It is not suggested that the class here treated are in a position to pay high medical fees; but the gratuity of the present system, which every year is made more attractive, is a bar to the development of provident medical insurance, which, though popular in a limited way with the working class, is yet prevented from spreading and playing its legitimate part in solving a very difficult question.

We cannot say that, from a theoretical point of view, we like the system of grants-in-aid; we should prefer to see equalisation brought about by adopting a large, perhaps a very large, area of administration; and more than all, we should like to see administration placed in the hands of persons whose action would be inspired, not by local prejudice and indifference, but by the most statesmanlike and scientific views of the time. At present we fear that our poor-law expenditure is governed by the pressure of a policy of drift. Neither the local constituencies nor the Local Government Board appear to hold any brief to watch the higher interests of the independence of the poor. The Local Government Board, after a long and honourable record, has of late years succumbed to popular prejudice; and, until outside pressure, inevitable under the present licence of administration, is relaxed, even the Local Government Board will find it difficult to assume a statesmanlike attitude. Lord Balfour's scheme seems to us an immense advance on present methods; it is, however, open to this objection, that it creates no really efficient check on extravagant expenditure, which, in poor-law matters, may also be purely mischievous expenditure. This was, of course, beyond the reference to the Commission; but we hope that, when the Government comes to consider its proposals, this aspect of the question will not be overlooked.

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## Art. II.—FÉNELON AND HIS CRITICS.

1. *François de Fénelon*. By Viscount St Cyres, late student of Christ Church. London: Methuen, 1901.
2. *Fénelon, his Friends and Enemies*. By E. K. Sanders. London: Longmans, 1901.
3. *Fénelon et Bossuet*. Par L. Crouslé, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres. Two vols. Paris: Champion, 1894.
4. *Histoire de Fénelon*. Par le Cardinal de Bausset. Paris, 1850.

And other works.

'So familiar to us is Fénelon already, his reputation is so universally established,' says Cardinal de Bausset at the beginning of his long task, 'that it may seem superfluous, and perhaps impossible, to make him better known. His memory is no less dear to strangers than to France. His most commendable works have been rendered into all languages. They are among the few that, by general consent, fascinate childhood, shed light on riper years, and spread a charm over the decline of life.' These praises furnish the text of a panegyric in four volumes, which Lord Peterborough, the wild 'Mordanto,' writing from Cambrai to Locke, has anticipated in a sentence. 'On my word, I must quit this place as soon as possible, for if I stay here another week, I shall be a Christian in spite of myself.' By the side of such a witness, even Joseph de Maistre can hardly exaggerate. 'Do we wish,' exclaims the latter, 'to paint ideal greatness? Let us try to imagine something which surpasses Fénelon—we shall not succeed.' Last of all, Mr John Morley—not without a glance at his masters, the philosophers of the eighteenth century—has written: 'When we turn to modern literature from Fénelon's pages, who does not feel that the world has lost a sacred accent, as if some ineffable essence had passed out from our hearts?'

Charm is the quality which we associate with this delightful name. It lingers about Fénelon's writings, though we have ceased to read them, but still more about the man, who is a saint in the eyes of multitudes not attracted by official sanctity; who is thought to have preached toleration while minister of a crusade against the Huguenots; who was certainly a lover of his kind



during the fierce and bloody war of the Spanish Succession; and an apostle of liberty that dared to withstand Louis XIV. Fénelon speaks, it is said, with the accents of a Hebrew prophet; he is a man of modern taste and tone when French literature was apeing the Latins with Corneille, or had tricked out the Greeks in feeble elegance with Racine; and, to crown all, he is a martyr, spending half a life in disgrace, thanks to the machinations of the Court faction, which dreaded his incorruptible goodness. Such is the Fénelon of our dreams. What was the reality?

This question, at all times a disputable one, has lately been stirred among French critics with immense fervour, with an erudition that has searched into old documents and new under concentrated lights, and with a tenacity of opposed convictions which leaves the reader as bewildered as that good man in the Latin comedy. 'Incertior sum multo quam dudum,' he will probably exclaim, when he has finished studying the works recited in our opening list, and the many that might be added. Fénelon, like Cardinal Newman, belongs to the world's debate. Materials, in both instances, are not lacking on which to form a judgment; friends and enemies appear in the witness-box to tell us all they know; but when we have done our best in the way of elucidating these complex and versatile personalities, we doubt whether something has not escaped us; they seem too fluent to be fixed, too abundant in their very outpourings for simplicity, reserved in the flush of self-portraiture. They are most attachable, yet always stand aloof from the disciples to whom they yield themselves most readily. With explanations of their acts or their meaning they never have done. But we are never tired of hearing about them; and one more attempt to sketch the character of Fénelon, after the latest authorities, may be suffered, if only we do not pretend to have solved the problem which has baffled so many acute historians.

Pathos and polemics will always attend on Fénelon's appearance in theology or letters. He would not be discussed so warmly at this moment in France had not M. Brunetière set himself to champion the great name of Bossuet—greater, as he contends, than the greatest; above Molière, Pascal, Victor Hugo. Bossuet and Fénelon

were friends, enemies, combatants, for ever united and for ever hostile, like the rival brothers in *Æschylus*. To M. Brunetière it is evident that Fénelon was in the wrong; and the editor of the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' is foremost of French critics, endlessly learned in his own literature, in manner of speech a Carlyle, rugged, eloquent, full of fire and passion, not easily subdued. Reading Fénelon's '*Correspondence*, he seems to have discovered in it, not the ideal grandeur of which de Maistre speaks, but duplicity and intrigue. A calmer observer, M. Crouslé, on the same evidence, has arrived at conclusions almost identical. M. Lanson, equally competent, is equally severe. In M. Faguet's pages we listen to an echo of the ancient praise; Fénelon is there, not only a distinguished intellect, but 'supremely kind, compassionate, generous,' certainly a 'grand seigneur,' yet noble in a higher sense, endowed with the 'finest sensibilities of the heart,' a Lamartine who did not write verse. But still M. Faguet warns his readers that, if they would comprehend the author of '*Télémaque*,' they must forget all that the eighteenth century has written about him; it was 'a gross blunder'; and the Archbishop could never have been 'a suffragan of the Vicaire Savoyard.' Finally, M. Caro has uttered the epigram which stings and kills: 'Fénelon would be a saint, were it not for his "disinterested love."' Thus he is made to step down from the pedestal on which he has been exalted, to take his place among the rank and file of imperfect human sinners.

When we turn to English accounts of Fénelon, there sounds again the note of war. It is tragical, yet it raises a smile, that in the same season two studies should have appeared, one of which, from the pen of a lady, is all worship and enthusiasm, while the other, written with virile strength founded on very complete knowledge, enforces the judgment pronounced by M. Crouslé and M. Brunetière. Of Miss Sanders' amiable work we shall not say a great deal. Its intention is excellent, its tone earnest, and in the last chapter it presents us with quotations from the Archbishop's '*Spiritual Letters*' that cannot be read without pleasure and profit. So much the more do we regret that, as a history, whether of Fénelon's acts or of his doctrines, this work cannot be relied upon. We shall point out a detail now and again as we go forward; but

to notice all that might be more accurately said is no part of our intention. We much prefer to dwell on the qualities of our other volume, which is worthy, as even a superficial acquaintance with its pages will prove, of the most careful and searching criticism.

Viscount St Cyres brings with him in his name a pleasing letter of introduction. The grandson of one whom Englishmen remember affectionately as Sir Stafford Northcote, he will be welcome to the readers of this Review on more than one account; and to a distinguished position in literature it may be said that hereditary tastes and training invite him. Apart, however, from these considerations, the 'François de Fénelon' of Lord St Cyres exhibits a claim on our attention by the accurate scholarship, careful thought, wide and varied reading, and brilliant wit, of which it gives continual evidence. No source of information in any language has been overlooked. But the writer uses them all with serene and impartial judgment; he is without bias, though now and then inclined to satire; and we venture to assert that he is no less qualified than M. Brunetière himself to offer an opinion where the facts of this somewhat perplexed biography are under examination. In a different province Lord St Cyres is perhaps even better equipped. For the great French critic, whatever else he may be, will scarcely pretend to a master's chair in metaphysics; he has come late to questions of the School, and his divinity is not deep. Now the most striking chapters in our English volume are precisely those which deal with speculation; they handle with rare skill, not only the problems thrown out by Descartes and Malebranche, but the still more delicate investigations which are needed if we would not lose ourselves in the dim forest of Quietism. There is no kind of scholastic subtlety which is here superfluous; and the author has made acquaintance with them all. We know the mind of modern readers far too well to enter upon these 'submerged continents and antediluvian eras,' but we feel bound to recognise that Lord St Cyres has explored them and has come back alive with much treasure.

It is possible that, if Fénelon could look over this brief but full description of his fortunes, he would smilingly agree with it. He could not fail to take pleasure in the devotion of years which has studied him from every point

of view, and has blended light and shade in a strong Rembrandt portrait. But he would surely end, as so often before, with enchanting candour: 'I am really at a loss to explain myself. It is a secret that escapes me. What I am seems to change at every moment. No sooner have I uttered a sentence than I think it false. Ah, doubtless, I am the victim of unmortified self-love, and that is the truth at last.' Was not this man irresistible?

Let us compare the Fénelon of the nineteenth century.

'And now that I am about to trace, as far as I can,' says Newman in his 'Apologia,' 'the course of that great revolution of mind which led me to leave my own home, . . . I feel overcome with the difficulty of satisfying myself in my account of it, and have recoiled from doing so. . . . For who can know himself and the multitude of subtle influences which act upon him? And who can recollect . . . all that he once knew about his thoughts and his deeds?'

In the spirit of this admirable passage, so naïve and just, Fénelon would have heartily concurred. Thus it is that he has drawn the picture of himself during his large correspondence of nearly thirty years. He could never write except as thinking aloud; and they must be his own thoughts, not borrowed or adapted, on the current text. From his letters, from 'Télémaque' and the 'Dialogues,' from his pamphlets in the Quietist controversy, and his 'Memoranda' on high public matters, we learn what manner of man he desired to be. From Bossuet, St Simon, Phélippeaux, and even the despicable Le Dieu, we may gather what his own generation thought he was. Can we trace the double portrait in clear outline? Perhaps such as follows might be the impression left, though not upon an enemy, by one whom Michelet terms 'that great and beautiful spirit which held within it all things and was the sum of contradictions.'

Sprung from an old but almost decayed family, the Salagnacs, this versatile Francis was born 'in the poor Ithaca of his fathers,' the Castle of Fénelon in Périgord, on August 6, 1651—not at the 'zenith' of Louis XIV, as Miss Sanders calculates, but at his clouded rising. It was the time of the Fronde, and of Mazarin, 'mayor of the palace,' which the King never forgot amid his subsequent glories. But the Fénémons were not conspicuous

enough to share in that dance of misrule. They could boast well-known ancestors, chief of whom was Bertrand, the ambassador in London, who had tempted Queen Elizabeth to the 'gaping gulf of a popish marriage' with Alençon, the ugly pock-marked boy upon whom, like Titania in similar case, she doted. Little is extant concerning Fénelon's parents. He was a delicate child; his health seems to have been always uncertain; he suffered from sleepless nights; and his nerves were as high-strung as his fancy was impressionable. Given such a temper and the Gascon descent, we expect in the grown man quickness to feel and to utter. He will be gay, sportive, winning, sensitive, proud, eloquent, yet wary or secret, ambitious, self-confident, and perhaps more caressing than attached.

In Fénelon we recognise certain features of Montaigne—his free-flowing language that mocks at pedantry; his supreme self-regard, his personal touch. Both handle literature as a revelation of themselves, as biography; each is more Greek than Roman, in virtue of a certain playfulness, a preference for the easy chat of the armchair to the solemn tones of the pulpit, and an instinctive desire to penetrate beyond the shows of things into a reality which may be formless or chaotic, or a sublime darkness, but which cannot daunt them. How unlike Bossuet is all that! and how rare in the decorous, spectacular scenes of *le grand siècle*! True, Fénelon was devout, and Montaigne was worldly, not religious, far from ascetic. But these Gascons agree with each other while they are unlike, or contrary to, the grave Burgundian. Thus Bossuet and Fénelon were predestined rivals; so much we read in their brain, their heart, their nerves. If they met, they would quarrel. Was it an advantage that Bossuet should be twenty-four years older than the brilliant 'méridional'? With the generation of Louis XIV, undoubtedly; but with Voltaire, Jean Jacques, the eighteenth century, not so. Bossuet speedily became a classic, an antique who went back to the mossy days of Louis XIII. Fénelon's achievements cluster about the year 1700; he was recent and modern. In the long run, that is the position which these contrasted figures have assumed. We read Bossuet with reverence, but he seems hardly akin to us; while the manner, no less than the

mind, of his younger rival appeals naturally to a world in many ways shaped according to the presentiments of 'Télémaque.' As for Montaigne, he is not more a French than a universal classic. He will be always read and always wrangled over. Can we say as much for the Bishop of Meaux?

A noble under Louis XIV might seek advancement in the Army or the Church; no other career was open to him. It was decided that Fénelon should take orders. He attended the local University of Cahors until he was twelve years old. Then his people sent the boy to Paris, and, after a short sojourn at the Collège du Plessis, he entered the seminary of St Sulpice. What that institution was at its beginning, it has ever since remained. M. Renan, grateful to his teachers while a renegade from their doctrine, has drawn a lively and taking picture of it—though perhaps a little too disdainful—in his 'Souvenirs de Jeunesse.' The founder, M. Olier, neither despised nor cultivated learning, but he trained his disciples to the inward life of silence, prayer, self-control, and self-sacrifice. When Fénelon became an inmate of the seminary, the superior was M. Tronson, a man utterly detached from the pride of knowledge, deaf to secular ambition, austere, but exceedingly mild. He won the lad's heart, formed his character to introspection, and kindled within him an undying passion to imitate the holy men of God, especially St Francis de Sales. The youth stayed there some ten years; he received ordination in 1675, spent three years in hard parish labour, and in 1678 was appointed superior of the 'Nouvelles Catholiques.'

At this point controversy begins. The 'Nouvelles Catholiques' were ladies who had been Huguenot—but now and then even Mohammedans were included—sometimes, or often, girls taken at an early age from their parents, to be moulded into orthodox Gallicans under the fostering care of King Louis. A few, perhaps, entered the house of their own accord; most were sent thither, as by *lettre de cachet*; and a change of heart, to be accomplished by the chaplain, was expected of them in a very brief period. If still obstinate, they were passed on to harder prisons. Miss Sanders, by the way, speaks as though Louis XIV did not undertake the rooting out of Calvin-

ism from his territories until he had triumphed over Molinos and Quietism at Rome. But Molinos was condemned in 1687; and here are the 'New Catholics' in full swing ten years earlier. The design against the Huguenots was of ancient date. Louis inherited the scheme from Richelieu; and it lay at all times closer to his heart than the putting down of a mere scholastic argument like that in which Fénelon entangled himself, and which bore no political significance whatever. But now we enquire, Was the 'most brilliant and chimerical spirit in France,'—to quote an uncertified saying which has been attributed to Louis XIV—also the most tolerant? Or was he tolerant at all?

The negative has been maintained with heat and violence by M. Douen, who contends that Fénelon was a 'Tartuffe, a kidnapper, and a persecutor of children,' rather than the angel of mercy depicted by Marie Joseph de Chénier, after the tradition of the *philosophes*. On the subject of these 'Nouvelles Catholiques,' he has drawn up, says M. Crouslé, a list of horrors which it is painful to read. But how was Fénelon responsible? It appears that he did not himself torture the unhappy women, or seize the children. We may be sure that his own dealing with them was considerate, for he could never be cruel; but it is equally certain that he 'let the King's justice take its way' when the victims would not be converted. His 'toleration' is a pious legend. Bossuet, in his funeral oration on Le Tellier, could hail the revocation of the Edict of Nantes as 'the miracle of our day.' Fénelon held with him that the royal authority might call upon its subjects to profess the orthodox creed; and, except to Quakers or Socinians, what are now termed the rights of conscience appeared in all men's eyes, as Lord St Cyres reminds us, and as Fénelon said, to be another name for 'cowardly indulgence and false compassion.' Though the chaplain did not relish, and could not believe in, conversions to be effected within a fortnight, his motives were never those of religious tolerance. He shrank from sacrilege, not from the exercise of power, but from casting pearls before swine; so long as the unclean creatures refused to submit to the transforming influence of grace, they ought to be kept from approaching the altar.

This is what we perceive when we follow him in 1685

to the mission in Aunis and Saintonges. During his long retreat at the 'Nouvelles Catholiques' he had been making important friends. His uncle, the Marquis de Fénelon, brought him within the magic circle of a Court which was now forming about Madame de Maintenon—the edifying chapter of 'the Dukes,' Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, who had married Colbert's daughters, and whose brother-in-law was M. de Seignelai. The latter was not himself pious, but, as minister on the sea-coast of Saintonges and Poitou, he became the cause of piety in others. M. de Seignelai died young, worn out by the life of a man of pleasure. The King had laid upon him a double burden—he was to see that the Huguenots of his district became Catholics, and to hinder them from escaping to England or Holland, a loss which would have seriously affected the royal navy. His dragoons he could manage himself; but missionaries were likewise wanted. He consulted M. Tronson, chose Fénelon, and put him at the head of this religious crusade.

Then it was, according to Cardinal de Bausset, that the pure enthusiast, taking leave of the King, begged him to recall his dragoons and let the Gospel do its work alone. The story is perhaps well founded. But Fénelon's correspondence with Seignelai and the Government tells us precisely what it is worth. And Madame de Sévigné is better still. 'Father Bourdaloue,' writes that lively lady, 'is going to preach at Montpellier, where so many have been converted without knowing why; but the Father will explain it all, and will make good Catholics of them. Hitherto the dragoons have been excellent missionaries, but the clergy now to be sent will complete the work.' Chapels had been closed, pastors exiled, and soldiers were still in the neighbourhood when Fénelon arrived. He describes the unhappy Huguenots as obstinate yet bewildered, in such terror that 'to get quit of the military they would embrace the Koran.' Their fields lay waste, their trade was ruined, famine threatened them. The more resolute were fleeing to foreign parts. Our gentle missionary pitied their sorrows, but he scorned their 'cowardice and hypocrisy.' His preaching drew crowds; yet he knew well that they were not converted. What was to be done? Fénelon's letters, published since 1874, show him, says Lord St Cyres, as encouraging among his proselytes 'wholesale dissimulation, bribery,



and espionage'; he went so far as to suggest the importation from Holland of manufactured Socinian libels which might undermine the influence of Jurieu, and he recommended that the irreclaimable should be imprisoned or exiled to distant provinces, or deported to Canada as hostages for their families left behind. The others must send their children to the new schools and attend sermons for their own conversion under penalties carefully adapted to break them down. They must see the royal arm uplifted, ready to strike if they will not submit. 'No honourable man,' cries Miss Sanders indignantly, 'could condone the treachery resorted to in dealing with the Huguenots.' But Fénelon, by his own confession, took a hand in it; nor did he ever repent.

All this makes melancholy reading. Yet Fénelon won the affection of a people who had been more harshly dealt with before he came. He remedied some abuses; he offended the extreme of his own party, and it is said that he lost his chance of a bishopric by these milder measures. He was far-sighted and politic. After eighteen months spent in a thankless task, at a distance from Versailles, he was urgent with Bossuet for his recall. Rather than stay longer, he cries with Gascon petulance, he will invent a heresy and so get his freedom. This light shaft might have been turned against him on a later day. For did he not go back to Paris and invent Quietism? Before that came to pass, however, he had achieved the conquest of M. de Meaux, of Madame de Maintenon, and of society at large. When M. de Beauvilliers became governor of the Duke of Burgundy in 1689, Fénelon was at once appointed to the charge of his education. Character, gifts, and management, all had concurred to secure this great position for a man who, however well-born, possessed neither title nor fortune, and who does not appear to have at any time won the confidence of his royal master.

Here would be the place to quote those unequalled pages from St Simon (did not every student know them by heart) which paint the tall, thin churchman, pale as with fasting and vigil, from whom you cannot turn your eyes without an effort, who is affable, sprightly, always in keeping with himself, yet so considerate that he will never be more brilliant than the person he is addressing. Did Fénelon possess what are called good looks? The

Bavarian Duchess of Orleans describes his 'deep-set eyes and ugly face, all skin and bone.' St Simon talks of his appearance as 'curious and unlike any other'; singular, not handsome; and in the portrait by Philippe de Champagne we see the great nose, the swelling, if not somewhat sensuous lips, the appealing sentiment, but nothing like beauty of feature, or regularity of outline. In the eyes there is a dreaminess which tells us we are looking at a mystic, yet hardly one caught up into paradise, for he returns our gaze. D'Aguesseau remarks upon the 'prophetic air' that in certain moments, as often in his 'Spiritual Letters,' he could not but assume. Yet 'he was neither passionate nor masterful'; he ruled by seeming to give way; his touch was always light; his manner put every one at ease. That he loved dominion, that he could stoop to the smallest details in order to make it effective, and that he was quite as ready to direct the affairs of France in 1689, had the proposal been made to him, as to be schoolmaster over three unruly princes, admits of no question. He governed the family of Colbert already; he was measuring his influence over Madame de Maintenon with that of her confessor; and, though in terms a devoted scholar of the Bishop of Meaux, the points on which he quoted that illustrious man's opinions made for his own independence. He was intent on becoming a great preacher. With the skill which he never could deny himself, he set up Bossuet against Bourdaloue in his 'Dialogue on Eloquence,' that he might follow a way of his own. Nothing could be more legitimate, and nothing more characteristic.

Madame de Maintenon was the 'goddess from the machine' to whom Fénelon owed this otherwise unhopd-for elevation. She had become the King's wife some time in 1683 or 1684—'thanks,' says Michelet in his smiling way, 'to a decent arrangement of commonplace qualities.' But her soul was filled with *ennui* and sadness enough to kill her, as she wrote almost passionately to Mlle de la Maisonfort. In spiritual friendships with the Beauvilliers and their kind she found a little consolation. But of this elect company Fénelon was the director. To the Duchesse de Chevreuse he addressed his original and exquisite thoughts on the 'Education of Girls,' which were intended for the use of her own large household. And again,

Madame de Maintenon was a born pedagogue, as St Simon calls her, with his undeviating contempt for this upstart queen. She had established St Cyr and peopled it with daughters of the *noblesse*, whom she governed more successfully than she managed public affairs—if she did manage them, which has been often denied. But here was an undoubted man of genius, at once the most persuasive of guides in religion and a tried expert in bringing up youth. Her choice has been approved by posterity. Fénelon was the master-spirit of his age in all that concerned education. Less manly than John Locke, he excelled that robust English mind in fineness, depth, and polish of diction, while he would not have disputed with him as regarded the necessity of a return to nature from the artificial system so long prevailing. He was, indeed, too successful. His extraordinary grace and sovereign masterdom proved overwhelming to the solitary and difficult lad whom he took in charge. Genius absorbs as well as enlightens; and the Duke of Burgundy could not keep himself distinct enough from his teacher to shape his own career when the hour of decisive action struck.

Once more we should recite the story in St Simon which has beggared all description since, of this turbulent, haughty, almost insanely proud creature, who, as soon as he could lisp, spoke and moved as though he were born divine, with only the King and the Dauphin above him. Fénelon, unlike Bossuet, had in his composition a vein of satire. His eyesight was quick; and there is in the words which spring to his lips whenever he talks of royal persons a *sæva indignatio* not less burning than Swift's, nor less sincere. 'He is quite a prince,' wrote the Archbishop of the Bavarian Elector in 1710; 'that is to say, he has a weak head and corrupt morals.' Where did Fénelon learn that philosophy except at Versailles? The King was an unbounded egoist, seeing only his own bright image in all eyes around. Heart he had none; he sacrificed wives and mistresses, children and grandchildren, and the very perpetuation of the royal race, to his own petty ceremonial, his personal ease, and his unparalleled vanity. The Dauphin was contemptible, the Duke of Orleans odious. In St Simon's great portrait gallery of the royal house figure succeeds figure, and all are empty,

monstrous, incapable, or chaotic. The one exception at last is Burgundy; yet what a fearful picture is that of his adolescence—passions raging, faculties adrift, and, as scientific men speak now, *la folie des grandeurs*! It will not bear quoting in English. But if ever the wild beast which Plato detects in every man was visible to human eye, assuredly he rushed upon the world in this full-faced, ill-tempered, ungainly lad, who broke and tore everything that was not to his liking, and who appalled the courtiers by the passions and the vices of which he made open display. Such was the pupil given to the most refined genius of the age, that he might subdue and civilise him—a keen intellect, an amazing memory, a biting and unbridled wit, but all attendant on impulses sudden and incalculable as the wind. Yet of this incipient Caesar Borgia Fénelon made, if not a hero, something which resembled a saint. Among all the descendants of Louis XIV he is the only one whom historians agree in praising; and his own generation wept at his death as for a lost Marcellus.

So remarkable a victory is the more surprising that Fénelon did not continue with the prince above seven years, and that Burgundy accomplished this reform of himself after his Mentor had left him. In 1695, at a crisis in his own fortunes, the tutor was made Archbishop and Duke of Cambrai; and in 1697 his office, which had become nominal, was suppressed. But while he could study the Court at Versailles and Marly, he wrote his 'Fables,' his 'Dialogues,' his 'Adventures of Telemachus,' and his unsigned 'Letter to the King.' Every line of these graceful or ingenious productions carries with it as we read an undertone of satire, prophetic in its severity, on the private life and public policy of Louis XIV. 'How reckless and ungrateful!' it has been said. The author himself said it in terror, when his manuscripts first saw the light. 'How impossible that Fénelon should thus have blackened the character of Burgundy's grandfather, his own sovereign!' Yet nothing can be more certain than that he set before his pupil the 'Examination of a Royal Conscience,' in which Louis appears as on a dissecting-table, every sin, every vice laid bare. We must go back to that Greek proverb of the wolf held by the ears. Thus it was that Fénelon conceived of his position. He saw

much that St Simon has drawn in everlasting crimson ; he believed more ; at the last, when Burgundy, his duchess, and his little son were all swept away in a week, he could give credit to the rumour, persistent then, disdained now, that their cousin Orleans had poisoned them. He was a prophet in Gomorrah ; and the time during which he could prophesy was short. No breath has ever tarnished the pure fame of this aspiring but blameless priest. He had a feeling heart, an inborn pride by no means of the baser sort, and powers of observation which St Simon could scarcely have excelled. Urged by motives so powerful and so incessant, he drew the portrait of Idomeneus the tyrant-king ; he taught the son of Jove humility and good sense ; he poured out to the counsellors of Louis, in language as sharp as he could make it, the accusations which time has sealed and revolution has avenged. We are not aware of any man alive at that day who saw with his clear vision or felt with his righteous anger. 'Already, through Fénelon's Letter,' says Lord St Cyres, concluding some admirable reflections, 'rings the *Dies Iræ* of the old *régime*, already the *débâcle* was begun.'

But his own ruin was at hand. Under the wintry sunshine of that 'old fairy'—another of St Simon's epithets for Madame de Maintenon—the tutor might have flourished, while nursing secret thoughts of scorn and ambition, had he not come across a 'wandering sorrow in a world of dreams,' the mystic, hysterical, piquant, and provoking Jeanne Marie de la Motte Guyon. This lady was to prove the fatal Héloïse of a new Abelard, said Père de la Rue, S.J., from the pulpit, when the storm of Quietism was at its height. There is something odd in the name, still more in the thing, which has made her famous. Can we at this day understand either ?

When we look on the mischievous, demure features of Madame Guyon as she glances slyly out of her portraits, we exclaim with Faustus, but in a contrary sense, 'Was this the face that launched a thousand ships' against the dogmatic Troy of Bossuet and his peers ? that kindled a six years' war of pamphlets, intrigues, condemnations ? that set Paris and Rome astir with faction, and brought Fénelon in episcopal robes to his knees at Cambrai ? Do such great commotions spring from persons so insig-

nificant? 'They met,' says St Simon, speaking of this strangely assorted pair, 'and their sublime amalgamated.' Too sadly true; but in what did their sublime consist?

Remark, to begin with, that Fénelon is worshipped as a saint by many outside his own communion, and that Madame Guyon has been the oracle of Quakers and mystics in every northern land. Bossuet is Roman or Gallican, strictly orthodox, no favourite with the Reformed. Whence so striking a difference? Was it not that the men of 1700 were fatigued with the battles of expert school-theologians which had lasted nearly two hundred years—that they sighed for religion without wrangling, and were in love with silence after the whirlwinds of intemperate speech? From the head they turned to the heart, from science to poetry, from technique to metaphor, from creeds, councils, confessions, and anathemas, to the peace which passeth understanding. This might happen to them in ways innumerable, with revolt against dogma or acquiescence in it; but we cannot overlook the wide movement which, in the second half of the sixteenth century, from Spain to Silesia, brings forth spiritual and ecstatic writers, which creates a new monasticism in Catholic countries, and which is ever calling out sects of the enlightened among Protestants. St Theresa, St John of the Cross, St Francis de Sales, Angelus Silesius, and a thousand less celebrated, are its heralds in the Latin Church. Jacob Behmen, George Fox, John Bunyan, are the free mystics, endowed with tongues of fire, who have left the world allegories, figures, parables, which will long continue to be regarded with awe and admiration. In 1677, two years after Molinos published his unhappy volume, Spinoza died, almost in his prime, but not until he had bequeathed to after ages an 'Ethic' which may be called the mathematics of Divine Love. In this atmosphere Fénelon and Madame Guyon, between whom there was only three years' difference, had been brought up. Orthodox and heterodox alike were breathing it. The fierce contentions of Lutheran, Tridentine, Calvinist, Jansenist, Jesuit, were all now either at an end or taking on themselves an ethical, a spiritual colour. Modern science had found its formula in Descartes, and was winning its greatest triumph with

Newton. More and more it appealed to the knowable ; and by sure reaction the spirit fled in hope or fear towards the unknowable, which that science could never deny and never attain.

But the mystic who cries with Augustine, ' *Internum, Æternum,*' is, of necessity, an adept in self-analysis ; there he finds light, and there, too, a darkness which may be felt. He is alone ; he seeks a guide. The Roman Church, patient of enthusiasm, yet hardly trusting it, gives him one in the director, that strange and shadowy figure, the type of which we first perhaps discern in Socrates, guide of perplexed young men at Athens. Among the errors which have beset some very famous dealings with Molinos and Quietism, not excluding that beautiful story, ' *John Inglesant,*' is the notion that it was an attempt to abolish the director. Entirely otherwise ; it aimed at establishing him. The 'spiritual guide' of Molinos is himself, recommended as indispensable to pilgrims on the 'steep and flaming paths' that lead heavenward. Never has there been such an age of direction. St Cyran directed Port Royal ; Nicole directed the Jansenists during a whole generation ; Bossuet directed simple Madame Cornuau in letters which still survive ; Fénelon directed Madame de Maintenon ; and Lacombe directed Madame Guyon.

It was when the latter had been separated from her spiritual guide, then a prisoner in the Bastille, and towards the end of 1688, on her own release from the convent of the Visitation, that Fénelon met her for the first time. He felt some repulsion to a character so eccentric, and a history which did not sound edifying. She, on the contrary, felt drawn to the prince of directors at once. In the delicately mocking language of Michelet, 'she laid her hand upon him, seized him, carried him off without an effort.' He did not read her books, which were already censured and on the Roman Index ; neither was he made acquainted with those ugly personal experiences, the 'plenitudes' and faintings, of which Madame Guyon chattered afterwards to Bossuet, filling that incarnation of good sense with equal contempt and horror. That the woman's theology was inaccurate, her tone extravagant, Fénelon could not but perceive. Yet there had been ignorant saints ; and what connexion was there between good taste and an enlightened

conscience? St Theresa wrote a faulty grammar; she had published, said Fénelon, details which he would never have given to the world. In Madame Guyon he discovered a 'beautiful soul.' And there can be no doubt that the style of his correspondence, be it with Madame de Maintenon, or with Mademoiselle de la Maisonfort at St Cyr, betrays from this time onwards a new influence; it strikes a recurrent note of 'passive states' and 'spiritual death,' of 'pure love' and 'holy indifference,' which warns us that he is travelling towards the abyss and will lose his footing in its depths.

What was the situation? In a Court seething with plots and counter-plots, where a fresh reign would bring complete revolution, Fénelon holds the Duke of Burgundy, and is teaching him the politics of 'Télémaque.' He has sworn friends among the devout, is a saint in the eyes of the uncrowned Queen, but not a favourite with Louis, and is jealously watched by candidates for promotion on all sides. At this moment enters a strolling lady of quality, with her mad director and her ambiguous past at Geneva, Verceil, Dijon, and elsewhere. She brings with her associations in doctrine of an unwholesome, antinomian sort. Her little books, scattered broadcast, read like distillations of Molinos, just condemned at Rome after scandalous disclosures, and imprisoned for life in St Angelo. But she has high connexions. Through the Duchess of Béthune she is introduced to the choice friends of Madame de Maintenon; and Fénelon, despite his caution, against his better judgment, tolerates, approves, is taken. Not by a vulgar sentiment, but partly in obedience to his own spirit of mystic adventure, partly, if we believe his enemies, by the desire of pleasing which was in him both an attraction and a weakness. Once resolved, he is unchangeable. Though aware that he should speak wisdom only among the perfect, he writes to St Cyr letters which rend the house into factions, which lead Madame de Maintenon to consult Desmarais, Bishop of Chartres, which perplex his relations with Bossuet, and which are manifestly indebted to the new doctrine. He must gain over the 'Pope of the Gallican Church,' or suffer defeat in all his projects. To Bossuet, therefore, he sends Madame Guyon with her books; and the conferences at Issy are the result.



On this intricate diplomacy the volume by Miss Sanders cannot be said to throw any light. It represents Madame Guyon as a faithful witness to the language and character of Bossuet, which is evidently not the case; it exhibits Fénelon as her chivalrous defender, though we have it under his own hand that he was willing to 'let her die in prison'; it describes him as one of the conference at Issy, though he never sat in it. Again, it confounds his views with Seneca's Stoic Pantheism; it talks of him as 'rising above forms and symbols,' as though he rejected the dogmas which insist on them; it declares that Madame Guyon, 'in full view of his contemporaries, set Bossuet at defiance'; whereas their conversations took place in private, and she put herself into the Bishop's hands. Of that eminent man himself nothing is too severe to be alleged, with proof or without. His 'virulent opposition to Quietism,' his 'weakness,' 'pride,' 'bitterness,' and 'rivalry,' and the 'scandalous episode' of his 'Relation,' in which he alluded to the 'Montanus' of this new 'Priscilla,' have 'sullied him for ever.' We turn from these clouds of arrows that darken the air to Lord St Cyres, who grasps the distinctions no less than the affinities of mystic writers, and who holds the scales even in a dispute which, if it degenerated into personalities, and perhaps falsehoods, was yet concerned with momentous issues.

There seems little reason to doubt the explanation of his conduct given by the Bishop of Meaux. From Dijon he had been put on his guard against the erratic 'Priscilla.' He could never have looked on quietly while a system which neglected the Sacraments, which stultified the Lord's Prayer, and which appeared to make light of the Commandments, was creeping into convents, charming fashionable society, and poisoning direction. As he believed, religion was in danger; and Fénelon was taking the wrong side. But Madame de Maintenon wished that her favourite guide should attain high preferment; Bossuet desired it no less; and the meetings at Issy, which Louis XIV imagined to be dealing only with the vagaries of an hysterical woman, had in view the saving of Fénelon. The commissioners were all his friends. They read the endless memoranda which he inflicted on them; they drew up articles—thirty or thirty-four—after six months'

deliberation, which they invited him to sign; and the 'amiable incoherence,' as Lord St Cyres justly calls it, of their wording implies that the Bench was more anxious to absolve than to condemn. They had but to speak severely, and Fénelon's prospects would have been blasted for ever. At Christmas 1694, while the enquiry was pending, Louis made the preceptor Abbot of St Valéry. In February 1695, he was appointed to Cambrai, the richest bishopric in France. The thirty-four articles were finished during March, and in July Fénelon was consecrated at St Cyr by Bossuet, after subscribing to the agreement of Issy. He need have troubled himself no more about Madame Guyon and her Quietism, had that alone been at stake.

His evil genius decided otherwise. Bossuet followed up what he felt to be a barren victory, by the composition of a small volume on prayer—that is to say, on the Inward Light and the life of the spirit—which he invited his brother prelate to approve or correct. Though himself not averse to mystical quotations from the Canticles, he was little read in the latest or deepest of spiritual treatises; nor did he always grasp their meaning. In July 1696 Fénelon received the manuscript at Cambrai. He perceived that it did not mention Madame Guyon by name, but that it refuted and rejected her principles as expressed in the books she had written. On this pretext—for it was never anything more—he declined a share in Bossuet's attempt to deal with a growing mischief. The work was not yet published. Fénelon, who wrote with unexampled ease, sat down to his desk; put together and sent off to Paris the 'Maxims of the Saints'; got from his old master, Tronson, and from Noailles, the Archbishop, approbations which they afterwards withdrew; and left the printing to the discretion of the Duc de Chevreuse. Either the Duke had no discretion, or he could take a hint. He hurried the printers on, put the sheets into order immediately, and brought out the 'Maxims' while Bossuet was lingering. On February 1, 1697, Beauvilliers presented King Louis with a special copy.

The 'Maxims of the Saints' was Fénelon's 'Tract Ninety.' Like that most talked-about of all Newman's essays, it does not aim at literary grace or distinction of

style. It is a searching but unadorned effort to disengage the Church's doctrine from excess and defect, arraying column against column of adverse citations, weighing words, and steering between the Scylla and Charybdis of equally dangerous errors. Again, like 'Tract Ninety,' it pleads for a *via media* which shall neither fall into the pit with Molinos, nor crawl round the Slough of Despond with Bossuet, but move securely forward to the Celestial City. The author had it in him to draw out a Pilgrim's Progress in enticing colours. He chose to be scholastic and, as some thought, Pharisaic in tone; obscure, dry, and tedious in matter. From its birth the book was doomed; and with it fell the Archbishop.

His friends at Court forsook him, all except the 'good Dukes' and their wives, who were loyal to the man, though neither understanding nor favouring his opinions. As soon as Bossuet declared war, Madame de Maintenon gave up her 'Saint,' as she had already renounced Madame Guyon. Was self-interest or a clear conscience her motive? Who shall decide? But she never meant to foster unsound doctrine; and not only the Bishop of Meaux, but Noailles, and Desmarais, and Bourdaloue, condemned the 'Maxims.' Fénelon refused to confer with Bossuet, nor would he submit to be judged by his inferior in the hierarchy. With the King's leave, in April 1697, he appealed to Rome. His adversary—it had now come to that—on July 15, sent him an ultimatum; it meant unqualified submission. Fénelon would not hear of it; he would plead with the Holy See in person. It was his right; but the Gallican liberties forbade bishops to appear in Rome without permission from the Crown. Louis banished him to his diocese on August 1, and wrote to Innocent XII, asking that the book should be instantly condemned. From that day till his death in 1715 the second greatest of French prelates lived in exile. His political career was at an end. He never set foot in the Court again; and neither Louis nor Madame de Maintenon ever forgave him.

A war of pamphlets broke out, which continued for eighteen months. The unlucky Guyon was swept into the Bastille, and endured solitary confinement during five unspeakable years. None of the literature which then stirred Paris almost as deeply as the 'Lettres Provinciales' had stirred it forty years earlier, is now readable; yet

Néver was Fénelon more eloquent or pathetic; never did Bossuet pursue with more vigour the windings of dissimulation to their last retreat. His 'Relation on the Affair of Quietism' being history, not argument, is the one page that has not gone to oblivion. In France, by a singular turn, it was the tragic of Fénelon's demeanour, the solemnity of a dispute where, as Bossuet said, 'all religion was at stake,' that occupied the public mind. Madame de Sévigné no longer held the witty pen which would have drawn smiles in a subject well suited for epigram. But in Rome the prelates laughed, exchanged witticisms, took compliments, if not more tangible gifts, made merry over the Abbé Bossuet, consoled with the Abbé de Chanterac, and shrugged their shoulders at the *furia francese* which poured out on them a paper deluge. They were in no hurry to close the discussion. It bore an amazing variety of aspects. Flattered by Fénelon's appeal, which overthrew the famous Four Articles of Gallicanism, dreading Bossuet as much as they disliked him, afraid of Louis, unwilling to offend Spain, and with a conclave in prospect, the Cardinals argued but did not conclude. In an extraordinary letter the Bishop of Meaux threatened the Pope by the hand of Louis; but still the Congregation hesitated.

However, in April 1698, Madame de Maintenon gave her niece in marriage to the nephew of Cardinal de Noailles. Fénelon's friends were dismissed from Court. The true story of Madame Guyon, told by Bossuet at the cost of some private disclosures, had brought opinion round to the old lion of orthodoxy. Innocent XII, who, like all Neapolitans, loved a joke, might exclaim on receiving the report of assessors equally divided, 'Cinque, cinque! Che far me?' but long-sighted observers knew that a condemnation was approaching. In March 1699 it appeared. The Pope had softened the blow in all ways possible. There was no word of heresy. The solemn form of a dogmatic Bull was avoided. Twenty-three propositions were censured. But no retractation was asked; and the world agreed with Innocent's less formal judgment: 'The Archbishop of Cambrai has erred by excess of charity, and the Bishop of Meaux by the want of it.'

But again in France the more imposing spectacle was  
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seen—Fénelon in his cathedral, on Lady Day, as soon as the Brief was known to him, publishing his defeat, proscribing his book, turning his shame into victory. There is no such moment, picturesque as a mosaic, in the life of his conqueror. It is a scene unrivalled. Was it only well acted? It was that, and much more. The man felt humbled; the Christian obeyed. Yet, as if pursued through life by some malign agency, hardly had Fénelon vanquished his enemies on his knees, than '*Télémaque*' was surreptitiously published, and all his former offences revived by what courtiers termed a libel on the King. Though seized and the type broken up in Paris (April 1699), some copies of the imperfect edition escaped. In June it was reprinted at the Hague. Within two years it had passed through a dozen editions; it was read, translated, commented upon all over Europe. The enemies of Louis XIV welcomed it as a denunciation of the tyrant; and Fénelon's critics at Versailles, including Madame de Maintenon, called it his revenge for the penance he had undergone.

Nothing was now left him but to administer his diocese like the angel of mediæval legend; to write his spiritual directions, austere and tender as the sermons of Newman, which in thought they often resemble; to combat the Jansenists in their beliefs or subterfuges, while sparing their persons; to bring up his young kinsfolk with exquisite sweetness and mild sagacity; and to exercise a real though hidden influence on his royal pupil, by means of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse. He never spent an hour in Paris again, not even when his niece lay there dying. 'Yet,' says Cardinal de Bausset, 'from his solitude in Cambrai he wielded at Rome and throughout Europe a moral power which was entirely due to his virtue and renown.' He was acting, indeed, on a high stage. The War of the Spanish Succession raged in Flanders; and this patriotic Archbishop, who lavished his stores upon the French, opened likewise house and hospital to the wounded of all nations that crowded into the city. Thus, exclaims St Simon, he was simply adored. His manner of giving was perfect. Long afterwards Marshal Münnich recalled in St Petersburg the pleasant days he had spent as a prisoner with Fénelon. But hundreds could tell the same tale. He exhausted his great revenue in good

works; he died without debts and left no inheritance. It is this urbane, magnificent, and generous Fénelon who has taken all hearts, and the picture of whose daily life, drawn by a Boswell like the ill-conditioned Le Dieu, is no less natural than it is affecting. The finesse and the florid of earlier days have been pruned by severe trials; and a Christian prelate is shown us in whom we recognise a purity and detachment not unworthy of St Francis de Sales.

One crowning disappointment lay in wait for him. Burgundy had clung to his master with a boy's ardent devotion; they corresponded like lovers by stealth, and when at last they met it was with rapture, though in public and under jealous eyes. The youth had overcome his worst faults, but he could never walk alone; during the campaigns in which he was pitted against Eugene and Marlborough as nominal captain, he lost heart as well as fame. His Mentor sermonised the unhappy lad with a pitiless calm which hurts us while we read; but they knew one another as we do not know them, and Burgundy took no offence; he was only, as always, despondent. Then his father, *le grand Dauphin*, who had never been more than an heraldic figure, died. Fénelon's pupil might be King. The Archbishop piled Memoir upon Memoir, drew out his map of Salentum, sketched a new and a better France. Those ten months, from April 1711 to February 1712, were the happiest he had ever spent at Cambrai among his Belgians, 'last of human-kind.' A court seemed to be forming round the future Richelieu. He dreamt of States-General, a restored *noblesse*, decentralised government, peace and good laws, instead of arbitrary rule. His name was heard at Marly. But one of the deadly plagues that so often swept over Europe in former times, broke out in Paris, entered the royal chambers and struck down the prince, his wife, his eldest son. Fénelon cried out in anguish; his unruffled temper forsook him: all was over.

He could not live now to any purpose. The 'good Dukes' soon bade him an everlasting farewell. His intimate, Langeron, went the same dark way, after a friendship which had lasted thirty-four years, and had been his 'life's happiness.' He was but a walking shadow. An accident when out driving gave him a shock from

which he did not recover; and with Augustan grace, conscious to the last, as in some impressive ritual, he lay down to die. His last letter, dictated within a few hours of his passing, and intended for Louis XIV, is lofty, unselfish, haughtily serene. It made a profound impression, though least perhaps on the royal heart. The world of Versailles did not know what it had lost when Fénelon expired, January 7, 1715.

His century, the eighteenth, idolised him. We, more fortunate, may see the man as he was, an exquisite blending of new and old; a visionary with open eyes; singularly prescient of things far away; in politics, religion, letters, an innovator whose thoughts are slowly mounting to fulfilment, while that in him which was mortal is given to the fire. On a brilliant and memorable page, Lord St Cyres holds up to us the contrast between Bossuet, 'orator of the Last Judgment,' and this spiritual Correggio, painting his seraphs in the clouds. But Fénelon was something more. To the tragic incidents of a life rich in sorrows, so unlike the summer days which passed over his rival at Meaux, there corresponded a depth within, a passionate yearning after the experience in which Revelation becomes, not a hearsay, but an acted and felt reality. 'Alone with the Alone' is a word that he would have cherished. As Newman afterwards, so Fénelon 'rested in the thought of two only absolute and luminously self-evident beings'—himself and his Creator. He stood aloof from the many; to none did he give his whole heart or confidence; of him it is ever true to say, 'his soul was like a star and dwelt apart.'

While Bossuet remains the 'prophet of the commonplace,' sublime but not unique, Fénelon, with his slighter achievements and his broken story, is an endless fascination. We read the imperfect writing as they could not who died two hundred years ago. In Bossuet what Prometheus Unbound can we discover? None, it would appear. But in Fénelon the lineaments of a thousand moderns come and go. He is Greek, not because he imitated the Odyssey from afar off, but because he could never believe in the false classic of Racine. He is Rousseau and Wordsworth, and like those children of nature, is at home in landscape when it has been touched with emotion. He is, too often perhaps, a sentimentalist

and a revolutionary. We think of Chateaubriand, the sincere actor, and forgive his audacious herald. The eccentricities of Quietism repel and astonish us; but who can measure the need of a return to the 'Great Silence,' or the benefit of insisting on the limits and shadows of human speech when controversy had 'flung its fury into theses,' when to be clear, however shallow, was to be convincing, and when Pascal had written in vain that 'Nature confounds the sceptic, and Reason the dogmatist'? Fénelon, though apparently beaten, held to his dying breath that love of the Highest cannot be mere pleasure; nor could Bossuet persuade his Church into defining happiness as 'our being's aim and end.' With mistakes in abundance, with an underplot of motives more human than edifying, and in spite of the tragical farce in which Madame Guyon plays columbine, the aspirations of the soul dreaming on things to come had been vindicated. If ever dogma and science are to exchange the kiss of peace; if inward and outward are to make one perfect life; and if the inadequacy of speech, the symbolic nature of human thought, the presence and potency of an Infinite which we feel but cannot define, should be recognised as antecedents of all fruitful argument, posterity will bear in mind that Fénelon pointed the way to this reconciliation, as Newman, by a like instinct, but with genius more splendid and piercing, carried it a further stage when he combined the evolution of doctrine with the Divine Light of conscience.

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## Art. III.—INDIAN FAMINES AND THEIR REMEDIES.

1. *Reports of the Indian Famine Commissions appointed in 1878, 1898, and 1900.*
2. *General Sir Arthur Cotton: his Life and Work.* By his daughter, Lady Hope. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1900.
3. *The Great Famine and its Causes.* By Vaughan Nash. London: Longmans, 1900.
4. *Indian Famines.* By R. C. Dutt. London: Kegan Paul, 1900.

RUDYARD KIPLING writes of the Indian *rayat*, 'His life is a long-drawn question between a crop and a crop.' Of late years this may be said of the Indian Government also. Twenty-two famines in the one hundred and thirty years of British authority in India, from 1770 to 1900, are a sad proof of human weakness in face of the tremendous forces of nature. We propose here to summarise briefly what has been done in the past, and what can be done in the future, to 'diminish the severity of famines or to place the people in a better condition for enduring them.'\*

It is a truism that the primary cause of famine is deficient, or rather unevenly distributed, rainfall; but it is not so generally known that Sindh, with the most deficient rainfall in India—an annual average of no more than fifteen inches—completely protects itself against famine by irrigation. It is the districts in which the rainfall is a little more plentiful—an annual average of from fifteen to thirty inches—which have suffered most from famine. The south of the Panjab, between the Sutlej and the Jumna; the southern and western districts of the North-West Provinces south of the Jumna below Agra; Rajputana; the Central Provinces north of the Nerbudda, and the districts bordering on Orissa; the Bombay and Madras Deccan; Kathiawar and Mysore—these are the chief districts which come under this category and are constantly liable to famine. Famines in Behar, Orissa, and Gujarat are exceptional.

Famines before the Mutiny were managed on principles very different from those applied in the present day. The

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\* Secretary of State's despatch, January 10th, 1878.

importance of the vital and agricultural statistics of a district was not realised; and no machinery existed for collecting information about such matters as population and normal death-rate, the average consumption of food-grain per head, the cultivated area and the proportional distribution of the various crops, the estimated quantity of each crop per acre, and the current price-lists—information on all which points is now carefully collected by the provincial agricultural departments. There was perpetual interference with trade, and penalties were inflicted on all who hoarded or enhanced the price of grain. Government found work only for the able-bodied; the helpless were left to private charity. It will suffice, therefore, to commence our survey with the period immediately succeeding the Mutiny.

A slight preliminary explanation is needed to make what follows clear. There are two classes of Indian crops. The *kharif* or autumn crop is gathered in October or November, and consists mostly of rice and sugar-cane. The *rabi* or spring crop is sown about November and reaped about March, and consists of wheat, barley, pulses and millet.

The famine of 1860–61 was due to the failure of the monsoon of 1860. It chiefly affected the country round Agra and Delhi, and the adjacent districts of the Panjab which had not yet recovered from the devastations of the Mutiny. Public and village relief-works were started; and gratuitous relief, in the shape of cooked food, was for the first time given to the helpless who would consent to reside in enclosed poor-houses. The Government spent upon this famine about seventeen lacs\* of rupees.

The Orissa famine of 1866 was caused by the failure of the rains of 1865. This disaster was a glaring example of the errors brought about by ignorance of the resources of the people and of the state of the crops. The local officers were unfamiliar with famine and slow to recognise the signs of the times. Some warning reports were sent, but they were neglected as exaggerations by the Board of Revenue and by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Cecil Beadon. In May 1866 it was suddenly discovered that there was

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\* A lac (= 100,000) of rupees was worth, in 1860, about 10,000*l.* It is now worth about 666*l.*

only enough rice in the province to feed the troops and the prisoners in the gaols for a very short time. Then the Government woke up; and its relief operations were conducted with a prodigal expense, which might in great measure have been saved had the true state of things been recognised earlier. A million maunds\* of rice were imported with the greatest difficulty and expense owing to the isolated position of the province. Orissa is cut off by hilly country on the west, and was at that time very poorly connected with Bengal by roads. Its harbours, being mere open roadsteads, were almost useless as soon as the south-west monsoon began to blow. The rice imported was used for relief purposes and for sale at cheap prices; but only about a third was required, and the remainder had to be sold at a nominal rate. The cost of the relief was one crore† and forty-five lacs of rupees, and the loss of life one million, or one third of the population of the province. The Orissa irrigation works owed their commencement to this famine. They have not proved a success financially, but have provided Orissa with a cheap insurance against scarcity, whether caused by too much or too little water. The Orissa famine was the first to be enquired into by a Famine Commission, which sat under the presidency of Sir George Campbell.

The famine of 1868-69 in Rajputana, in the North-West Provinces and the Panjab, was caused by the premature stoppage of the rains in August and September 1868. On this occasion the Government for the first time declared that life must be saved at any cost, and that every district officer would be held personally responsible for any death occurring from starvation which could have been avoided by any exertion either on his part or on that of his subordinates. The relief-works were carried out by contract. This system was the cause of great distress, as only able-bodied labourers were employed; and those most in need of relief were either refused admission or were unable to earn subsistence at the rates paid, though the contractors received an allowance intended to compensate them for

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\* A 'maund' = 82½ lb. English. A million maunds = about 36,735 tons.

† A crore = 100 lacs = 10,000,000 rupees. 'For many years a crore of rupees was almost the exact equivalent of a million sterling. It had once been a good deal more, and has now been for some years a good deal less' (Hobson-Jobson, 1886),

employing inefficient labourers. The total mortality of this famine was 1,200,000, and its cost to the Government forty-five lacs of rupees (450,000*l.*).

The famine of 1873-74 occurred in Behar, a province not usually liable to famine, except on its northern frontier. Some of its districts, however, have a very dense population; and therefore, when dearth does occur, it is a more serious calamity than elsewhere. Rain did not fall till late in July 1873, and then only scantily; and it ceased prematurely in September. The autumn crop was ruined, and the ground was too hard to admit of sowing the spring crop. Sir George Campbell, then Lieutenant-Governor, wished to stop the exportation of rice from Bengal, but he was overruled by Lord Northbrook, the Viceroy. Calcutta consequently presented the curious spectacle of a port having a large export and import trade in rice going on at the same time.

There were then no facilities for railway transport into Behar north of the Ganges. Government therefore determined not to trust to private trade, but to import 450,000 tons of rice by its own agency. The transport of this grain into the distressed districts had to be provided for; and contracts were made at lavish rates for its carriage by bullock-cart. During the Behar famine, relief was for the first time fully organised, and the whole country was mapped out into circles of from fifty to a hundred villages, and into smaller charges. All this machinery had to be improvised, as Bengal, being a 'permanently settled' country, did not possess the subordinate revenue establishment, which is generally put in charge of relief operations in other provinces. Full wages (the money value of 1½ lb. of grain) were given to all able-bodied labourers on relief-works under professional engineers, but only subsistence rates to those employed on the smaller or village works. It was computed that 750,000 labourers were employed on relief-works for nine months, and that 450,000 persons received gratuitous relief daily for six months. Of the 450,000 tons imported, 100,000 tons of rice had eventually to be sold at a loss. The Behar famine cost the Indian Government six and a half millions sterling. This enormous expenditure had at least this result, that the famine was the first of which it could be said that there was no loss of life by starvation,

The famine of 1876-77 in Southern India was most severely felt in the Bombay and Madras Deccan districts, and Mysore. At the commencement of the famine there was considerable friction between the Bombay and Madras Governments and the Government of India. The provincial governments wished to open 'public' works of permanent utility, but the supreme Government preferred scattered village-works (which mostly took the form of tanks), because they would entail less expenditure, if the famine should turn out to be slight. There was also some misunderstanding about the regulations for relief; and the famine was, on the whole, mismanaged.

The Bombay famine was caused by the scantiness, irregularity and premature cessation of the monsoon of 1876. The autumn crop failed; and the soil, unmoistened by rain, was so hard that the spring crop could not be sown. During the famine 320,000—or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the population of the most distressed tracts, were employed on relief-works for thirteen months, while 33,000 received gratuitous relief daily for the same period, at a total cost of one crore and fourteen lacs of rupees.\*

The Madras famine was caused by the deficient rains of 1875, the failure of both the south-west and north-east monsoons in 1876, and of the south-west monsoon in 1877. The rainfall was not so much deficient as unevenly distributed; eleven districts had a rainfall equal to or even greater than the average, but twenty-one inches of it fell between the 18th and the 21st of May. The Southern India famine happened at a time of reaction against the somewhat profuse expenditure of the Behar famine; and economy was the order of the day. Sir Richard Temple's instructions as famine delegate ran as follows:

'The Government would spare no pains to save the population of the distressed districts from starvation, or from an extremity of suffering dangerous to life, but they would not attempt the task of preventing all suffering, and of giving general relief to the poorer classes of the community.' They believed that 'from the history of past famines rules of action might be learnt which would enable them in the future to provide efficient assistance for the suffering people without incurring disastrous expenditure.'

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\* Equal, in 1877, to 1,046,000*l.*

The Secretary of State for India agreed that,

‘in the interests of the distressed population itself, as well as of the taxpayers generally, the Government of India was bound to adopt precautions similar, as far as the circumstances of India will permit, to those with which in this country it has always been found necessary to protect the administration of public relief.’\*

The natural outcome of all this cry for economy was seen in ‘the Temple ration.’ The wages on the relief works under civil agency, both in Madras and Bombay, were, on Sir Richard Temple’s arrival, fixed at two annas a day, on the supposition that this amount would buy one and a half pounds of grain per diem, and leave a balance of a pice for fuel and condiments. This quantity was considered the minimum sufficient for a labouring man; but Sir Richard Temple proposed in the following terms to reduce it still further :

‘There might, indeed, be a question whether life cannot be sustained with one pound of grain per diem, and whether the Government is bound to do more than preserve life. This is a matter of opinion; and I myself think that one pound per diem might be sufficient to sustain life, and that the experiment ought to be tried.’

The experiment was abandoned after three months, and the amount of the grain-ration was materially increased. In justice it should be observed that the ration of one pound of grain and half an anna in cash was intended to apply only to labourers who could not do more than from 50 to 75 per cent. of a full task, and that they received an extra allowance of three pice each for their children. All labourers who could do 75 per cent. of a full task received one pound of grain and one anna in cash, and were employed on works under the supervision of professional engineers. Mr Dutt, in his book on Indian Famines, ignores such points as these, which place Sir Richard Temple’s action in a more favourable light.

The Viceroy, Lord Lytton, visited Madras in August 1877, and found 1,131,000 persons in receipt of gratuitous relief. This number was enormously in excess of the

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\* Secretary of State’s despatch, July 10th, 1878, approving the Government of India’s action in appointing the Famine Commission.

usual proportion to the number of persons employed on relief works. Gratuitous relief was afterwards placed under more careful supervision; and the control of the famine operations was concentrated in the hands of the Governor, the Duke of Buckingham, with General Sir Michael Kennedy as adviser. Pursuing a similar policy, the Viceroy assumed supreme control of the battle against famine, with Sir Alexander Arbuthnot as his chief of the staff. From Madras Lord Lytton went on to Mysore, where famine operations were in the hands of Mr Sanders as Chief Commissioner, and Colonel Sankey as head of the local public works. Things were not going well; but attention had been diverted from the serious shortcomings by Sir Richard Temple's praise of the economical management of the famine in Mysore. The famine relief-works were managed by professional engineers and employed only able-bodied labourers, whilst numbers of the needy poor, who might advantageously have been employed on relief-works, were receiving casual and un-systematic relief from food-kitchens at a vast expense.

This state of things was altered by the transfer of Colonel Sankey, the appointment of Mr Elliot as Famine Commissioner, and the commencement of the Mysore Railway as a famine relief-work; but the loss of a million lives was the penalty of mismanagement. In the Madras famine it was estimated that 750,000 people, or 5 per cent. of the population of the distressed tracts, were employed on relief-works for twenty-two months; and that the cost amounted to 5,775,000*l.* sterling. The total mortality of the Southern Indian famine was estimated at 5,250,000 deaths above the average, while the births were 2,000,000 below the usual birth-rate. Its total cost amounted to 8,000,000*l.* sterling.

The famine of 1896-97 differed from that of 1877 by being felt, more or less, all over India; but it was much less destructive than its predecessor. It extended over an area of 125,000 square miles, and affected 34,000,000 persons. Some 2,220,000 persons were relieved daily for one year at a cost of Rs 32.7 per head.\* The direct cost of relief was 727 lacs of rupees (4,846,666*l.*). The cause of the famine was the abrupt termination of the south-west

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\* The rupee was worth, in 1897, about 1*s.* 4*d.*

monsoon in September 1896, the failure of the north-east monsoon in the Madras and Bombay Deccan districts, and the lateness and unequal distribution of the cold weather rainfall in Central and Northern India. The consequence was that the early and late sown crops failed in the Deccan, and the autumn and spring crops in Central and Upper India and Behar.

The famine-affected area included Behar, Chota Nagpur, some of the central districts in Bengal and most of the North-West Provinces. Almost all the Central Provinces were stricken, and part of the Panjab suffered severely. The southern famine was 'intense' in the Bombay and Madras Deccan, and was felt, though less severely, in Ganjam and Godavari. It even penetrated to Berar, and to certain districts in the 'dry zone' of Upper Burmah.

The Commission of 1898 expressed general approval of the famine operations, with the exception of the orders of the Bombay Government that all who were able to pay the suspended revenue 'without undue difficulty' should be compelled to do so. This order was too vague. The decision was left to the subordinate revenue officials, and complaints were rife of the oppressive way in which they collected the revenue. It was said that, in distributing charitable doles of money, they first deducted from them the revenue dues. These charges were subsequently investigated by the Gujarat Revenue Collection Inquiry Commissioners, with a result not altogether creditable to the Bombay Government. The Commission of 1898 dealt out, in one case, uncompromising censure. It considered that the local authorities of the Central Provinces 'failed to grasp the situation.' Their relief-operations should have been commenced earlier, especially in certain districts in which the distress dated from 1894. The Bhils, Gonds, and other forest tribes shunned the discipline and regular work of the famine camps; but, making allowance for this, the Commission sums up its opinion with the words, 'The degree of success in the saving of life and relief of distress was not all that it should or might have been.' The deaths above the average in the Central Provinces were 658,822, and the death-rate in 1897 was 69·34 per thousand as against 33·76, the average of the five years 1891-95.



The famine of 1900-01 has proved in some respects the worst in Indian history. Never before have there been two famines in three years. The area affected and the deficiency of rainfall were the greatest ever known. The famine of 1877 in Southern India affected 250,000 to 300,000 square miles; that in 1900 from 600,000 to 700,000. The total loss of life in 1900-1901 has been estimated at 1,236,855 above the decennial average—which is, however, not a fourth of the mortality in 1877. The famine expenditure for the year amounted to 4,277,000*l.* for personal relief, and 947,000*l.* for agricultural advances. The Commission of 1878-80 estimated that not more than 4½ million persons were likely to be on famine relief at the same time: in June 1900 there were nearly 6 millions. The deficiency of rainfall in 1876-77 was from 25 to 50 per cent.; in 1900 some districts did not get more than from  $\frac{1}{30}$ th to  $\frac{1}{4}$ th of their usual rainfall. It was also a fodder and water famine: hence the enormous loss of agricultural cattle, especially in Gujarat. The rains in September 1899 dried up prematurely; and the Central Provinces, Berar, the Bombay Deccan, parts of Rajputana, and southern Panjab were stricken a second time in three years. In Bombay, moreover, the central districts, as well as those of Gujarat, Ahmadabad, &c., were affected. It is noteworthy that Gujarat suffered from famine for the first time in the memory of man, and that the effects of famine were accentuated by a plague of crop-destroying insects and blight. Unfortunately, the famine operations in Hissar (southern Panjab) are likely to be prolonged into 1902.

The authorities of the Central Provinces were determined not to be caught napping again, and they achieved a great measure of success, though the famine they had to deal with was far worse than that of 1897. In that year the crop out-turn was 53 per cent. of the normal, in 1899-1900 it was only 35 per cent. Village relief-works were established all over the country, with kitchens to prepare the cooked food used for gratuitous relief. Wages were paid daily; fining below the minimum was rare; and if a worker was fined twice in a week he was allowed an appeal. The famine officials were adequate in number and properly paid. The aboriginal tribes were employed in grass-cutting and road-making. Mr Ibbetson's circular laid it down that 'it is not enough to render relief avail-

able: care must be taken that it is actually given to all who really need it.'\* Five and a half crores (3,666,667l.) were spent, as compared with two crores in 1897. This generous expenditure had its reward in keeping down the death-rate. In 1897, 658,822 persons died of famine or diseases engendered by it, and the death-rate was 69·34 per thousand; in 1900, 539,349 persons died, and the death-rate was 56·74 per thousand, the average for the ten years ending 1896 being 34·49. Mr Vaughan Nash gives unqualified praise to the famine administration; and all that the Commission of 1900 found fault with was the somewhat excessive distribution of gratuitous relief.

The contrast in Bombay is great. The famine does not seem to have been taken in time; in the Panch Mahals no gratuitous relief was distributed till May 1900. The famine staff was inadequate and badly paid; wages were paid generally twice a week; the workers were mostly in debt to the *banya*, and therefore could not buy grain at the rate supposed to be prevalent. It was believed that large numbers lived on the minimum wages at relief camps but did no work. The 'penal minimum' was therefore introduced, a reduction of 25 per cent. less than the lowest rate of wages allowed by the famine code. The effect of this was that the people were so underfed as to fall an easy prey to cholera; and the death-rate for the affected districts of Bombay from November 1899 to October 1900 was 81·32 per thousand, against a decennial average of 29·72. There seems to have been no well-thought-out famine programme in Bombay. Mr Nash speaks of 'the paper schemes outlined in earth.'† The most tangible result is the ten years' stock of metal for the roads, most of which will be wasted if there are not funds to keep up the roads on which it is to be used. In Gujarat about 80 per cent. of the valuable breed of cattle died for want of fodder; and out of 10,267 cattle sent to graze in Thana, only 5166 returned. It is on this account that the Commission of 1900 recommend a Government reserve of waggons, in order that the railways may have rolling stock enough to carry fodder in time of famine.

In the Panjab, famine was most severely felt in Hissar and Rohtak, where 39,000 deaths above the average were

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\* Nash: 'The Great Famine,' p. 193.

† Ibid, p. 37.

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reported. There was a great mortality among cattle; over 700 tons of bones were exported from Hissar alone in the year ending September 1900. The produce of the districts irrigated by the Sirhind and Chenab canals kept down prices, and the construction of the Jhelum canal provided employment for famine workers.

It is not often that a native state proves so remiss in discharging its duty of supporting famine-stricken subjects as the Patiala Durbar was upon this occasion. Certain other native states, especially Marwar, were notable instances to the contrary. Mr Nash is an enthusiastic admirer of the 'leather law' of some native states—'no crop, no revenue.\* This may be applicable in a small, self-sufficing territory, but hardly in a great Empire, as the burden of the interest on the extra loans would soon outweigh the benefit. The census proves that the native states have suffered more from famine and plague than the British provinces. The increase of population in the decade 1891-1901 for all India is only 2·42 per cent., but in British India it amounts to 4·44; in native states, on the other hand, population has diminished by 4·34 per cent. Hence the small rate of increase on the whole.

Four Commissions have sat to enquire into Indian famines: that under Sir George Campbell in 1868; that of 1878, under General Strachey; that of 1898, under Sir James Lyall; and that of 1900, under Sir Anthony Macdonnell. We will consider the recommendations of the last three Commissions, which may be thus classified.

I. Protective measures: including (1) irrigation, (2) railways, (3) improvements in the position of the cultivator and in the law of land tenure.

### II. Measures of famine administration.

All three Commissions give the first place among protective measures to irrigation. The Commissioners of 1878 come to the following conclusions on this subject:—

'It should be considered whether any particular tract is liable to frequent or serious drought, and whether, in the

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\* In some native states allowance is made for the condition of the crops, and a consequent reduction of the land-revenue is made in bad years. This Mr Nash (p. 92) contrasts with the 'iron law' prevalent in British territory, where the land-revenue is based on an average, and the advantage in good years is supposed to make up for the loss in bad. Except in very unusual circumstances, no remission of land-revenue is made.

event of famine, the population is such that large outlay would be necessary for its relief, and large loss of revenue would be incurred. If these questions are answered in the affirmative, and if, at the same time, it is possible to introduce irrigation from a source which can be relied on in years of drought, without any excessive cost, Government might usually embark on the enterprise without hesitation. Where any system does not seem to be worth to the country the money which has been spent on it, by reason of an unfavourable direct money return on the capital outlay, it will generally be found that it is due to the backwardness of the cultivators in adopting the great change in their customary system of agriculture which necessarily follows on the introduction of irrigation, or to defects of design or errors of management which should not have occurred, and which may be remedied more or less completely.'

They point to the fact that the net income from irrigation in 1879-80 amounted to 1,165,800*l.*, or very nearly 6 per cent. on the capital outlay of 20,298,000*l.*, in which was included an outlay of 3,250,000*l.* for works which had not yet come into operation ; and they draw the reasonable conclusion :

'Actual experience of India is altogether opposed to the view that the existing works of this class (protective works), *taken as a whole*, are otherwise than positively remunerative to an extent which completely justifies the measures which the Government of India has carried out for their extension during the last twenty years or more.'

The Government of India for some time ignored the recommendations of their own Commissioners ; and their combined expenditure from revenue and capital between 1882 and 1898 on railways and irrigation amounted to 246,609,325*l.* and 39,359,045*l.* respectively.\* The reason of this is to be found in the Report of the Parliamentary Committee appointed in 1878

'to enquire into and report as to the expediency of constructing Public Works in India with money raised on loan, both as regards financial results, and the prevention of famine.'

This Committee minimised the benefits of the Kaveri, Kistna and Godavari systems, and dwelt upon the want

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\* 'Life of Sir A. Gotton,' p. 356.

of financial success of the Tungabhadra and Orissa irrigation canals. Irrigation had failed to pay its way, 'enterprise by enterprise,' and in certain circumstances proved useless in time of drought. Sir Richard Temple's Minute on Irrigation in Southern India was appealed to.

'Though it' (the drought) 'failed to dry up the harvest of Malabar and Travancore, or to prevent the Kaveri from filling the canals of the Tanjore delta, yet it rendered them powerless to send the succour, which might otherwise have been expected, elsewhere. The tanks having their catchment areas in undulating plains or low hills, on which but little rain descended, were left almost dry. The sluices, the distributing channels, and all the apparatus of irrigation lay useless.'

It would have been more prudent not to blame irrigation till something had been done to provide for the permanent storage of water, or to connect these tanks with some source of permanent water supply. However, in spite of the fact that down to 1877-78 the difference between the net receipts from railways and the interest on them guaranteed by Government amounted to no less than 25,000,000*l.*, the Parliamentary Committee initiated the policy of starving irrigation in favour of railways.

The benefits of irrigation are, first and foremost, insurance against famine. Irrigation works should be credited with the whole increase of production, not merely with the slight addition to the revenue from the water-rate. The use of canal water allows valuable crops, such as sugar-cane, rice, wheat, indigo, to be cultivated instead of the less profitable millet and barley. The whole production in time of famine depends upon irrigation, since without it hardly an acre would come to maturity. It saves the lives of an incalculable number of human beings and animals, and prevents immense loss to Government from the direct cost of famine relief and from remissions of land revenue.

The benefits of the Godavari irrigation-works are fully described in the interesting life of Sir Arthur Cotton, their originator, which has lately been published :—

'As the huge volumes of water flowed grandly on, laden with rich, fertilising, yellow silt gathered by the river in its course through the Deccan, the enthusiastic General Sir Arthur Cotton called it "liquid gold." The anicut (central

dam), with its ramified system of canals, has certainly turned it into solid gold.' \*

Whatever the rainfall, irrigation is beneficial; there may be famines from flood as well as drought.

'No quantity of rain will prevent a famine, unless it is tolerably distributed. The fact is that water from irrigation is required in almost every part of India, even to prevent famine. But, further, there is never a season when, at some time or other, additional water would not improve the crop. Again, when we say irrigation, we always mean the complete regulation of the water, that is, including draining; so there is never a season when there is not, at some moment, excess of rain, which requires to be carried off by a system of drains. It is this regulation of water that is needed, and which so abundantly repays the cost of works.' †

An independent witness may be quoted on the value of irrigation :—

'The works as a whole are remunerative. In Madras, the North-West Provinces, the Panjab and Sind, they yield handsome profits; in Bombay they are likely to pay for themselves; and in Bengal they are, after all, the cheapest and best means of fighting famine, and saving the public treasury from ruinous drafts in bad seasons.' ‡

Irrigation will also stand comparison with railways as a means of land transport. Sir Arthur Cotton puts the case thus :—

'A steamboat canal can be made cheaper than a railway; it can carry cheaper; it can carry all that is wanted, and that a railway cannot. It can, in most cases, be combined with irrigation and drainage; the supply of good, wholesome drinking-water will always accompany it.' §

In his evidence before the House of Commons, 1872, Sir Arthur gave his opinion that, in India, canal-carriage was the most suitable means of inland conveyance of goods.¶ The questions of irrigation and inland navigation are closely connected, for the rayats will not, as a rule, take irrigation water to raise a greater amount or more valuable

\* 'Life of Sir A. Cotton,' p. 128.

† Ibid. p. 423.

‡ 'Irrigated India,' by the Hon. A. Deakin, p. 233.

§ 'Life of Sir A. Cotton,' p. 277.

¶ Ibid. p. 212.

kind of crop, unless they are assured of ready access to markets for the additional produce. This can best be done by making the distributory channels of an irrigation-canal navigable; and it is cheaper to do this than even to build roads.

The following picture is given of the benefits actually derived from the Godavari and Kistna canals during the famine of 1876-77:—

‘The Godavari and Kistna works, besides supporting the population of their own districts, and a great crowd of hungry immigrants from the surrounding country, and besides exporting over country roads an amount of food grains, which the Collector of Godavari estimates at little less than the amount exported by sea (140,000 tons), supplied nearly one-fifth of the food exported from places within the Madras Presidency itself for the supply of the famine demand during the same time. . . . The gross value of the rice raised by the Godavari and Kistna canals during a year of famine, when, to judge from the condition of the neighbouring districts, there would not otherwise have been an acre ripened, *may be taken at 4,950,000*l.*, or four times the whole capital outlay to the end of the year.*’ \*

The Famine Commissioners of 1898 endorsed the recommendation of their predecessors, attaching supreme importance to irrigation. The Bari Doab, Sirhind, Betwa, Eastern Jumna and Chenab canals were completed during the interval between the two Commissions; and the inland navigation from Katak to the Hugli had its last link added by the completion of the Orissa coast and Hidgelli tidal canals. The Commission of 1898 recommended the carrying out of the projected Jhelum and Sind-Sagar canals—the latter between the Chenab and Indus—and the Mandalay, Shwebo and Mon canals in Burma. Such canals afford a means of counteracting the growth of population by making waste lands cultivable. Eight hundred thousand persons from the congested districts have been settled at the colony of Lyallpur on the river Chenab, which irrigates an area of 1,353,000 acres.

‘We have already shown’ (say the Commissioners of 1898) that the surplus revenue realised by productive irrigation

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\* ‘Life of Sir A. Cotton,’ p. 318.

works, after all interest charges at four per cent. had been paid, amounted in 1896-97 to Rx. 809,178.\* This was higher than usual on account of drought; but the actual surplus for 1897-98 was even higher; and, when the stimulus afforded by famine has passed away, the normal surplus will probably be not less than Rx. 700,000,† or nearly half the amount of the famine grant. If the new works are as profitable, taken as a whole, as those already constructed, a surplus revenue of one crore may be eventually anticipated; or, in other words, the net direct financial profit on productive irrigation will be sufficient to meet two-thirds of the whole estimated cost of famine.'

Nor is this the only advantage to be drawn from irrigation-works.

'During the years 1896-97 and 1897-98 famine necessitated remissions of land revenue to the amount of Rx. 1,448,000,‡ and there was great loss of revenue under other heads directly or indirectly attributable to famine. The remissions of land revenue and the whole cost of relief would, of course, have been infinitely greater if these works had not been constructed; but, apart from the value of the works in this respect, the revenue earned by irrigation works of all kinds in these two years showed an excess over the normal of Rx. 981,600, which has been directly attributed to famine. It is therefore a special recommendation of these works that, while almost all other sources of revenue are certain to be largely reduced in years of famine, irrigation revenue may be expected to increase, while it will be short only in years of abundant and favourable rainfall, when there is an expansion of other sources of revenue consequent on agricultural prosperity.' (Report of the Famine Commission, 1898.)

Lord Curzon has in a great measure adopted the suggestions of this Commission. Though he pointed out in his Budget speech of 1900 that the area which remained to be 'productively' irrigated was not more than 4,000,000 acres, he has raised the grant for irrigation from  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 crore of rupees; and in his Budget speech of 1901 he has promised an enquiry into minor protective irrigation-works.

'I want' (he said) 'to be sure that no sources of water-supply or water-storage are neglected in this country. . . .

\* 539,449L.

† 466,667L.

‡ 965,334L.



What I want to ensure is that in each province the sources of supply best suited to it, whether they be canals or tanks or wells, shall be scientifically considered and mathematically laid down, so that we may be presented with a continuous programme that we may pursue in ordinary years, as an insurance against the bad years when they come.'

This declaration of policy has been followed up by the appointment of an Irrigation Commission under Sir Colin Scott-Moncreiffe. It seems as if Sir Arthur Cotton's teaching had at last borne fruit.

Railways are not a remedy for famines. Census returns show no argument in their favour as preventives of loss of life by famine. They are at most a palliative. If it be granted that famines must exist, we may, no doubt, allow that they could not be satisfactorily fought without railways. The Famine Commissions of 1878 and 1898 gave railways full credit for cheapening the transport of grain in times of famine; but railways cannot carry all the food that is required. Food-stuffs for Rajputana and fodder for Gujarat were largely refused in the last famine. The Commission of 1898 pointed out that there is even something to be said on the other side.

'Experience shows that, on the occasion of a wide-spread failure, such as has been recently experienced, railways, however useful and necessary they may be, do not keep prices down to a point at which slight pressure only is felt. So far as they equalise prices they widen the area of scarcity, though lessening the intensity elsewhere of famine. Though they bring grain to the tracts liable to famine in years of drought, they prevent large accumulations in those tracts in years of plenty.' (Report, 1898, c. vii, p. 328.)

Mr Bell \* has described the economic effect of railways on famines. Railways, by creating or facilitating an export trade, have stimulated the production of valuable non-food crops, such as jute, which encroach upon the area that should be reserved for growing food-crops. The Famine Commission of 1898 pointed out that since the famine in Southern India the population had increased by 17 per cent., but the area under food-grain by only 8 per

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\* Paper on 'Railways and Famines,' read before the Indian section of the Society of Arts, Feb. 28, 1901.

cent. The effect of this is that the present surplus food available, after providing for the ordinary wants of the people, and after allowing for over-estimated out-turn, would not be greater than 5,165,000 tons—the amount at which it was estimated in 1880. The existence of the export trade doubtless increases the area under crop, and intensifies cultivation in India; but, in the face of the increase of population, the smallness of the reserve of food is a serious matter.

The export trade has another effect; it raises prices in India to an extent quite out of proportion to its percentage (3 per cent.) of the total production. Railways provide a ready market for the surplus grain supply, which used to be stored, in times of plenty and low prices, as a provision against scarcity. In times of famine, therefore, the cultivator has no longer this provision to fall back on. If he could keep the proceeds of the sale of his grain as an insurance against famine, he would not be worse off than before; but his crop is usually pledged long before harvest to the money-lender; and it is the money-lender alone who derives any benefit from the improved facilities for marketing the produce. Railways have contributed to the development of non-agricultural sources of income; they have made the prosperity of the great landholders and the produce dealers; but the condition of the landless agricultural labourers, who are the great majority of the population, has materially deteriorated under the great rise of prices which the railways have brought about. As Mr. Bell snallly remarks:

‘the present railway system has been largely instrumental, in the present famine, in preventing . . . that dreadful state of things when food is not obtainable at any price; but has it been able to prevent, and indeed may it not largely have contributed to create, that scarcely less dreadful condition, when the price is practically prohibitive to all but the wealthy?’

Among the remedial measures having for their object the improvement of the position of the cultivator, the Commission of 1878 proposed that the occupancy rights granted by the Act of 1859 should be assumed to exist, unless the contrary were proved; and that the zemindar's right of ejectment for non-payment of rent should be limited. They were of opinion that it was for the best

interests of agriculture that the multiplication of tenure-holders, enjoying interests in the land subordinate to that of the landlord, but superior to that of the tenant, and living on the difference between the legal rent and what they could screw out of the tenant, should be stopped; and they therefore recommended the prohibition of sub-letting. Sir George Campbell declared that the English system gives the cultivators

'too much or too little right in the soil; too little, if we reduce them to tenants at will under landlords, too much if we give them absolute and transferable rights of property liable to summary sale at the suit of any creditor.'

Reform in both these directions has been undertaken—in the Bengal Tenancy Act, 1885, on the one hand; and, on the other, in the Deccan Agriculturists Relief Act, the Panjab Land Alienation Act (1900), and the proposed Bombay Revenue Code Amendment Bill (1901).

The most important recommendations of the Commission of 1900 deal with restraint on the alienation of land and the creation of agricultural banks. In the Bombay Deccan the indebtedness of the cultivators has reduced them to mere tenants-at-will of the money-lenders. When a transfer has been completed, the money-lender should be entered in the village-register as the owner of the land, and prevented by a suitable Tenancy Act from rack-renting his tenants. If the money-lender is a mortgagee only, the debt should be investigated and a fair sum fixed. The annual produce of the holding should then be ascertained; and, after providing for the sustenance of the cultivator and his family, the balance should be set aside to pay off the debt in a term of years. After the end of this term the holding should revert to the cultivator. For the future, restrictions should be placed on the transferability of land by requiring that any sale to a person not of the agricultural classes should have the consent of Government.

The villagers who contract loans from agricultural banks must be men of approved character, and should be jointly and severally responsible. The liability is to be unlimited; no loan is to be contracted except for agricultural purposes; and all net profits are to be paid into a reserve fund, which is to be kept undivided. These

banks are to be financed by 'organising societies' of local capitalists. In the North-West Provinces, where most of the agricultural banks that are in actual working are found, they are allowed to borrow money at 4 per cent. from the Government, but to ask for  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. interest from the rayat.

We come now to the recommendations of the Commissioners concerning administrative measures in case of famine. First in importance among them is the constitution, in the supreme and provincial governments, of revenue and agricultural departments, which should be specially charged with the control of famines under a procedure to be laid down in a special code. In ordinary times they would be charged with the collection of agricultural statistics. The Commissioners recommend that, in time of actual famine, the needy should be promptly employed on relief-works before they became enfeebled by want. The Public Works Department should keep a list of projects for such works, one, if possible, being in each subdivision, or one for every sixteen square miles. Professional engineers should superintend the execution of these works, but under the orders of the district officers, except in strictly departmental matters.

The wages of the labourers should be calculated at ordinary Public Works rates for piece-work on works under professional supervision, and on other works according to local grain-prices, so as to give each male labourer  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of common coarse grain or rice. The wages should be paid daily, or at the least possible intervals, and the tasks exacted should not be more than 75 per cent. of an ordinary able-bodied labourer's work in normal times. Gratuitous relief should be given in the form of doles of raw grain or money to children and infirm or aged persons at their homes, according to lists to be prepared by the village-officers and headmen. Aimless wanderers and beggars should be collected at poor-houses, and should receive relief in the shape of cooked grain, of which one pound would suffice, as no labour would be exacted. Strict village-inspection would be necessary to see that this form of relief be confined to deserving persons.

The Commissioners estimate that famines will recur on the average every twelve years, and that the largest

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population liable to be affected by a single famine will be 30,000,000. Of these the Government might expect to have to provide for about 4,500,000, or 15 per cent., at the height of the famine, and for from 2,000,000 to 2,500,000, or from 7 to 8 per cent., on an average, monthly throughout the year. The cost of this at 2*l.* 10*s.* per head per year would be 12,500,000*l.*

In 1878 the Government of India started the Famine Insurance Fund of 1½ crore of rupees (1,375,000*l.*). If not wanted for famine relief, this sum was to be spent on productive works and the reduction of debt. This grant was suspended in 1879 on account of the deficit caused by the Afghan war, and has subsequently not been quite kept up to its authorised amount; but the Commission of 1898 gives the expenditure from it thus:—

	£
Famine relief . . . . .	5,194,650
Productive railways . . . . .	4,367,287
Irrigation . . . . .	1,222,047
Interest—Indian Midland and Bengal-Nagpur railways (productive railways constructed by private enterprise) . . . . .	2,959,004
Reduction of debt. . . . .	3,551,532

£17,294,520 \*

Since 1881, agricultural departments in the Government of India and the Local Governments have been constituted. Unfortunately these departments have been so fully occupied with land revenue and records that they have had very little time left for the study and encouragement of scientific agriculture. Lord Curzon has remedied this defect by the appointment of Dr Voelcker as Director-General of Agriculture. Each province has also its own special famine code adapted to local circumstances.

The Famine Commission of 1898 introduced the classification of famine labourers as diggers and carriers, instead of the somewhat complicated system of classification formerly in force. Weakly persons are now placed in special gangs, with tasks diminished in proportion to their weakened physical capacity. The wages of the famine workers were also slightly increased, only to be reduced

\* This calculation is made at present rates. The total in rupees, as given by the Commissioners (Report, c. vii, p. 326), is Rs. 25,9,91,797 (25,9,41,797*l.*).

again by the Commission of 1900. The last Commission advises that famine labourers should be paid by results, with a maximum limit to their wages, but no minimum, and with separate relief for their dependants. Fining is to be abolished.

Re-afforesting and migration, as remedies for famine, are but slightly touched on in these reports. The deficiency in the rainfall is at present aggravated by the cutting down of forests incident to the expansion of the area under cultivation. The consequence is that the water is not retained so long in its natural reservoirs, and runs off the ground more quickly. A further effect of the destruction of forests is that the cattle-manure, which should go to fertilise the ground, is burnt for want of other fuel.

Coolies emigrate in large numbers from Chota Nagpur, and the Sontal Pergunnahs to the tea districts, and from the North-West Provinces to the West Indies and Mauritius. Some years ago an attempt was made to induce a large number of emigrants from the congested districts of Behar to settle in Burma; but the experiment did not meet with much success. The policy of bringing waste lands under cultivation by means of irrigation and immigration seems to offer the best chance of success in transplanting large masses of population. Nor should the attention of the Government, in dealing with famine, be confined to the improvement or facilitation of agriculture. This is, no doubt, by far the most important industry of India; but there are others, the growth of which tends to relieve the pressure on the purely agricultural districts. One great cause of the severity of famine is that the competition of European manufacturers crushes out local industries, and throws back the operators upon the land. It is, therefore, for this reason, as well as for others, incumbent upon the Government to foster, by all means in its power, the growth of forms of industry other than agriculture, provided they are suitable to the climate and population of India.

A few words about a famine camp and a famine village will make the actual working of the system clearer. A famine work, if sufficiently large, is under the superintendence of an engineer, who directs the execution of the work in technical matters. The most hard-worked official is the Famine Superintendent, who classifies the workers, allots their tasks, makes up all the returns, and sees to the

supply of grain. In most famine camps there is generally a doctor, more or less qualified ; but very little attempt is made to supply medicine or nursing for the sick, with the result that, in times of cholera, the mortality is enormous. The famine staff also includes a Brahmin cook, who prepares the food distributed as gratuitous relief.

The famine work may be the construction of a tank or a canal. On arrival at a famine camp, applicants for relief are classified as diggers or carriers, and their physical condition estimated ; they are then assigned to a gang. Next day at dawn the names of each gang are called over, and their task measured out and explained to the mate or foreman. The diggers pursue their task all day ; and the carriers, mostly women with baskets on their heads, follow each other in a long line to where the excavated earth has to be deposited. In the evening the work is measured, and each labourer is paid, or given a statement of what he is entitled to on pay-day. The last Commission has recommended daily payments, as the labourer, unless he is paid daily, has to buy on credit from the grain merchant, and often gets a much less favourable rate than that supposed to be prevalent.

The basis of Indian life is the village ; and it is in the village that the effects of famine are most clearly seen. An Indian village consists of a group of mud-huts, with tiled or thatched roofs, grouped round an open space reserved for the *hat* or village market, with a tank or stream of water for drinking and bathing purposes in close proximity. In time of plenty, in an ordinary village, large numbers of cows, buffaloes, and bullocks are to be seen ; but in time of famine most of them are dead or have been sold for the value of their hides. Most of a rayat's agricultural capital is represented by his ploughing bullocks ; but in the last famine he had to let them die for want of fodder. The loss of these useful servants is shown by most of the land of the village lying fallow. Carts, which are usually drawn by bullocks, are replaced by vehicles to which the people themselves are harnessed.

Unless a village relief-work is very near, no one is to be seen in the village, except a forlorn band of cripples, infirm and aged, who are in receipt of gratuitous relief, and, it may be, one or two children who are sifting the dust upon the road in quest of scattered grain. There is,

however, another class of persons in the village who are not seen: these are 'the poor but respectable class who will endure almost any privation rather than apply for Government relief, accompanied, as it must be, by official enquiry into the reality of the destitution which is to be relieved.' People of this class 'cannot dig, and to beg they are ashamed.' Among those incapacitated by sentiment and often by physical inability for hard manual labour from availing themselves of the Government relief, a large number are women prevented by the custom of their caste from appearing in public. Government officials cannot relieve them without violating the domestic privacy which is held so sacred throughout India. The private charity of the famine relief-funds, acting through native local committees, has done a great work in relieving this class, who feel the pinch of famine very severely, and whom the ordinary administrators of relief are not easily able to reach. The charity of the famine funds has also been most beneficially devoted to supplementing the Government subsistence allowance, especially in the case of the sick, and to replacing the cultivator, so far as possible, in the position he occupied before the famine, by gifts of ploughing bullocks and seed.

In conclusion, we must briefly consider Mr Dutt's theory of famines, viz. that the pecuniary surplus which the theory of averages leaves to the cultivator to provide for years of scarcity is absorbed by over-taxation. The remedy, according to Mr Dutt, is the permanent limitation of the portion of the produce taken as revenue by the State. He impugns the estimate of the Famine Commissioners of 1878—that the portion taken as revenue all over British India was from 3 to 8 per cent. of the gross output—in these terms:—

'The value of the gross produce is calculated at 5*l.* per ton for food, and 3*l.* per acre for non-food crops. The fallacy in this calculation lies in the fact that it assumes an annual produce for India which India never produces in any single year. . . . No approximately correct value of food crops and of non-food crops can be estimated, because it is not known how much of the area under cultivation bears any produce in any year or any series of years.' \*

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\* 'Indian Famines,' p. 97.



This may be true of Bengal; but the agricultural statistics of other provinces give the area under crop in each village every year, and the out-turn of each crop. The estimates of the incidence of the land-tax given in the Report of the last Famine Commission vindicate the Government from the charge of rack-renting. Mr Dutt, whilst protesting loyalty to the Indian Government, persists in representing its policy in the worst possible light. Speaking of the rejection of the proposal for extending the permanent settlement, he says:

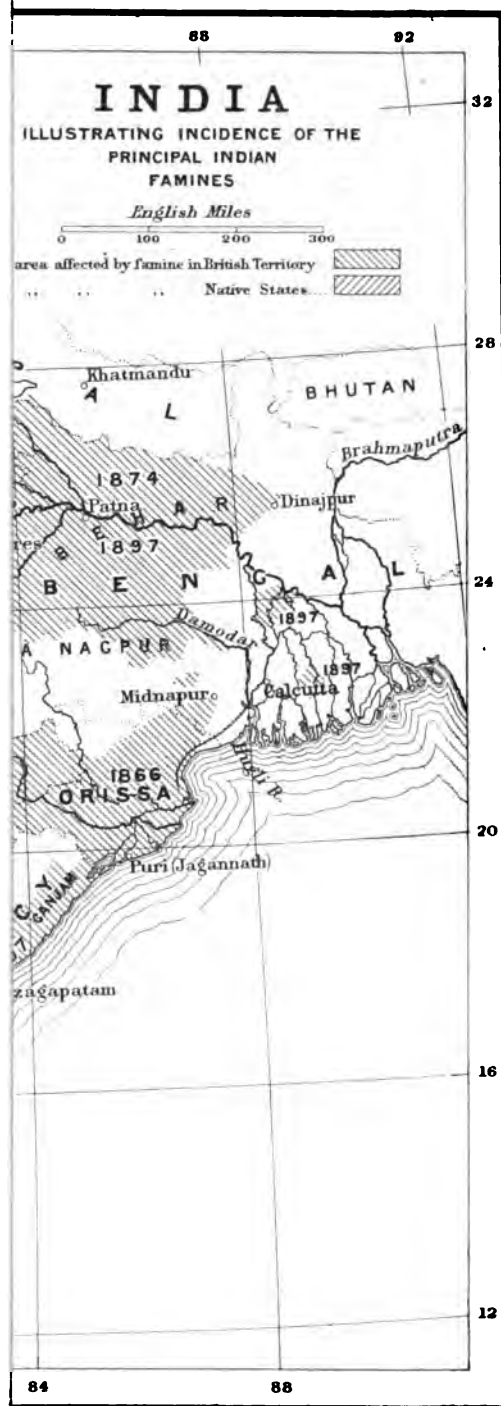
'The interests of the land revenue received greater consideration than the well-being of the people; and . . . the proposal of Lord Canning was rejected . . . in 1883.'\*

The Secretary of State gave his reasons for the rejection in his despatch of 22nd March, 1883, which, it will be observed, Mr Dutt does not quote. The Secretary urges the impolicy of depriving Government of the expected increase in the temporarily settled revenue. He remarks, further, that there were few existing taxes likely to be augmented by the increase of wealth arising from the universal introduction of a permanent settlement; and the discontent caused by the imposition of fresh taxes to meet the deficit would outweigh any benefit. Lastly, the experience of Bengal tenancy legislation shows that the expectation that the zemindars would share the benefits of the Permanent Settlement with their tenants has not been fulfilled.

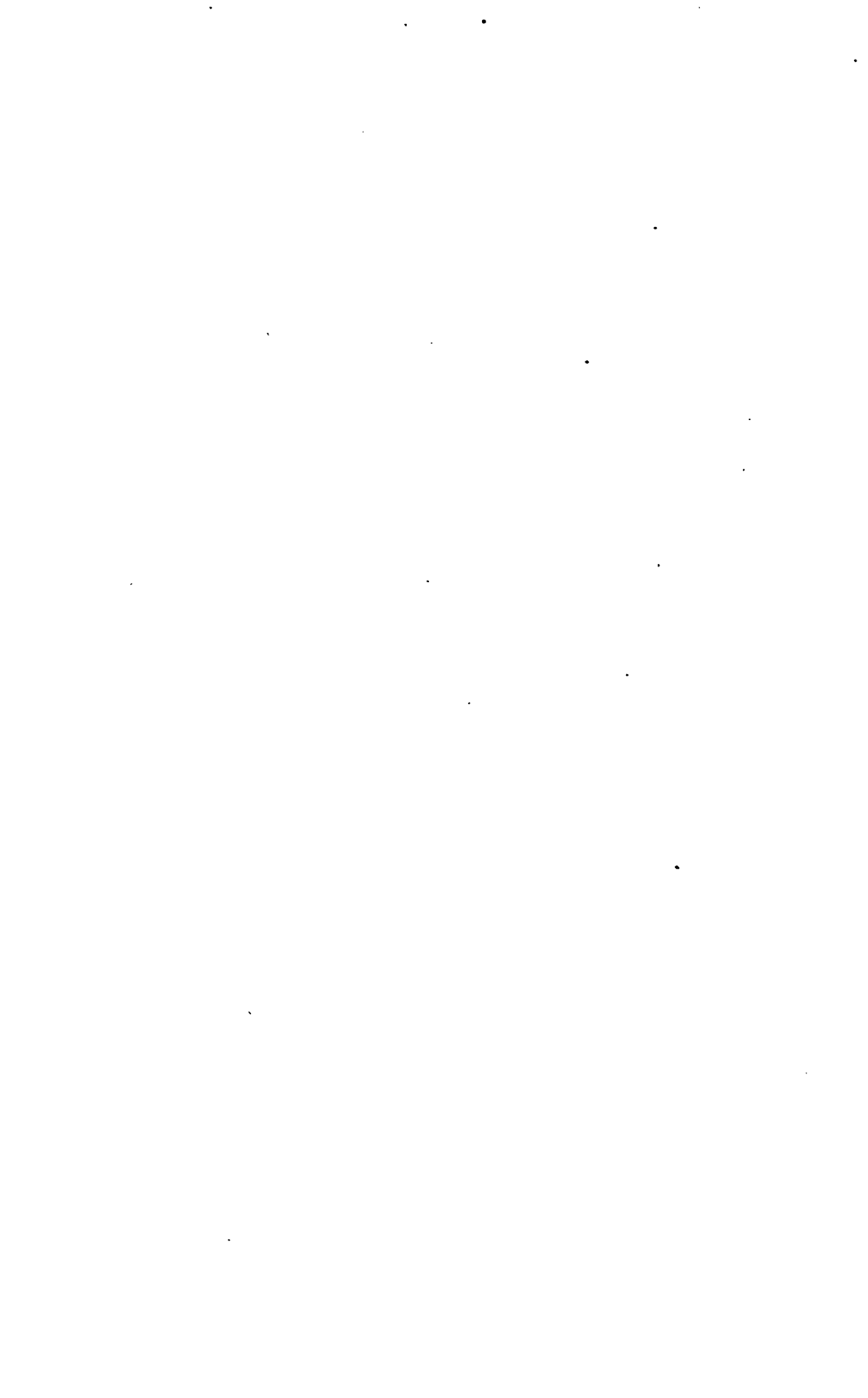
Mr Dutt, instead of mentioning these reasons, prefers to have it supposed that the Secretary of State was actuated by cynical indifference to the welfare of the Indian people. The Secretary's arguments, and the remedial measures taken by successive Indian Governments, will, it may be hoped, suffice to dissipate this view. It took the Government some time, it is true, to rise to a full sense of their duties in respect of famine, and still longer to organise a satisfactory system of prevention and relief. There are still, doubtless, mistakes to be rectified, and better or additional machinery to be created; but the efforts that have been made have radically altered the former state of things.

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\* 'Indian Famines,' p. 8.



[To face p. 78.]



#### Art. IV.—THE FUTURE OF GREEK HISTORY.

1. *The Great Persian War and its Preliminaries.* With maps and illustrations. By G. B. Grundy. London: John Murray, 1901.
2. *A Manual of Greek Historical Inscriptions.* By E. L. Hicks and G. F. Hill. New and revised edition. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901.
3. *Geschichte des hellenistischen Zeitalters.* Vol. 1. *Die Grundlegung des Hellenismus.* By Julius Kaerst. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner, 1901.

THE history of the ancient Greeks counts for so much in Mediterranean civilisation, and therefore in the evolution of all European culture, that labourers are never wanting in its well-worked field. These, however, tend naturally to devote themselves to certain parts of it rather than others, following the unequal distribution of the original authorities, and attracted by the superior interest which certain epochs owe to their greater importance in universal history. We do not herein refer to what is conventionally called the prehistoric period in the civilisation of the Ægean lands. Greatly as our knowledge of that has been increased of late, and greatly as in all likelihood it will yet grow, it has not reached, and probably will never reach, the plane of history. Research into the 'Mycensean' and earlier periods remains the province of archæology, working towards its own particular end; and nothing will be gained for a long time to come by any attempt to treat historically the pre-Homeric documents.

For almost every reason the two main phases of the struggle between the Hellenic peoples and the Persian Empire rank among the epochs most attractive to research. There is only one respect, indeed, in which they disappoint students, and that is in the paucity of evidence to be derived from material documents. That these should be lacking is natural enough. Periods of great strain and unrest are not those in which such documents come into existence in greatest number, or are likely to be best preserved for posterity. Great monuments are more freely destroyed than built in time of war; a kind of enthusiasm prevails, which is not very compatible with art; and orderly administration is for the time disturbed. How little

epigraphical evidence we have for the first Persian War, for example, may be seen by a glance at the new edition of that standard teacher's friend, Hicks's 'Greek Historical Inscriptions.' Half a dozen of its texts, at the most, have direct reference to the great struggle, and no one of these tells us a new fact of importance. Two are epitaphs on heroes of the war; two record Delphic dedications from the spoils; and one contains obscure reference to the disturbances which followed in a liberated Ionian city. The only informing text grouped with these has no bearing on the struggle. This is a Magnesian copy of a letter from the great Darius to one of his satraps, praising him, curiously enough, for certain experiments in agricultural acclimatisation, but rebuking an excess of zeal which had led to encroachment on the lands of a local shrine.

In default of new documents for this particular period, recent students, desirous of innovation, have paid especial attention to topography. Following in the footsteps of Lolling and Busolt, Mr Macan, in editing part of Herodotus, Professor Bury, in preparing a school history of Greece, and Mr Munro, in the 'Journal of Hellenic Studies,' have carried on a discussion as to the compatibility of the Herodotean accounts of the great battles on land and sea with the existing features of the accepted localities. But, though this was not done without autopsy of the principal fields, no new surveys were made; and it was left to Mr G. B. Grundy, now lecturer in classical geography at Oxford, to establish a scientific basis for this sort of criticism, or rather to complete, on the less accessible and more difficult fields, what Lolling had begun upon the field of Marathon. The results of this work, spread, with intermissions, over eight years, are now gathered up into the volume which stands first in our list.

Here we find surveys of Thermopylæ and Platæa (the latter published in a preliminary form some years ago) as accurate and detailed as those that we already possessed of Marathon and Salamis. The two large coloured maps, on a scale of one-third of an inch to the mile, and contoured at thirty-foot intervals, will be accepted with joy by all scholars, and may be regarded as final statements of the information to be derived from local features at the present day in regard to the events which took place at Thermopylæ and Platæa in 480 and

479 B.C. Mr Grundy's comment upon these features has the fulness and precision which is to be expected from a scholar, well versed in the literary authorities, who has gone over the ground with the minuteness necessary for the theodolite and the plane-table, and with an eye for military exigencies.

That this excellent piece of work is indeed final we are encouraged to hope when we note that in the case of the other two cardinal localities, Marathon and Salamis, the author, after careful examination on the spot, cannot improve on his predecessors in topographical criticism. The precise field of the first battle and the situation of the hostile camps were fixed by Lolling; and the serious questions which still concern the Marathonian episode are not to be resolved by topography. The best explanation of both Persian and Athenian action at that crisis has been re-stated by Mr Munro from Busolt. Collusion between the Persian generals, their Athenian guide, and a certain noble party in the city, supplies a key to all apparent inconsistencies; and with that suggestive surmise the whole matter is best concluded, for certain knowledge is now unattainable. In regard to Salamis, Mr Grundy repeats and supports the criticisms of Professor Goodwin, published nearly twenty years ago. They do not appear to us to amount to very much. The student may believe the strait too narrow for the fleets to have taken up such positions at such times as Herodotus says they did; or he may not. There is no sheer impossibility, and it becomes a question of the general credibility of that ancient historian. The 'Persæ' of Æschylus, who was present at the battle, may be regarded as better authority than the narrative of Herodotus, who was not; or that poem may reasonably be regarded as of no historical authority whatever. It is a question of subjective temperament and taste.

At Platea Mr Grundy's task was more hopeful. Herodotus' account of the strategy and tactics there employed is exceptionally full and elaborate, but his local points used not to correspond to known topography. Mr Grundy has now identified the localities of importance with as much certainty as is possible, and secured his laurels of priority without that temptation to re-write the ancient literary authority, to which he succumbs in treating of Arte-

misium and Thermopylæ. In the latter case, our debt to him, though great, is confined to his emendation of Leake's map, and perhaps his explanation why a certain path up the Asopos gorge, which turns the pass, but was probably covered by a garrison in Heraclea, was never used by invaders of Greece.

We may take it that we are now in possession of all the topographical data that can possibly be obtained for understanding better the course of the first Persian War (for so we prefer to call what was only one part, and that not the most important, of a war not concluded till 330 B.C.); and, in so far as it states these data, Mr Grundy's book may safely be proclaimed final. It is, however, to be hoped that it will prove final in a wider relation. There has been of late a great deal of subjective criticism of the main ancient authority for the first Persian War. This, epitomised in the volume before us, is at last at the disposition of the students for whom the book is intended. But will any impartial reader, not concerned with Herodotus as a subject for the academic examiner (whose interests are often enough distinct from those of the historical researcher), dissent from the impression which the contents of this volume, other than its purely topographical discussions, leave upon us, viz. that the world is after all not much the wiser for the modern subjective treatment of the 'Father of History,' and would not lose by the diversion of historical criticism to other fields?

The critical treatment of an ancient document like the history of Herodotus, by an acute and well-informed scholar, will always be suggestive and interesting, but at the same time utterly inconclusive unless based on other documents, having authority of the same character as that of the author, i.e. authority as nearly contemporary. Such documents may be literary or material. They may be references by poets, like those to Salamis in the 'Persæ' of Æschylus, or archæological remains, or facts of topography. But authoritative documents there must be, if subjective criticism is legitimately to go beyond a purely destructive result. To proceed from a conclusion concerning what was not, to a purely subjective reconstruction of history, always involves, to a greater or less degree, reliance on the feminine fallacy that what might well have been is what actually was. This fallacy was rampant in the

work of textual critics of a past generation; and their discredited methods seem to have found some new honour with historical students. We would state the canon for the practical criticism of ancient history thus. *The testimony of an ancient authority may be negatived if, on general or particular grounds, that authority can be shown to be of dubious credit; but for positive history it is final, unless modified or contradicted by other ancient documents of equal or superior weight.* Whatever transgresses this canon appears to us unpractical, an academic exercise, barren of conviction. *Quellenkritik*, analysing secondary authorities in order to determine, as far as may be, the character of lost primary authorities and the treatment to which these have been subjected, leads to valuable results. Such have been attained by the German scholars, who, by examining the extant historians of Alexander the Great, have distinguished two main schools of tradition concerning the great Macedonian's career, the official and the opposition. By a similar examination of Herodotus, other scholars, e.g. Mr Macan, have shown that the historian's version of events, in which Athens was concerned, is coloured by certain family influences. But such conclusions in the first phase of the Persian struggle are more precarious than in the second, since there are fewer documents to compare with the main authority. At any rate it serves no useful purpose to pass from a negative statement that all which Herodotus says is not gospel, to a positive counter-gospel concerning the fifth century B.C., based only on the subjective inferences of a scholar writing in the twentieth century A.D.

Among all the pitfalls which beset subjective criticism of antiquity, into none does it seem easier to fall, and from none harder to escape, than the pitfalls of military criticism. Here the academic *Kriegsspieler* runs riot. Amateur strategy is a most fascinating exercise; and it is wonderful, when a subjective plan of an ancient campaign has been conceived, how the consonant facts of the scanty tradition stand forth as essentials, and dissonant statements drop away into outer darkness as unregarded accidents. All fits too aptly, and self-imposed logic grows too imperious, for it to be borne in mind what strange things happen in modern warfare, even where there is a single plan, perfect combination, and professional dis-



cipline, and how various are the versions offered by eye-witnesses of the same engagement. A recent work on the earlier part of the campaign in South Africa relates how twice during the pursuit of Christian de Wet, that general was driven by a force, of which the author was a member, towards a pass so well known, and within such easy reach of a British force, that it would of course be held. But, as a matter of fact, it was not held on either occasion. *Fabula narratur de Herodoto*—about Herodotus, so deplorably credulous and ‘ignorant of military matters,’ albeit he was a citizen soldier, and saw many a hard knock between Tyre and Thurii. It is obvious to Mr Grundy, thinking it over for many months, that Leonidas’ delay in the ‘Middle Gate’ of Thermopylæ, after news had come of the Persian advance up the Anopœa path, can only be explained on the supposition that he had detached a part of his force to climb the hill by the directest way and close the path. That he stayed out of mere Spartan heroism or bravado is only one of those ‘foolish and inadequate explanations’ for which Herodotus had to thank his military obtuseness and natural credulity. But, nevertheless, of such a detachment we know nothing but that it obviously did not effect what it was presumably sent to effect. How, then, are we to justify the assertion that it ever started at all? or that Herodotus’ version of the Thermopylæ story was a ‘popularised tale of official Spartan origin,’ told of an enterprise never seriously regarded? or that the account of Artemisium was obtained ‘from an eye-witness not in a position to know the designs of those in command?’ or that those in command had any very clear or unanimous designs at all?

It is too common to attribute unanimity of design to the age and race in question. The Greek world, it is known, was not at that crisis as solid as modern critics must have it for their plans of campaign. Mr Munro put it well, speaking of Marathon, ‘The feeling against Medism and Barbarism was largely the creation of the wars that were yet to be fought, and the literature that was yet to be written.’ He might have added that neither the wars nor the literature ever warmed that feeling into a living faith. Even Salamis and Platœa did not make the Hellenes a nation. That all the course of Greek popular thought was directed thereafter away

from, not towards, national union, Dr Kaerst makes abundantly clear in the work cited at the head of this article, and especially in the excellent chapter 'Die national-hellenische Idee im vierten Jahrhundert.' And indeed, to such lengths did intestine antagonism go, that what practical pan-hellenic unity there was before the forcible unification under Macedon, may be said to have been due to the initiative and encouragement of Persia.

Have these subjective reconstructors of ancient strategy ever heard of Whately's 'Historic Doubts,' or have they read that work? Panic due to the capture of scouts is Herodotus' 'inadequate and incredible reason' for the flight of the Greek fleet behind Eubœa as the vanguard of Xerxes drew near. But equally inadequate are all the reasons given for the Greek stampede, from Tirnovo to Larissa, four years ago, and especially an assertion of the most sagacious European eye-witness of the rout, that the rank and file took fright at a sudden blinking of their own signal lamps in the night. No; the storm, which we know was blowing off the Thessalian coast, was the real cause of the flight from Artemisium; and, since it was the storm, then the Greek fleet never went back to Chalcis at all (though Herodotus says it did), for there lies the least sheltered part of the Euripus; and having run for shelter, it could not have beaten back to Artemisium till the storm abated on the fourth day. 'Is it probable that any human power could have induced the Greeks to return thither at all, if the cause of their retreat had been a panic aroused by a reason so insignificant?' Of course not; but how about the habitual unreasonableness of all panics and stampedes, let alone the fact that, while N.N.E. storms are forcing powerful modern steamers to lie to under the lee of Skyros, one may yet sail up the Euripus even to Artemisium on an even keel? The 'difficulties' of Salamis again, we are told, 'suggest themselves at once to the mind of anyone who has seen the strait.' How, in so narrow a space, could the Persian fleet have moved without the Greeks perceiving the movement, even in the night-time; and how could the former, once established over against the latter, have allowed line of battle to be formed? Manifestly impossible—as have been about half the movements and surprises of the Boer War.

But to tilt against the 'Historic Doubts' method is almost as futile as the method itself, for it will always be practised, and the more confidently the further the commentator stands from the Socratic gate of true knowledge. It is both more useful and more grateful to call attention once more to the solid scientific facts which lie behind the military commentary in Mr Grundy's case. We do not wish to belittle the obligation under which he has laid scholars because that obligation would have been clearer had he left strategy alone and confined himself to tactics, and clearest had he left both to professional experts, the best of whom, in a matter of ancient history, can only hope to convince a small part of the unprofessional public, and a much smaller proportion of their professional brethren.

If we have implied that the period of the first Persian War has been subjected to as much research as is reasonable in the present state of ancient authority, or even to too much, it is not from any desire to minimise its momentous import in universal history. But that import and the ultimate results have now been justly and finally appraised, and the most recent writer has nothing new to say. He once more scotches, conclusively enough, an old and hardy fallacy as to what might have happened had the Persians won the day.

'It is possible to exaggerate the consequences which might have resulted to Greek civilisation. . . . It is extremely doubtful whether the Great King could have maintained his hold upon European Greece for any prolonged period after the initial conquest.' (Grundy, p. 4.)

Among recent writers Professor Bury had taken the same view emphatically, and Mr Grundy does not do more than clinch it by citing the Greek cities of Asia. These, greater and more splendid than any cities of Europe, had been in subjection to an Oriental monarchy and even included in satrapies for near a century, and would be so again for about a century; yet how much Hellenism did they lose? What examples we have of the exquisite Ionic art, which flourished before 480 B.C., are to be dated almost wholly after the conquest of Cyrus. During the eighty years following that conquest

the subject coasts of Asia Minor were the home of Heraclitus, Hipponax, Hecataeus, Hellanicus, and Herodotus, to mention only a few of the famous names; and, ere Persia finally relaxed her grip, the Mausoleum and the new Ephesian temple had been conceived. This hardly implies Oriental brutalisation. So far as we know, the Greeks of the Asian coasts were advancing in power and wealth all through the Persian period, and their greatest day was yet to come, in the early Hellenistic age.

‘Whatever the extent or nature of the tie which bound them (i.e. the Asian Greek cities) to the Sovereign Government (of Persia), it certainly does not seem to have been such as to crush social and intellectual development on Hellenic lines; in fact, with regard to intellectual development, these very cities seem to have been first in the field, and to have been infinitely more prominent under Persian than under Athenian rule.’ (Grundy, p. 8.)

The tie was probably of a very slight nature. All we know of the Persian monarchy goes to show that its theory of universal lordship was not accompanied by any practice of universal government. The Persian shows an extreme type of decentralised empire, an advance in humanity on the *Eroberungsmacht* of Assyria, but hardly an advance in organisation. Mr Grundy, under the spell of enthusiasm for those who vanquished it, magnifies both its national and political strength as ‘a highly organised piece of machinery.’ To identify its civilisation with ‘the ancient civilisation of the East, ages old, strong in development, the one ideal of the millions of Western Asia,’ is a great exaggeration on any interpretation of that hazy sentence. When have these millions had one ideal? In a like spirit of hyperbole Mr Grundy says of Salamis that it was ‘a struggle for the command of the Mediterranean, perhaps of the world.’

The positive result of Salamis and Platæa was not that Hellenism steadily advanced (for there would probably have been advance in any event), but that it sprang forward with a mighty bound, through the concentration of its forces in one ‘chosen people.’ The diffused light was focussed on one dazzling spot, the city of Athens. It may be doubted if there was any military issue worth speaking about. Except for dramatic purposes, the state-

ment, that Greeks then learned for the first time that it was possible to oppose Persians, would never have been made. On their own soil they would have opposed Persians at any time. That they succeeded in beating them there in 490 and 479 B.C. does not, as Mr Grundy and others seem to think, by any means imply that, had they tried, they could at once have beaten Persians on Persian ground. In the first half, or, for that matter, the latter half, of the fifth century, there was no Greek force of sufficient cohesion, nor a general of sufficient genius, to execute a counter-invasion. The Ten Thousand of Cyrus went up as a Persian force, led by a Persian, largely countenanced and supported by Persians and by Oriental auxiliaries. Such great captains as came upon the Greek scene were not adequately backed. Agesilaus never had sufficient force to affront the whole of western Asia in arms, nor had Jason of Pheræ. In short the enterprise of national revenge was probably not feasible till Philip the Second of Macedon had finished making his *nation armée*. That is to say, it was actually executed at almost the earliest possible moment, or two years later at the most. Philip might have carried it through in 336 with the army he then had; but that army without Alexander, or Alexander without the army, would probably have gone equally to disaster in 334.

Again, whatever value we attach to the immediate results of the first part of the Græco-Persian struggle, it does not do to forget that they were but means at best to a certain further result, that result which alone really matters to modern civilisation—the production of a certain type of mind, the free Attic type, ever since a standard of intellectual liberty. All the statesmen and generals of Greece, put into one scale, kick the beam if Socrates and Sophocles are in the other. All the rays of Greek life are polarised in the writers and the artists, and through them have reached us. Of all the civil and military institutions established, the political and social experiments made, in the tiny commonwealth of Athens, which affects us now, except through the philosophic intermediaries? That is what matters in the fifth century after the first Persian War—the Attic mind. And, likewise, what matters, after the second Persian War, is the Hellenistic mind, whose highest expression, compounded

in Helleno-Semitic laboratories, was the mind of the Hellenised Jew.

The second part of the great Græco-Persian struggle offers a more remunerative field than the first to historical research. The authority for it is of much more various character, and the events occurred in an age when the habit of making documents of lasting nature, such as inscriptions, which may any day be restored to us by the spade, was more widely diffused over the Hellenised world. Moreover, the facts being still greatly in dispute, and new facts coming to light every day, no final judgment has yet been arrived at on the great issues of the period. If, therefore, we welcomed Mr Grundy's book as possibly closing a cycle of criticism, we would extend a different welcome to the first volume of Dr Kaerst's '*Geschichte des hellenistischen Zeitalters*'—different both because this work opens rather than concludes criticism, and because it is less a statement of historical facts than a weighty essay on a central theme. The theme is political,—the idea of direct personal imperialism, governing as well as reigning. This, according to Dr Kaerst, was the advance made in the fourth century on the previous kingships, which were either mere chieftainships, with suzerainty added, or theocratic royalties without government. Macedon introduced a new thing to the world; Philip ensured its dominance; Alexander gave it expansion and bureaucratic organisation. The careers of those two mighty men are therefore treated by the author only in so far as they illustrate the development of this idea, and their personalities are left severely alone. There is little attempt at narrative history, and none at a comprehensive record. We have to do with essays by the able student of politics who wrote on 'the Theoretic Basis of Ancient Kingship' in the '*Historische Bibliothek*.' The result is a singularly brilliant and interesting piece of work, to be strongly recommended to all advanced students of this period. It is not a history, but a most instructive commentary on history from one, and that a most important, point of view. The author's central idea seems to us perfectly sound in itself. The introduction to the world at large, and the development therein of personal imperialism, was the work of the Macedonian Empire, and a most momentous work. Its immediate effect on

society could hardly be more justly and temperately estimated than by Dr Kaerst.

But to derive full value and no harm from these studies, the reader must bear in mind that a form of political government, however momentous, is a means, not an end. In Dr Kaerst's suggestive preparatory section, dealing with Greek society before the rise of Philip, he clearly treats the *πόλις* as the end to which all else in Hellenic life was a means. For this the philosophers thought and wrote. This is what has mattered ever since. Yet did Aristotle regard a political organisation of the community as the one end of all life? did he not rather regard it as a means to the best life of the individual—*γεινομένη τοῦ ζῆν ἕνεκα, οὐσα δὲ τοῦ εὖ ζῆν*? There is something very German about Dr Kaerst's supreme faith in a form of polity. Man, as he knows him, exists to be governed. On this side the North Sea we have perhaps less reason to regard government as an end, or even as a universal means; but, of course, it is a most potent determinant of the national mind. The *πόλις* had much to do with the formation of the Hellenic type of free intellect; and the imperialism of the 'Hellenismus' had a most appreciable effect on the minds which combined to evolve Christianity. But though, perhaps, the modern world owes to the Hellenistic period its monarchical bureaucratic system, that is a debt transient and inconsiderable compared to the mind of Paul of Tarsus.

If Dr Kaerst, however, writes of a means as an end, the particular means to which he devotes himself is so important, and is appreciated with so much insight and knowledge, that his limitation does not in the least prevent us from regarding his book as a most valuable contribution to the study of the political problems of the Hellenistic age. The author seems to have felt, justly enough, that the detailed history of the first establishment of Macedonian Empire does not call for re-examination at present. Since Niese published his 'Geschichte der griechischen und makedonischen Staaten,' and, for that matter, even since J. G. Droysen began to publish his 'Geschichte des Hellenismus' in 1836, next to no new evidence for Macedonian history has been discovered. Egypt has not yielded from her sands a page of the lost historians of either Philip or Alexander; and while

waiting for Theopompus and Anaximenes, for Ptolemy, Aristobulus, Clitarchus, and Callisthenes, we have squeezed dry the contemporary Greek writers, and the Græco-Roman historians *de seconde main*.

This dearth of new evidence, however, even for the earliest stages of the second struggle with Persia, should not be lasting. The excavator must soon make a beginning on Macedonian soil, and he has pretty nearly all western Asia still to examine. Even already for the later stages new documents come in fast. Had Mr Hicks and Mr Hill carried down their collection of Greek inscriptions as far as the first edition went, i.e. past the death of Alexander to the establishment of Roman Empire in Asia, they would have had to add so much that the second issue would have been too unwieldy for students' use. Their very proper curtailment of a book intended for those *in statu pupillari* is most significant of the promise that is in the Hellenistic period. We suspect that in the near future nine-tenths of the students of Greek history will be working on Seleucid and Ptolemaic questions by the new light of marbles, papyri, and topographical surveys of Asiatic and African localities.

Taken as a whole, Hellenic research will probably be most fruitful henceforward in the record of the Greeks outside the Greek peninsula, from the opening of the literary period to the era of Christianity. If we had to provide ten first-rate Hellenists with as many essay-subjects in pure history, we should distribute among them some such list as this:—

1. The relations of the Anatolian Greek cities with native powers from the earliest times.
2. The sources and working of Oriental influence in archaic Greek art.
3. The first Greek commerce with the outer world.
4. Greek commerce in its later relations to Phœnician trade.
5. Greek relations with Celtic peoples.
6. The earliest European colonisation of inner Asia.
7. The intellectual output of the Hellenistic age outside Alexandria.
8. Greek ideas, economical, social, political, in their application to non-Greek peoples.
9. The relations of the cities of Magna Græcia with Italian peoples and powers.
10. Greek religious doctrine and ritual in the age immediately preceding Christian evangelism.

Such a list makes no pretence to be exhaustive, and



its items overlap at more points than one. It is framed to exclude at any rate certain large fields of Greek history which appear to have become stale and unprofitable. The internal politics of Greece proper, and its relations with the original colonies, that is, the history of the Athenian and Spartan Leagues, are the chief of these. It is framed to include, on the other hand, all the earlier and later relations of Greeks with 'barbarians.'

On the literary side the most profitable line of study is probably what we have described already as *Quellenkritik*; for the labours of scholars of the Meursius type have long ago made search in the classics almost useless. Outside the literary province much will depend on the future explorations of archæologists, and a little on explorations already made. Those fortunate and indefatigable Oxonian scholars, Mr Grenfell and Mr Hunt, have already amassed much material for the history of Ptolemaic and Græco-Roman Egypt, some of which, including the remarkable Tebtunis find, is still unpublished; while nothing has yet been worked into a standard history. This should throw much light on the eighth subject which we proposed above, and some light also on the tenth. But, while there is much more evidence to come from the Egyptian sands, a vast field in Asia has hardly been explored at all. Despite the digging of Fellows, Newton, Humann, and Heberdey, the primitive deposits have yet to be discovered, even on the most accessible Anatolian coasts. In the interior of the peninsula, Professor Ramsay, with his predecessors and followers, has not been able to see anything below ground, nor as yet all above it. There are two districts, for example, in Cilicia Tracheia still quite unknown. Our ignorance of Syrian archæology, even after Renan and De Vogüé, is extraordinary. Absolutely nothing worth mentioning is known of the antiquities which must survive in the soil from the period of Sidonian supremacy; and while the basin of the Orontes and the north of Syria generally must have been sown thick with Hellenistic townships, we can assign sites to only about half a dozen out of the few names that we know, and are doubtless ignorant of the existence of two-thirds of the cities that were actually founded.

It is the main deterrent to all scholars anxious to

write on the history of the 'Hellenismus,' that the topographical scaffolding is so imperfect. How much more might be marked on the Hellenistic map than can be marked at present may be inferred from Palestine and the Fayum. In the first of these districts, since we happen to have the extra group of authorities on Jewish history, we can cover the map with Hellenistic names; in the second, an insignificant oasis, the labours of the papyrus-seekers have resulted in locating about ten Ptolemaic communities\* where literary authority justified the placing of only three. How then are we to deal at present with the history of a region so populous as that of which Antioch was the capital, wherein too we are ignorant, not only of almost all the remains of the Hellenic civilisation, but also of the Aramaic, the more necessary of the two for the understanding of the ground on which Christianity arose?

If we penetrate into the interior of Asia, the darkness thickens. Where were the military Greek colonies with which Polybius says Media was girt? Where are the remains of the early Parthian power? Hekatompylos, its capital, has vanished from modern sight as completely as though it had never been. Alexander founded at least seven important colonies in what is now Afghanistan. No actual evidence has been discovered of the position of any one of these, although we may be pretty sure that modern Herat, Candahar, and Kelat-i-Ghilzai, not to say Kabul, stand on or near certain of their sites. North of the Oxus, where authorities attest the foundation of at least eight cities during Alexander's reign, we are hardly better off, in spite of the occupation of the country by a European power. A German engineer, von Schwarz, has been over the ground, equipped with a knowledge of the scanty literary authorities; but for want of power to excavate, and perhaps of an 'archæological eye,' he has adduced nothing but circumstantial topographical evidence—the sort of probability which depends on natural lines of communication, and natural adaptabilities for town life. Yet we know that not only have Alexander's foundations there, and perhaps also in the Merv oases, to be reckoned

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\* Mr Grenfell's geographical introduction to 'Fayum Towns and their Papyrus' (Egypt Exploration Fund, 1901.)

with, but such remains as the later Græco-Bactrian kingdom, so prolific of coins, must have left behind it. Further, the Kabul district, and the lower valley of the Kabul River, have for many years past been yielding coins of Hellenistic types, and evidence of native workmanship in bronze, stone, and terra-cotta, strongly influenced by Hellenic traditions. And numerous as are the similar remains found in the Græco-Buddhist topes of north-west India and the Yusufsai country, now to a great extent gathered into the Museum of Lahore, the 'Hellenoid' remains of Afghanistan, to judge from evidence obtained during British expeditions, seem to be still more numerous, and perhaps of more direct Hellenic pedigree.

At present we must stand before this jetsam of Greece in idle wonder. For while the Hellenic character in the early Buddhist sculpture is obvious to the most casual eye, it has undergone modifications which put it outside the ordinary archæological canons. Its immediate parentage and its date will be an insoluble enigma until the ground on which it is found shall have been examined with much greater minuteness than has yet been used. If we are to decide for Græco-Buddhist art whether it was a direct outcome of Hellenistic colonisation, or was not rather a Græco-Roman importation; whether it was the work of Greek artists, rather than of Indians who had been in the West, or of Indians who had accepted a western tradition filtered through Asia, we must know more about the small objects found in successive layers on the Buddhist sites, and especially the potsherds. There is, however, good hope that more light will be turned before very long upon this period in the history of west and west central Asia. The Indian Government, inspired by the scholarly sympathies of the present Viceroy, has appointed for the first time an Hellenic archæologist to the general directorate of the Archæological Survey; and there has been issued an international appeal for help towards the prosecution of excavation on the Græco-Buddhist sites of the north-west, a work to which the Indian Government promises its support.

But our Indian and home administrations might do more than this on occasion. It is one of the justest reproaches made against us in France, that in our Imperial expansion we do not sufficiently consider scientific inter-

ests. Military expeditions are sent from time to time into lands inaccessible to peaceful parties, but little thought is taken to attach to those expeditions men whose business it is to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge—easy and unobjectionable as such a course would be. Where war-correspondents are often an encumbrance, men of science, with their frequent linguistic capacity and habit of cultivating relations with native populations, might well be acceptable from the political point of view, while the services which they could render to knowledge are inestimable. Military expeditions are often enough made all but in vain. What have we to show, for example, for the occupation of Kabul and Kandahar? What shall we offer the world for over-running Pechili? Over Channel ‘they order this matter better.’ From a political point of view the first Napoleon’s conquest of Egypt has been all undone; but the great survey, geographical, ethnological, and archæological, which his scientific *attachés* made in the valley of the Lower Nile, remains a lasting monument to the glory of France. It is long ago, and it was but for a year or two, that France occupied the Morea; but all later surveys of the peninsula have been built on the foundation she laid.

We shall in all likelihood send armies often over the Indian frontiers, perhaps again into China, certainly to divers places in the centre of Africa. Must it depend on the chance sympathies and untrained eyes of engineer officers, with their hands full of military duties, or on the leisure of war-correspondents and commissariat contractors, whether the world shall have better knowledge of a dark place of the earth after the successful issue of an expedition than it had before? One does not hope for much. To support science, art, and letters in the grand style of the two Napoleons is utterly foreign to the tradition of bureaucracies. The last embers of that Imperial fire are now dying even in France. Administrative classes, whatever the sympathies of their individual members, have always been collectively Philistine; and effective official encouragement of letters, art, and science has depended on predominant individuals, usually monarchs. What the Napoleons did, in emulation of Louis XIV, the grandfather of the present German Emperor did while following the tradition of Frederick

the Great. William II now gives earnest of even better intentions, based on wider knowledge. We wish men of science could look with equal confidence to the high places of our own land.

There is hope, too, but less, for those parts of nearer Asia which are still under Oriental rule. Persia has admitted French excavators; and, though little has been effected by them yet in the ill-governed south-western province, any concession by that Mullah-ridden Government to alien research is a gain. The construction of the German railway to Baghdad, if effected in the present Emperor's lifetime, will be accompanied, as it has already been preceded, by German scholarly investigation. We may rest assured that Dr Koldewey's expedition to Babylon is only the first of many German scientific enterprises. William II is quite aware that monuments can be erected more lasting than railways. The sympathy with which the late Shammar Emir of Nejd received the last men of science, Huber and Euting, who penetrated to his capital, encouraged hopes that all the scientific secrets of Arabia might soon be laid open. But Huber's untimely death near Jidda at the hands of common robbers seems to have discouraged all imitators; and now that the great Mohammed ibn Rashid is gathered to his murdered fathers, and, under the weaker hand of his nephew, Nejd appears to be once more a theatre of internecine war, it cannot be expected that infidel men of peace should be able to do serious work in the great peninsula.

Upon the Ottoman Government no sure hope can be founded. Now it admits, oftener it refuses, with all the obstinacy that it dares employ, to admit scientific investigators within its territories. We may be sure that not only has it no sympathy with their work, but a most active dislike of it; and that nothing but political fear or political hope induces a grudging consent. This unreasonable attitude of suspicion and obscurantism is reinforced, it must be allowed, by a more reasonable, if not more excusable, plea, namely, that in a large part of the Ottoman dominion the personal safety of scientific parties cannot be guaranteed by the nominal authority. This is especially the case in the wide lands inhabited by Arabic-speaking populations, as excavators at Cyrene, at Niffer in Babylonia, and even in Palestine, have had reason to

know. It is hardly less the case where Kurds abound; and a few miles from all large towns in the western provinces of the empire, the foreigner, camped for long in one place, and dispensing, as an excavator must dispense, considerable sums of money, is never safe from the attempts of brigands.

For one reason or another no part of Turkey is ground on which an archæological explorer would elect to work, if other ground nearly as promising were open to him. While certain tracts of the empire are practically closed, in none is it possible to institute an investigation for which continuity and complete freedom of action have to be assured for a considerable space of time. Such work as Professor Ramsay did in Asia Minor between 1878 and 1891 was hampered, after he lost the powerful consular support of Sir Charles Wilson, by every kind of discouragement. To have always the expectation, and now and then the actual experience, of the seizure of all papers by any or every official, from a *Vali* to a *Mudir*, is not the condition in which a man of science can do his best work. Two generations of foreign ministers and ambassadors have not been able, by pressure on the Porte, to extend the liberty secured to science early in the last century by the liberation of Greece and the establishment of the Khedivate. The wonder is that so much exploration should actually have been done in the Ottoman dominion for the past sixty years, and that pioneers of science, mostly German, should still be prepared to carry on so uphill and dangerous a task.

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Art. V.—A BRITISH ACADEMY OF LEARNING.

1. *Geschichte der Königlich-Preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin*. Three vols. By Adolf Harnack. Berlin : Stilke, 1900.
2. *L'Histoire et l'œuvre de l'École française d'Athènes*. By Georges Radet. Paris : Fontemoing, 1901.
3. *Annual Address to the Society of Arts*, 1900. By Sir John Evans. 'Journal of the Society of Arts,' 1900.
4. *Association Internationale des Académies. Première assemblée générale tenue à Paris* (Report). Paris : Gauthier-Villars, 1901.

Two celebrations have recently taken place on the Continent which have, perhaps in consequence of our preoccupation with military affairs, not aroused in this country the attention which they may fairly claim. They are triumphs of a kind, or at least marked stages in a career of triumph ; but the successes have been peaceful, and tended not to embitter nation against nation, but to unite the peoples in a common campaign of civilisation. These two events are the centenary of the foundation of the French Institute, in its final and complete form—for its beginnings go back far into the seventeenth century—and the bicentenary of the Academy of Sciences of Berlin. It is worth while to claim the patience of the English reader while we attempt briefly to explain what the effect of these great institutions has been on the growth of knowledge, and to show that we in England might have been wiser had we more closely followed their example.

It is to be feared that the majority of well-informed Englishmen have no very clear notion of the work of the continental Institutes. If one of our known writers speaks with admiration of the French Institute, his hearers are almost sure to think that he wants to set up in this country an imitation of the Académie Française with its forty immortals, selected and laureate members of the literary class of Paris, great novelists or poets or essayists. A purely literary academy of this kind would serve no real purpose among us, although Matthew Arnold was disposed to sigh for it. It would not be possible here to select for special honour forty of our literary men ; and to assign to them a pension, as the French do, would be

carrying coals to Newcastle. In many things the French are more democratic than we; the French people has not the respect for title and lineage which prevails in England. But in literature, perhaps owing to the existence of academic tradition, there is in France something like an oligarchy, while among us there is a pure and unlimited democracy.

We certainly do not want a tinsel imitation of the Académie Française; but that Academy is only one of five branches of the French Institute. The other branches are, the Académie des Sciences, containing mathematical and physical sections, the Académie des Beaux Arts, the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, and the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. The Académie des Sciences in some measure corresponds to our Royal Society, the Académie des Beaux Arts to our Royal Academy. But to the other two Academies, which deal with history, psychology, and sociology, there is nothing analagous in this country. Herein lies our weakness. The Institute is a single whole, has a common palace, administration, and library, and receives in all its branches state support. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of this unity, which constantly throws together men of learning and research whose paths are most diverse, which makes a focus and organising ground for every kind of scientific and learned enterprise, which implants in the minds of workers the great and inspiring conviction that all who devote themselves to the search for knowledge are members of one great organisation, an intellectual and moral clergy, devoted to the service of mankind, and to a perpetual warfare with ignorance and intellectual error.

The literary Académie Française was founded by Richelieu in 1635, the Académie des Beaux Arts by Mazarin in 1648, the Académie des Sciences by Colbert in 1666, the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres in 1706. But it was in the stirring and boldly optimistic days of the First Republic that the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques came into existence; and at the same time the whole Institute was more closely bound together, and set forward in a determined spirit, and with words of fervid enthusiasm. The Directory of the Republic was 'profoundly convinced that the happiness of the French people is inseparable from perfection in



science and art and the growth of all branches of human knowledge ; these alone can keep burning the sacred fire of liberty which they have lighted.' Fervent hopes indeed, and destined to cool rapidly ! Yet the French Institute has from that day to this held its own, and done endless service to knowledge. The branch which dealt with moral and political science was abolished during the tyranny of Napoleon in 1803, but in 1832 it was re-established. At present the revenue contributed by the State to the Institute is not a few beggarly hundreds, but 28,000*l.* a year, and it would not be easy to find among all the sums voted by the French nation another which does so much good and so little harm. The Institute furnishes prizes to encourage original investigations in science, including history, and it maintains a library and palace where savants can work and meet. It has founded and sustains academies in foreign cities, like the French Schools of Rome, Athens, and Cairo ; and above all, it is valuable—as at one of the centenary meetings the Minister of Public Instruction strongly insisted—in maintaining the close relations of all branches of knowledge, and helping to spread a spirit of devotion to the cause of learning and science.

The history of the French Institute has yet to be written. But of one of the smaller institutions which it has founded and supported, the French School at Athens, a most instructive history has recently been published by M. Radet. It is a remarkable record of the way in which the tendencies of an age triumph over the purposes of statesmen and set aside the plans of founders. Half a century ago the French School was established at Athens by Raoul-Rochette, Guigniaut, and other members of the Institute, who persuaded the Ministry to provide them with funds for the purpose by representing the necessity of combating English influence at Athens by all possible means. Thus a band of young men, under the leadership of Daveluy, was despatched to Athens in order that they might persuade the Greeks to learn the French language and to understand that the only civilisation worthy of the name was that which radiated from Paris. As has often happened, Greece conquered her invaders ; and by degrees the school, which was to have been the source of a political propaganda, has become a place of higher study

—a college of history and archæology, through which have passed many of those who are now the chief lights of classical learning in France, and which has recently excavated, at the cost of France, the magnificent site of Delphi.

A monumental history of the Academy of Berlin, which deals, like the French Institute, with the whole range of knowledge, from astronomy to philology and history, has been published by Professor Harnack, one of its most illustrious members. In a spirited introduction, Professor Harnack traces the intellectual movements which led to the rise of the great scientific academies of Europe. The Renaissance had come to direct men's minds to the forgotten splendour of the literature and art of Greece and Rome, and the Reformation had recalled the fervid inspiration and faith of the early Church. Both together had shattered the ecclesiastical crust which had formed over the activities of the European nations, and set them forward in a new and long career. Towards the end of the seventeenth century a new and powerful tendency made its appearance, a growing belief in the value of truth, of exact method, of scientific demonstration. This was especially furthered by the great growth which had taken place in mathematical, physical, and astronomical science, a growth to which England, in the days of Newton, powerfully contributed. As the exact sciences were developed and became more complicated, the feeling arose that the universities, which were mainly concerned with education, and were besides distinctly conservative in tone, required to be supplemented by great and organised institutions, the primary object of which should be the advancement of knowledge rather than its diffusion. The oldest of the extant European Academies is that of the Lincei at Rome, founded in 1603, which still flourishes after many vicissitudes and some periods of suspended animation. The Royal Society of London followed in 1662, and the Académie des Sciences of Paris in 1666. Thus Berlin was by no means the pioneer of the movement; its Academy was not finally constituted until 1700.

The fact that the representative Academy of Germany was founded in Berlin, rather than in Dresden or Hanover, was the result of circumstances. Its origination was due

to one of the greatest and most restless of human intelligences, Leibnitz. He was full of large but sometimes chimerical plans; one for uniting the Romanist and Protestant Confessions; another for establishing a state supervision of books, which should allow none to be published but such as contained discoveries at once new and useful to the community. After visiting Paris, Leibnitz was smitten with the desire to form a German Academy of Sciences on the model of that of Colbert. He vainly urged his plan on the Governments of Saxony, Austria, and Russia. Prussia at the time seemed too backward in civilisation to be the scene of so enlightened an institution. But when the heir of the Great Elector brought to Berlin, as his bride, Sophia, daughter of the Elector of Hanover, a descendant of our James I, she introduced to the somewhat boorish Court of Brandenburg a higher refinement. As Frederick II, her grandson, wrote, '*Cette Princesse amena en Prusse l'esprit de la société, la vraie politesse, et l'amour des arts et des sciences.*' Among other distinguished men whom she attracted to Berlin was Leibnitz, and in her support he at last found means for carrying out his plan of a great academy of learning and science. But to few founders, perhaps to none, is it ever given to discern from the first whither the institutions which they found will tend. Leibnitz no doubt at the time held in his mind, not only more knowledge, but a keener sense of the intellectual changes which were coming over the world than any other man. But even he saw but in part. Some of the functions which he would fain have assigned to the Academy fell away from it in time, while others which he had not anticipated gradually came within its province.

Comparing the Academy in the days of its foundation with the form which it assumed when taken in hand and reconstituted by Frederick the Great, Dr Harnack observes that three of the original purposes had become obscured. The first of these was the religious purpose—that of upholding the cause of the Protestant religion, and spreading it among surrounding peoples. The second object was to promote the service of the state of Prussia; the third was to purify and propagate the German language. As these more local and narrow objects fell into the background, their place was taken by the broad and catholic passion

for the advancement of knowledge. It came to be felt that the public good was best served by the spread of exact knowledge and reasonable thought, and that men of science and of letters were then most useful to the State when they attended most completely to their own work, without too strict regard to consequences. We have here once more, and on a greater scale, the moral enforced by the history of the French School of Athens. It is a truth which perhaps no one has so clearly set forth as Auguste Comte, that, just as a small rudder, when steadily pressed in one direction, will bring round the largest ship, so man's faculty of true and straight thinking, small as its influence may seem at any given moment, yet in the long run, by its quiet and uniform influence, will have far greater effect on the course of civilisation than the violent impulses and the warring motives which generally actuate humanity.

The Academy of Frederick consisted of four classes or sections: (1) experimental philosophy or natural science; (2) mathematics and astronomy; (3) speculative philosophy; (4) antiquities, history, and language. The third of these sections was an addition due to the rise of the philosophy of Wolff. When one considers the splendid outburst of philosophy in Germany during the century which followed, one can understand how important the addition was. In the pages of Professor Harnack may be traced the subsequent fortunes of the Academy. In the time of Frederick the cosmopolitan spirit had prevailed so far that the proceedings of the society were carried on in French. It was not possible that this should endure long; and the national German uprising in the days of Napoleon had an effect in imparting more of a national spirit even to learned institutions. In those days the leading spirits of the Academy were the Humboldts, Wolff, Niebuhr, and Schleiermacher—a splendid galaxy of talent, who changed in many ways the constitution as fixed by Frederick.

We have not space to record these vicissitudes in detail; and, interesting as is the history of the Prussian Academy, its lessons cannot be directly applied in other countries where government is less completely centralised, and learned men less accustomed to a rigorous discipline. But it must be allowed that, on the whole, the Academy of Berlin has nobly carried out the academic ideal. Many

more recent foundations—the Academies of Munich, Göttingen, Leipzig, Stockholm, and Turin, for example—have been constituted largely on its model; and a splendid succession of men of science and letters, from the days of Leibnitz and Jablonski to those of Virchow and Mommson, have carried its fame into all lands.

The Institutes and Academies, and other learned or scientific societies, which exist in nearly all the capitals and many of the great university towns of the Continent, include all knowledge in their scope, but none of them has a purely ornamental and literary branch like the Académie Française. Usually they have two branches, the one devoted to the science of nature, to mathematical, physical, and biological studies; the other to the science of man, to the whole range of sciences beginning with anthropology and ending in sociology, which is so fast rising in importance and improving in organisation. This human and historic side of Academies is called by various names in various places; at Berlin and Vienna the philosophic and historic side, at Göttingen and Leipzig the philologic and historic side, at Rome the moral sciences. At Munich the Academy is divided into three sections, the physical, the philosophic and philologic, and the historic. But whatever be the special terms used, all the great European Academies recognise the essential and indisputable truth that the realm of ordered knowledge—of science—falls naturally into two parts, whereof one deals with nature and the other with human activities. This natural division has, in England, made itself felt in that institution which is our greatest centre of research, the British Museum. When, some twenty years ago, it became necessary to remove part of the collections at Bloomsbury to the new site at South Kensington, those collections quite naturally fell into two groups. The specimens belonging to natural history went to the new museum, while the anthropological, historic, and artistic treasures remained in Bloomsbury. Man and nature are necessarily the two centres about which, in the form of an ellipse, gathers the mass of human knowledge.

If one asks what good has come to the human sciences from their stricter organisation, especially in Germany, the answer is overwhelming. The state of things in which a savant could, by his private efforts, greatly extend

the field of the knowledge of history and of social law is fast coming to an end. We are entering on a century in which co-operation, amalgamation, practical socialism, is becoming as necessary in learning as in public and business life. Sir John Evans, in his presidential address to the Society of Arts in the year 1900, said:

‘The present condition of science is certainly due to the organised efforts of such societies as the Royal Society and its subordinate societies in this and other countries. They secure public recognition for science and those who pursue it; they prevent overlapping, serve to deter different men from working on the same lines, and bring influence to bear on the public and on the Government. Any individual is less powerful by himself than when he is associated with others seeking the same object. An active society is a corporation with a perpetual succession, and it never dies. The work carried on by an isolated student ceases at his death, but the work done by a number of students associated together goes on and on.’

While in England this association in work has been mainly confined to the natural sciences, through want of organisation of those dealing with man, abroad great enterprises for extending our knowledge of man and his works have centred in the Academies. Take, for instance, the field of classical studies, of which most educated Englishmen have some small knowledge. The Academies of Germany have given to the world, or are in the course of giving us, in great part owing to the influence of Professor Mommsen, an astounding series of collective works, in each of which some class of remains of the civilisation of Greece or of Rome is put together in the most complete way by the combined efforts of many scholars. There is the *Corpus of Greek Inscriptions*, the *Corpus of Latin Inscriptions*, the *Corpus of Byzantine Historians*, the *Corpus of Sarcophagi*, of *Attic Sepulchral Monuments*, of *Greek Coins*, of *Greek Terra-Cottas*, and several others. Great works like these can only be carried out under two conditions, when scholars are organised, and when the State provides funds. Such funds are required to meet expenses, not to provide the (almost nominal) payments to the scholars who devote the leisure of their lives to the production of such monuments of

learning and research. The best scholars of Germany are proud to give their best years for the advancement of knowledge. But no small society, and no publisher, can organise the labour involved in the production of a *Corpus*.

But we have not exhausted the list of the historical works produced by the Berlin Academy.\* There is the edition of Aristotle, and of the Greek Commentaries on Aristotle, the Prussian State records of the eighteenth century, monumental editions of the works of Ibn Saad, Kant, Humboldt. Due to the support of the same institution is the new edition of Greek Christian writers of the first three centuries. In 1897 the Academy voted 7500*l.* for various publications and expeditions of a scientific character, about half the money going to the support of work in natural science, and about half to the support of historic and ethnographic investigations. In addition, the Academy has had an indirect influence, through the activity of institutions which stand in a filial relation to it, on such undertakings as the German Schools of Rome and Athens, the magnificent excavations at Olympia, the investigation of the Roman frontier in Germany, and the publication of materials for German history.

England, as we have seen, started quite as early as the other nations of Europe on what we may call the academic career; but it is a curious fact that the course pursued by the Royal Society has been markedly different from that which has been followed by the Academies of Paris and Berlin. From the first it has manifested a tendency, which has become more and more pronounced with time, to confine its activities to the sciences of nature, and to set aside those of which the history and the mind of man are the subjects. In earlier volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions* we find a certain proportion of historical and philological papers. A tradition, even now not extinct, has prevailed of electing as Fellows a few representatives of learning and historical research. But the notion that the sciences which deal with man are as important as those which deal with nature, require as much research, and need as much organisation and

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\* We have to thank Dr Köhnke, librarian of the Academy of Berlin, for the information which follows.

encouragement, has never been accepted by the Royal Society.

The same bias has marked other English societies and institutions which have made some endeavour to deal with a wide field of knowledge. The British Association, which started in 1831, has a more democratic and less exclusive character than the Academies of Science, since its object is not only to bring together men of special attainments, but also to interest the general public in scientific discovery, and to furnish information to those who may put it to practical account. The British Association worthily occupies the field of physical and of biological science; but its attitude towards the historical or human branches of knowledge, though well-meant, is not altogether enlightened or defensible. It devotes a section to ethnography or anthropology, under which head are included physiological researches into brain and bones, as well as archæological researches into primitive art, custom, and language. Another section is that of economics, the branch of history and investigation which is concerned with the production and distribution of wealth being unfairly cut off from all the other parallel branches of knowledge. Lately a section has been added which deals with education. This seems to be a most unfortunate departure, not because education is not worthy of any amount of serious discussion, but because it is only by a misconception that education can be called one of the branches of science. It is not primarily a matter of research but of practice. But the whole vast fields of history, of philosophy, and of philology are not touched by the British Association; quite rightly, no doubt, since it has quite enough to do otherwise. At the same time, the exclusion of these studies tends to foster the common opinion that they are outside the field of science.

In the same way the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street has become almost exclusively an institution for furthering the natural sciences. It is true that lectures—often excellent lectures—on branches of history and of art are given in the theatre of the Institution, but, as a living and a working force, it tells only in the direction of physics, chemistry, and biology.

It is a curious and a suggestive fact that the National Academy of America, founded not long ago, has in similar



fashion concerned itself almost exclusively with natural science. Small blame to the researchers who, finding an instrument ready to their hand, make use of it to good purpose; but, if the adherents of the human sciences are thus in England and America elbowed out of the great scientific institutions, it would appear that they should combine on their own account to form societies to do the work which is at present not done.

From time to time efforts have been made in England to complete the orb of knowledge by instituting fresh organisations intended specially to promote such studies as are concerned with the human mind; but unfortunately none of these efforts has been attended with full success. In the eighteenth century the Society of Antiquaries, the Society of Arts, and the Royal Society of Literature all came into being. These societies are still active, and some of them have done good work. But no one of them possesses or ever has possessed the ample funds, the prestige, the intellectual authority which should cause it to be regarded as a true embodiment of English learning and research; and none of them has made any effort to extend the field of its operations so far as to include all knowledge of man in his psychologic and historic relations. Moreover, none of them is supported by the State. What we want in this country is an institution corresponding to the Académie des Inscriptions and the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques in Paris, to the historical side of the Akademie der Wissenschaften in Berlin, to the department of the Lincei in Rome which deals with 'scienze morali.' It should no longer be possible to say that England shares with Turkey, and with Turkey alone among European Powers, the discredit of having no recognised and state-supported Academy dedicated to the progress of knowledge in what concerns man and society.

These facts have been made clearer to us, and their moral enforced, by the efforts which have recently been made to promote an international association of Academies of Science. In 1899 there was held at Wiesbaden, on the invitation of the Academy of Berlin, a meeting of representatives of the principal scientific Institutes, with a view to the closer federation of learned and scientific workers throughout the world. A more formal meeting was held in Paris in April 1901, at which important discussions

and consultations took place. Some of the meetings held were attended by all delegates; but it was found convenient, in case of most discussions, to sit in two sections, the one concerned with the sciences of nature, the other with the human sciences. As soon as that division took place, the unfortunate position of Great Britain became clear. For whereas in the department of natural science she was represented, and worthily represented, by a deputation from the Royal Society, there was found no association or society which could be regarded as fairly representing historical, philological, and philosophical studies in Great Britain.

The resolutions passed by the assembled delegates were of some importance. The Academies of Paris and Berlin agreed jointly to produce a complete edition of the works of Leibnitz, who, two centuries ago, tried to found such an alliance of Academies as is now taking place. The delegates agreed to urge upon their respective Governments arrangements by which important historical documents should be communicated and archives lent by one country to another. A plan of Sir David Gill, Astronomer of the Cape of Good Hope, for the measurement by international agreement of degrees of latitude on a line drawn from north to south through Africa, received universal approbation, as did a bold project of the English Royal Society for the compilation year by year of a complete index of all papers in natural science published in all parts of the world. The practical results of far-reaching plans such as these will be great.

There is also another side to the matter. At a time when a painful and protracted war exercises our minds, and when in every country of the Continent England has become the object of constant attack and reviling, is it not pleasant to turn to the records of plans for common work in the interests of knowledge to be carried on by members of all nations? In the realm of science Chauvinism disappears. War sets nation against nation. Our fathers thought that the spread of industry and commerce would break the war-spirit and produce amity between peoples. But alas! this expectation has proved but illusory; and it now appears that no cause of international dislike and hostility is more potent than commercial rivalry. Even religion, which used to be a bond between

England, Holland, and Germany, seems no longer to act as a peaceful force. But science still tends, with a gentle but continued pressure, to bring together men of different nations. The British and the French chemist, the British and the German philologist, the British and the Italian archaeologist meet together in the friendliest spirit in the midst of national jealousy and rivalry, and feel a common impulse in that desire for the increase of knowledge which is the life-breath of modern research, an increase which, when the field of knowledge is more completely mapped out, may be furthered by almost every worker who has time and patience to devote to the pursuit.

The Association of Academies does not, however, satisfy some ardent spirits. One of these, a Hungarian schoolmaster named Kemény, has published a project for a great International Academy which is not only to comprise all knowledge, but to include all nations.\* He endows it with a revenue of four millions of francs, and makes the seat of it the central city of Berne. It is to produce indexes of all knowledge and, in some unexplained way, to stop the issue of unneeded books. Mr Kemény's plans are not practical. It is hard to see in what way an international library at Berne would be more convenient to students than the existing libraries at Paris, London, and other great cities. And since, as Sir John Evans has clearly shown, a central society cannot supersede, but only organise and correlate the activities of specialist societies, it is evident that a world-academy would be reduced to helplessness by its own size and the variety of its activities. Moreover, the language difficulty is insuperable. Yet the notion is generous; and perhaps, after all, Mr Kemény may be marking a road along which we shall at some future time make progress.

The next meeting of the associated Academies is to be held in London in 1904. The summary which we have given points to the conclusion that, when that meeting takes place, we English ought to have found some way of representing in it the interests of English philosophical, philological, and historical studies. Some powerful society should be formed to deal with that one hemisphere, as it

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\* 'Entwurf einer internationalen Gesamt-Akademie,' Budapest : Lampel, 1901.

may be called, in the world of human knowledge which these studies represent. The very phrase 'historic or philosophic science' has at present in this country an exotic air. We hear a great deal about the spread of science, of the conflict between science and religion, of the teaching of science at schools and universities; but what we are thinking of is always the science of nature rather than of man. We do not reflect that science is not, cannot be, anything save 'ordered knowledge'; and knowledge requires as much ordering and method in the field of historic research as in the field of biological or astronomical research. It requires as much method, but in our country it has not had as much method; and this is the reason why, in most branches of historic research, though our teachers and experts are as able as those of Germany, we have of late fallen below the German level.

It would be well if the mischief stopped at confusions of phrase and faulty classifications of studies. But the mistake about words spreads, as such mistakes usually do, to things. Abroad every investigator—be he historian, philologist, sociologist, or what not—may have a proud consciousness that he is a servant of science, that the realm of knowledge is essentially one, and that in what province of that realm he toils is a matter of comparative unimportance. He belongs to an army; and whether he has to storm the enemy's camp or merely to guard a rampart he is an honourable soldier in the host of light. The great and inspiring thought of the unity of science, of ordered knowledge, is often denied to the investigator in this country. He even learns to think of 'science' as a somewhat grovelling pursuit, concerned only with material things, and tending to the neglect of the intellectual and ethical nature of man; while, on the other hand, the biologist, confident in the proved efficacy of the methods of 'science,' is apt to carry them unchanged into the field of human investigation, and to impede the course of true knowledge by hasty theories based on insufficient views of the nature of man and society. Such are the practical revenges worked in our country by the want of clear and consistent thinking.

We do not, of course, mean to say that these confusions are unknown out of England. The superior simplicity and precision of the sciences which deal with nature must

everywhere prejudice those who pursue them against the more complicated and the less experimental or mathematical studies which have man for their object. Pronounced materialists will even deny the applicability of the term science to the vague and less easily formulated results of the historian and the moralist; but more open-minded thinkers will always see that every branch of knowledge must be pursued by its own methods. In the Academies of the Continent, at all events, the sciences which deal with man have now gained a secure and undisputed position.

The nineteenth century has witnessed the complete emancipation of natural science from metaphysical guidance, and its immense progress in all directions in the interpretation of nature, of our material surroundings in general. But man after all is greater than his surroundings, and the knowledge of man has an interest, and a bearing upon conduct and happiness, greater than can belong to any study of merely material things. 'The proper study of mankind is man.' By degrees, owing to the lead given by the studies which deal with nature, methods far better adapted for the discovery of truth are being introduced into the studies which concern man. From anthropology, which lies at the basis of them, to the branches of history which deal with man's highest and noblest activities, the idea of development, the disbelief in cataclysms, the respect for proved fact, however disagreeable, the distrust of *a priori* views, however attractive, are rapidly making way and gradually modifying the mental attitude of all investigators. To further this movement is to work in harmony with the spirit of the age, and for an assured future. The only way in which the growth of a superficial materialism can be finally checked is by showing that the higher powers and functions of man will bear the cold light of a reasonable investigation, and establish their right to a place in the order of the universe. If this be the case, what greater service can be rendered to the rising generation than the organisation of the historical and philosophical sciences, the improvement of their methods, and the bringing together of the dispersed students who in England are devoted to their pursuit.

In London, though there is as yet no fully organised

university, there is probably a larger number of earnest and able historical investigators than exists in any other city in the world. London is the great home of the 'Learned Societies.' It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of these societies, not only in the work which they produce, which is in fact very uneven in quality, but especially in the way in which they help individual workers, and give them a purpose in life. The societies have an abounding vitality and energy. Their great drawbacks are that they constantly overlap in a manner that is wasteful of time and force, and that, as a rule, they are unable to keep up a high standard in their publications. The better trained members of the societies being usually closely occupied, they have a tendency to fall under the control of less learned members who have leisure and energy, while their shortness of funds often makes them dependent on the imperfectly enlightened benefactor. All the defects of these societies might be diminished, and their force increased tenfold if they were organised, or in some way connected with some central institution, whose lead they could follow, and whose activities they could support.

One of the most obvious ways, and certainly the most English way, of organising the learned societies of London would be that each should appoint certain delegates who should meet in order to establish in concert a central bureau. If there were a dweller in London who had the requisite knowledge, and a great capacity for organisation, he might succeed in making the dream a reality, in persuading the detached societies to extend their interests and to contribute from their funds towards the establishment of a great library and the payment of organising secretaries. Than such a way of proceeding none could be more consonant to the nature of our representative institutions, or more educative of the mass of our learned workers. Life and talent could not be expended in a more useful or a more noble way. But when one reflects on the ability, the tact, and the leisure which would be required to ensure success in such an enterprise, one is obliged to think that a simpler and less obstructed way must be sought for. The practical alternative seems to be the direct establishment of an academy of historic, philosophic, and philologic studies. It is no part of the purpose of this

paper to enquire how this should be set about. It is known that this practical question is engaging the attention of some of our most prominent men of letters.

Scholars in England have so long lived without organisation that at first they scarcely realise what it means. When the notion of a new central institution is set before one of our savants, his first observation is apt to be, 'I do not see how it would help *me*.' And the second observation will be, 'They are sure to elect the wrong men.' Unless workers can rise above this merely personal aspect of the matter, and unless they can realise that knowledge is one great republic, of which it is our highest privilege to be worthy citizens, nothing good in the way of the organisation of research can be done. No doubt at first some of the best men might be overlooked, and the funds of the institution might not always be employed in the best way. But the great, the all-important matter is to bring some working scheme to the birth. Friction would soon rub away eccentricities; in working, the best methods would have a natural advantage which would secure their triumph over difficulties.

In conclusion, we may briefly summarise the chief advantages which belong to the continental Academies of Historic Science, some of which, at all events, would bear transplanting to the somewhat bleak but yet invigorating intellectual atmosphere of England.

First comes the recognition of merit. The path of the student must almost always be steep and lonely; he must devote months and years to work of which the results may seem but small. He may easily be so placed as to have communion with but few kindred spirits, while the study, which is necessarily a weariness to the flesh, grinds out of him the power of facile enjoyment, and makes him sensitive to praise or blame. Recognition by some authoritative body of the quality of his work affords him a solace in the present and inspires him with energy for the future. Honorary degrees at universities are suitable rewards, but they are seldom given except to those who have already attained high reputation. But the great Academies may seek out and recognise, in some way or other, younger men who have done, or are doing, good work, inconspicuous though it may be. Such honour coming to an Englishman from a foreign Institute has

been felt by many to be most encouraging and helpful; but there does not seem to be any reason why we should trust in this matter entirely to continental recognition.

Secondly, in an age when specialism is becoming a great danger, when there is a tendency among workers not to look beyond the limits of the particular field of their labours, the Academies are valuable as affording ready means for intercommunion of savants. Many of their meetings are plenary, at which all members are expected. And in the libraries and salons of the Academy buildings savants who are working in different parts of the same domain meet naturally, and find points of contact, or combine to take common action in the face of some impending difficulty.

Thirdly, the Academies are able to speak with authority in matters social and historic, and to advise or to remonstrate with their Governments when the interests of learning are involved. The Academies of Paris and Berlin are in frequent communication with the Ministers of State, who greatly value their advice. In England the Royal Society has influence; but matters of history, language, criticism or philosophy are not within its province. No doubt the Government would receive sound advice on many points, if asked for, from such bodies as the Society of Antiquaries or the heads of departments in the British Museum. But we must venture to speak plainly on an unpleasant topic, and say that the inertness of the Government in regard to historical monuments, and the want of appreciation of ancient remains shown under British rule in India, in Egypt, in Cyprus, clearly proved that it is not enough to be ready to advise the Government when consulted, but that it is most desirable to bring pressure to bear upon the authorities in England and the English possessions, in order to put a stop to abuses which are only too notorious. When we contrast the way in which historic remains are protected in the Crimea with the way in which they are at the mercy of all comers in North-West India, we see that there are matters in which the sense of the whole educated world would decide that Russia is far more civilised than England.

Fourthly, the Academies have great effect in the organisation of research, in the minimising of the sad



waste of time and power which occurs when students undertake unsuitable work, or do again what has already been well done. How much labour is thus thrown away in London, few know. But for the advice and help of the officials of the British Museum, still more would be lost.

Fifthly, the organisation of research, and the encouragement of such branches of it as seem likely to be of special service, are, in the continental Academies, largely carried out through their control of funds. They propose every year subjects for treatises, and award prizes to the papers which they judge the best; or they make grants for the payment of expenses of research. Many real scholars are in all countries prevented from doing valuable work by the impossibility of finding the means for carrying it on; and many tasks of the greatest importance are delayed, while the necessary material for them is day by day perishing for the want of endowment. The endowment of research has been in recent years adopted to a considerable extent at Oxford and Cambridge, but much still remains to be done; and it has recently been made plain on several occasions how inadequately provided are the wealthiest of our British universities for carrying on higher studies in a manner suited to modern requirements.

Continental ways are often very different from ours. In many respects the peoples of the Continent stand together on one side of a line, and Britain, America, and the British Colonies on the other side. But if there be one common quality which is found among the educated classes of all countries it is the mental attitude which has been produced by the great progress taking place in science on all sides, and which is to be found, not only in Europe and America, but in India and Japan. Institutions which agree with that attitude are likely to be of use wherever they are set up. There seems therefore no reason why the notion of an Academy of Historical, Philological, and Philosophical Studies should not be planted on this side the English Channel, to produce here also some of the fruits which it has brought forth abundantly in all lands between Paris and St Petersburg, and from Stockholm to Madrid.

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## Art. VI.—SIENKIEWICZ AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

1. *Ogniem i Mieczem* (With Fire and Sword), 1884 : *Potop* (The Deluge), 1886 : *Pan Wołodyjowski*, 1888 : *Quo Vadis*, 1896. By Henry Sienkiewicz.
2. *Dzieci Szatana* (Children of Satan), 1897 : *Homo Sapiens*, 1898. By Stanislaus Przybyszewski.
3. *Komedyanika* (The Actress), 1896 : *Ziemia obiecana* (The Promised Land), 1899. By Ladislaus Rejmont.
4. *Ludzi Bezdomni* (The Homeless Race), 1899. By Stephen Zeromski.
5. *Na Kresach lasów* (On the Skirts of the Forest), 1894 : *W Matni* (In the Toils), 1897. By Wenceslaus Sieroszewski.

WAIVING the question whether, as a possible factor in European politics, Polish nationality is by this time quite dead, we may safely assert that in other directions it still gives evident signs of life. Chopin, Moniuszko, Rubinstein in the past, and in our days Reszke and Paderewski, have earned well-deserved renown as musicians. Modrzejewska, not many years ago, took the London stage by storm. The names of the painters Matejko and Siemieradzki are not unknown to the artistic world ; nor are those of Olszewski and Madame Skłodowska-Curie less familiar to physicists and chemists. Every one has heard, if perhaps with slightly sceptical wonder, of the marvellous inventions of Szczepanik ; and latterly the immense success of one particular novel has made the whole English-speaking public acquainted with the name of Sienkiewicz.\*

Literary excellence shows the vitality of a race far more surely than the stage, or science, or even music and the plastic arts, for all these are in a great measure international. The language of a nation is its blood, so to speak ; and a people whose literature is flourishing cannot be near death. We have been told, and have every reason to believe, that in Prussian Poland there is a noticeable revival of the language ; men whose diction was formerly disfigured by uncouth Germanisms, now speak pure idiomatic Polish ; and this revival is univer-

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\* It may be worth while to note that this well-known name is pronounced thus—Sheng-ki-é-veetch.

sally ascribed to the enthusiastic eagerness with which Sienkiewicz's novels are read. Let us add that the kindred nature of all the Slav tongues has rendered Sienkiewicz's creations familiar to many an alien; and that, whilst the schoolboys of Warsaw are still forbidden to speak their native language, it is read and enjoyed by men of Muscovite blood as far east as the Volga, and as far north as Archangel.

So great a triumph—far more important to the very existence of an oppressed race than can be imagined by those who never knew what oppression means—may well arouse some interest in the literary achievements of Sienkiewicz. But is he a master unrivalled and companionless, a mere monument in a desert? or have we in him the culminating expression of a movement coming from the inner life of the nation itself? This question we shall endeavour to answer in the following pages.

Not to mention a number of short tales and sketches, some of them masterly both in design and treatment, Henry Sienkiewicz has written: 'With Fire and Sword,' 'The Deluge,' 'Pan Wolodyjowski,' and 'The Teutonic Knights,' romances dealing with various periods of Polish history; 'The Polaniecki Family,' and 'Without Principles' (*Bez dogmatu*), both on lines very similar to Bourget's psychological novels; and latterly he has broken new ground in his 'Quo Vadis,' to which, we understand, he is now preparing to add a tale of the times of Julian the Apostate. All these have been translated into English. Considering that the translator has laboured on with untiring zeal for many a year, meeting with but slight material encouragement until quite lately, it seems almost ungrateful to hint at shortcomings in a work of so much goodwill and perseverance, the more so, as we note a decided progress in the latest volumes. Still, in justice to the originals, a few remarks must be made. The readers of these translations ought never to forget that Sienkiewicz is a master of style, an artist enamoured of form; and that he has drawn to the utmost on the resources of an exceedingly rich language. If these merits are not always discernible in the translation, of how many translations can it be said that they are equal in style to their originals? Apart from this, however, we often meet with expressions, clear enough to a Pole, but rendered with such literal

fidelity as to have no meaning for an Englishman, as, for example, the ancient and stately form of salutation, 'Czolem,' which appears in English as, 'With the forehead.' American turns of speech are also not unfrequent, and the slangy flavour they give to the style is especially jarring in a tale of the times of Nero. But while we note these defects, we must confess that the difficulties were enormous, possibly insuperable; and certainly, if the works of Sienkiewicz had waited for an interpreter who, to a thorough knowledge of Polish, added a mastery of English prose, they might have had to wait a long time.

Among the productions of Sienkiewicz's pen, we do not intend to discuss the two psychological novels, 'Without Principles' and 'The Polaniecki Family,' not that they are inferior to the best of their *genre*, but because we do not like the *genre* itself. In these works we cannot but admire the delicate cleverness of the dialogues, the variety and truth of the characters described, and above all, the penetration shown in the author's cunning analysis of motives and passions. We admit that every good novel ought to be as psychological, let us say, as Shakespeare's dramas; but it should not be more so. A book containing action which excites a lively interest is, after all, a literary failure if it continually stops to point out the secret working of the springs on which the action depends; and the more elaborately this is done, the worse is the net result. We abstain, therefore, from discussing this side of Sienkiewicz's talent. His psychological novels, taken as such, are little if at all inferior to those of Bourget. Taken merely as pictures of contemporary Polish society, they are exquisite; daintily humorous, with a dash of satire, not without pathos at times, and always written with the easy elegance of a man of the world.

We pass on to the historical novels, and in particular to the great Trilogy—those three books\* which tell of the disastrous times that began with the great Cossack rebellion (1647) and ended with Sobieski's victories. We must say frankly that, no matter in how good a translation, they have little chance of winning popularity with English readers. The average cultured Englishman may

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\* The Trilogy consists of 'Ogniem i Mieczem,' 'Potop,' and 'Pan Wodjowski.'

certainly be aware that, in the days of the Tudors, Poland was a vast kingdom that stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea, from near Berlin to not far from Moscow. He will have heard of Sobieski, and the name of Kosciuszko—misspelt in a line of Campbell—will occur to his memory; but of Polish history, life, and custom, he is likely to know much less than about the Mahrattas or the Bengalies. This is natural; but it follows that the very qualities which have in these works enraptured the whole Polish nation are to him mere stumbling-blocks. Events of history as familiar to every Pole as the Wars of the Roses or the Spanish Armada to a Board-school pupil, would, if hinted at in the course of a sentence, render it enigmatical. Often ten notes or more to a page would be required to explain customs or proverbs that for a native of Poland need no explanation. And the names!—Skrzetuski, Mokrski, Zacwilichowski and hundreds of others still more crabbed—they are known to history; perhaps their families still exist; perhaps the reader is himself acquainted or allied with them, and is proud to find them blazoned there. But to an Englishman they seem as barbarously unpronounceable as the names of Houghton, Iddesleigh, Brougham, or Wriothsley must appear to a Pole unacquainted with English. What makes most for the success of the originals is fatal to their right appreciation when translated.

It is a pity; the more so as these are perhaps the best of Sienkiewicz's creations. Fettered by restrictions devised to render patriotic literature impossible, he seems not even to have felt their weight. As he intended that every Pole throughout the three empires might read what he had written, he was of course greatly cramped in his choice of a subject. Not only the last centuries, with their memorable insurrections, but the days of old, when King Stephen Batory again and again routed the hosts of Ivan the Terrible, and those when a Polish king established a nominee of his own in the Kremlin—that is, the most glorious epochs in the annals of his country—were absolutely forbidden ground. Sienkiewicz could not dream of depicting Russian figures on his canvas. In his volumes the Polish armies contend against the rebel Cossacks, destroy the victorious troops of Charles Gustavus, the would-be conqueror of the country, and begin the last great struggle with the Tartars and Turks. By selecting this

period he lulled the suspicions of the censorship ; and it afforded his genius an ample field.

Yet, though every page in these works bears the stamp of patriotism, it is the patriotism of a broad-minded man, to whom the fanatical hatred even of his country's enemies is an odious thing. If we cannot quite say that he feels a certain sympathy for them, he always tries to regard them with unprejudiced eyes. Even whilst he depicts the most atrocious scenes of carnage and torture, he makes full allowance for times and passions ; and paints so vividly the pangs of harshly thwarted ambition in a mighty soul, that the fell deeds of revenge which follow appear, if not less wicked, less diabolical. No one could portray with more relentless vigour the wholesale slaughter and unutterable devastation wrought by the Cossacks under Chmielnicki, whose name is anathema to every Pole ; nevertheless, his ability as a leader, his lion-like valour, his fox-like cunning, and withal a certain personal nobility of sentiment in the man, who never forgot either a service or a wrong, are also appraised so candidly and so well, that not even a Cossack could complain of unfairness. The rapacity of the Swedish generals, and their merciless treatment of the land that was for a short time in their power, are described with severe truth ; but their stern bravery and their superiority to the Poles in martial discipline and tenacity of purpose are by no means passed over. Charles Gustavus is a usurper, to whom any convenient crime is fair-play ; nevertheless, he is shown more than once acting with the magnanimity worthy of a great king. Even Radziwill, the traitor Radziwill, who in that awful crisis threw all his vast power into the balance against his country, is seen by the reader wrestling in agony with his conscience until he has forced himself to believe that what he does is not treason, but the sole means of saving Poland ; and he comes to his end in such tragic abandonment and remorse that we feel as much pity for the man as horror for his guilt.

This natural inclination to look for the good in every character does not lead our author to palliate the evil. His very heroes are not heroes of our century, but of theirs—a time when pious knights prayed fervently to Christ, yet in the heat of battle gave no quarter to those who asked it in Christ's name ; when pitiless reprisals

were the rule, when massacres were answered by massacres, impalements by impalements. Sienkiewicz has no taste for knights and warriors as we should like them to be; he does not care to mitigate the horrible facts he has gleaned by a close study of the annals and memoirs of those times; he cares only to be true. Reading his pages, we feel sure that men such as he describes have really existed; we see in them the children of their age—the age when Cromwell's saints put the garrison of Drogheda to the sword, and Turenne, the most amiable of men, laid waste the Palatinate. In a word, truth—implacable, unsparing truth—as to things, and a genial, indulgent disposition as regards men, form the moral basis of Sienkiewicz's historical romances.

Nor does he spare the nation itself. That profound faith, love of country, and forgetfulness of private interests which alone made it possible for Poland to overcome in a conflict against such odds, are displayed to the full, and in the brightest colours. But again, the universal disorder, the instability of temperament, the incapacity for obedience, the monstrous pride of individualism that paid a slight with a rebellion—in short, the excesses of that passion for freedom which was ever the great virtue of Poles, until by exaggeration it became a vice, and 'the eagles gathered together' round the corpse of a dead state—all this is represented with courage and sincerity. Fiction is here no less instructive than history. Many a learned volume has been written on the causes of Poland's downfall; none has diagnosed those causes more accurately than Sienkiewicz. Even to the present generation, these novels teach a great lesson in social ethics. No one who has spent many years in the country can deny that the national temperament is still fundamentally the same. There is yet too much of that same instability and false love of personal independence which render every enterprise that demands the united efforts of many workers, not only difficult, but almost impossible. Until this becomes a thing of the past, until the Poles learn to act together as one man, subordinating personal views to the decision of the majority, they may desire freedom—as they do—with all their heart and soul, but they cannot hope to obtain it.

Based on the foundation of historical candour, this

solemn lesson, by which Sienkiewicz's countrymen are taught to look back upon their past with mingled pride and confusion, is rendered more effective by admirable literary qualities. The *Trilogy* has been called an epic in prose. There is, indeed, much in these works that belongs both to the epic and to the drama. The descriptions of nature, the battle-scenes, and the narratives are epic in their rich, imaginative flow; the characters, dialogues, and situations are dramatic in the vividness and individuality of their conception.

No prose writer has presented his nation with more varied and picturesque delineations of the past, both in wild nature and in human life, than those of Sienkiewicz. He revels in depicting those interminable steppes, those rolling plains of thick grass or shaggy brushwood, teeming with game of every sort, infested with ravenous beasts, peopled by superstition with vampires, were-wolves, and ghouls; those far-stretching marshes, here shallow and green with rushes, there deepening into lakes or narrowing into rivers; those fertile wildernesses where men came to hunt or passed to raid, but never settled to labour, boundless in extent, savagely beautiful, sad beyond all measure. The sketch \* of a Cossack homestead near the frontier between these steppes and Crim Tartary is very graphic. The inhabitants are true borderers, in the old English sense of the word; they live by plunder as much as by farming. The farm labourers have the air of banditti; their stalwart masters, sons of the grasping old Ruthenian princess—a most despotic mother—receive visitors of rank with a boorish servility that jars both with their title and their soldier-like bearing. Outside, the house looks mean and wretched; strongly fortified and palisaded, with windows narrow as loopholes, it gives the impression of a blockhouse rather than of a farm. But within, it is crammed with booty snatched from the Tartars, and presents a strange medley of rusticity and splendour. The hall is hung with costly skins of martens, foxes, wolves, bears, ermines; quaintly-shaped helmets, bucklers, breastplates, with jewelled scimitars, *jereeds* and *yataghans*, adorn the coarse wainscoting; and beneath these, slumbering in a row, a number of great hawks, used

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\* 'Ogniem i Mieczem,' ch. iv.



to hunt wolves, sit perched. In the guest-chamber the bare walls are seen, only covered in part with rich tapestry, lifted in some border-raid; a long table of roughly-hewn wood is laden with gold vases and vessels of Venetian glass, spoils taken from the spoilers; bronze, ebony, mother-of-pearl caskets stand upon shelves of unplanned deal, and the rudest of chairs appear by the side of the most luxurious couches.

Another volume opens \* with a strongly-contrasted picture of family life. A rich young Samogitian heiress presides over the evening work of her maids, and the rosary beads slip one by one through her fingers. The room is lit only by a great log-fire, and its fitful blaze flickers on the joists and rafters of the ceiling, with long shocks of carded flax that hang down from them; on the walls, where its reflection dances back from many a bright tin plate and dish; on the ruddy faces of the maids, all spinning in strict silence, and on the curly-headed Samogitian serving-man, labouring at the quern in a corner, and now and then, when it gets out of gear, muttering an angry word. The heiress makes a sign, and her maids, still spinning, strike up the evening hymn. It is an ideal scene, very pleasing in its calm and old-fashioned simplicity. But we are presently far away, following the narrator into the unfathomable depths of those virgin forests where the captive heroine awaits her deliverers, or the maiden who fears violence from some lawless suitor finds a safe retreat in the storm of war. There Nature has built a home for the urus, the lynx, the moose; an impenetrable fastness, defended by moats of black lakes, deep fens, and bottomless quagmires, where fiends, driven thither by the sound of church bells, make their abode; by barricades upon barricades, constructed from many a generation of fallen trees, slow to decay, piled one over another, the stalwart trunks of the living intertwined with those of the dead in inextricable confusion—a rampart not to be stormed by force, a labyrinth not to be entered but by such as possess the clue.

If Sienkiewicz is great in his descriptions of homes and deserts and forests, he is still greater in his battle-scenes, in which swift and terse narration is not less requisite

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\* 'Potop,' ch. I.

than vivid description. Multitudinous as these are in the volumes now before us, a Quaker alone could wish them to be fewer. Again and again the ever-changing masses of warriors, Swedes and Poles, Tartars and Turks, rush upon each other, and close in the confusion of the tremendous struggle. The gongs are heard, and the drums, the long bronze culverins, the shrill screams of the Cossack horsemen, the swish of descending sabres, and the rustling of the eagles' wings at the backs of a thousand hussars, as they charge headlong to victory. 'The pomp and circumstance of war' are there, but its ferocity is there too. We smell the sickly scent of blood, we feel the despair of those who shriek for mercy, and are answered with a silent stab. We shudder at the implacable sternness that the mildest of men can find within them when thoroughly roused; at the unconscious irony of the chaste and saintly hero who, seized in a would-be fatal embrace, himself quietly hugs the foe to death, and to his stifled whisper, 'Let go!' replies, 'Not so, *brother*,' with a grim but half-humorous simplicity. War is painted as it really is, with all its relentless and fratricidal butchery, as well as its exalted heroism and sublime self-sacrifice.

And with what diversity of colouring are the outlines filled in! No two battle-fields are alike; each has its distinguishing tone and characteristic features. Here a troop of German mercenaries, surrounded by rebels, and without the possibility of escape, phlegmatically choose to fight until the last man is killed rather than turn traitors to the land that has paid them. There, a few monks and Polish soldiers, in strict agreement with the facts of history, which are enriched with fantastic and marvellous details, succeed in defending the sanctuary of Our Lady of Czestochowa against a whole army of Swedes. The siege of another fortress, beginning with a series of single combats which recall those of the *Iliad*, ends in the destruction of the citadel, blown up with, and by, its last defenders. We need not multiply instances; they would be endless. But in connexion with the battle-scenes, it is here worth while to translate a few lines from the account of the funeral of one of Sienkiewicz's heroes. The spectacular effect—which cannot but have been founded on fact—is so singular that it may seem undigni-

fied and grotesque; but for soldiers who lived three centuries ago it was doubtless strikingly pathetic.

'From the pulpit, to the mourners' stupefaction, the sound of a drum beating the alarm was suddenly heard. It as suddenly ceased, and all was still as death. Father Kaminski beat the alarm a second and a third time; then, casting down the drumsticks upon the pavement, he lifted up his arms and called with a loud voice, "Colonel Wolodyjowski!" At the words, Wolodyjowski's widow shrieked and fell senseless; Zagloba and Muszalski bore her out of the church. The chaplain again raised his voice: "Colonel! for God's sake! 'Tis the alarm; war rages in our midst; the enemy invades our country! and thou startest not up, seizest not thy falchion, mountest not thy steed? O warrior, what hath come upon thee? Art thou so forgetful of thine ancient valour as to abandon us now in our sorrow and dismay?" Every breast heaved with emotion, and the knights wept aloud in the church. . . .'

This is but a passage chosen almost at random out of a multitude. Were the drawing of all Sienkiewicz's characters equal in variety of design and strength of execution to his descriptive and narrative parts, it would be hard to write about him without seeming to exaggerate. Still, if this side of his work is less perfect, his characters do not by any means lack variety, and are in many cases excellently drawn. A whole gallery of portraits, some of very high merit, are contained in these volumes. Many are historical. Take, for example, Prince Jeremi Wisniowiecki, the only Polish commander whom the Cossacks feared—a man adored by his troops, willing to give (and giving) the very last *groschen* of his immense fortune to save his country, overflowing with infinite tenderness for his soldiers, and with bitter sorrow both for the devastations committed by the enemy and for the reprisals which, in the spirit of the times, he was obliged to make. Nevertheless, this man was a destroyer, whose repressive measures, rivalling the worst atrocities of the Thirty Years' War, were even then disapproved by several statesmen, including the king, John Casimir himself; and a grandee of such exorbitant pride that he once marched into Warsaw, at the head of four thousand men, and threatened to put king and senate to the sword unless his word of honour, without an oath, were accepted in a

court of law! At a time when Poland seemed to be at the enemy's mercy, Wisniowiecki was named Grand Hetman by the whole army, the king and his councillors refusing to ratify that choice. Sienkiewicz, in one of his finest chapters, shows him wrestling with himself—pride, patriotism, and duty each striving to conquer. He is convinced that he and he alone, if made Grand Hetman, can save the country; but acceptance contrary to the royal will would prove him a still fouler rebel than the Cossack chief whom he longs to defeat. At last duty gets the mastery; and the character of the man, true to the core, is seen radiant with grandeur. The country is perishing, not because of the Cossack rebellion, but through the insubordination of the great. A great example must be set, no matter at what cost. He refuses the Hetman's staff, and remains, in spite of himself and the whole army, the obedient servant of a king whom he does not esteem, and who detests him in return.

In strong contrast with so great a moral victory, we have in another work the self-communings of the Grand Duke of Lithuania—already alluded to—at a moment even more critical. No better pendant to Wisniowiecki could be found than Radziwill. Boguslaus Radziwill, his brother, is a character still more original, eccentric in the extreme, and possibly the worst villain in the whole Trilogy. This noble prince affects a lofty cosmopolitan scorn for his countrymen, wears a long wig after the French fashion, improves his delicate girlish complexion with rouge and white paint, cannot bear to speak so rude a tongue as Polish, openly derides the hypocrisy of his brother's veiled ambition, and believes in nothing but absolute monarchy—with himself, of course, as the monarch. Yet under this exterior of effeminate foppishness he conceals, not only the most detestable vices—heartless debauchery, hellish revenge, a skill in calumny worthy of an Iago, and the off-hand disdain of a Talleyrand for his own plighted word—but also some great qualities which render him yet more dangerous: a boundless audacity, combined with the energy and swiftness of resource that we cannot help admiring in Richard III.

These and other characters being historical, what Sienkiewicz knew of them partly aided and partly impeded his work. Amongst the pure creations of his fancy, the

most conspicuous are perhaps Podbipieta, Kmicic, and Zagloba. The knight Longinus Podbipieta is a gigantic Lithuanian, with a sword nearly as long as himself, which none but he can brandish single-handed. It has come down from an ancestor who, at the battle of Grünwald, struck off the heads of three Teutonic knights with one blow. Longinus has made a vow of chastity until he has achieved a like exploit in battle; and, like the knight-errants of old, he goes everywhere seeking an opportunity to perform this feat. He is gaunt, sad, meek, with long hanging eyebrows and moustaches the colour of hemp; speaks low, with a drawling Lithuanian accent, and stands constantly in dread of being tempted by some beautiful damsel. His life is all prayer and fighting; he has a Book of Hours, and between battles, when his huge sword, *Zerwikaptur*, is wiped clean, he sings psalms by the camp-fire. At last he mows three Tartars' heads at a stroke, and is free to wed the lively Anusia, whose killing glances have often made him cast down his eyes and mutter, *apage, Satana!* But he volunteers to carry an urgent message through the enemy's lines. The Tartars surround him, and, after he has cut them down in such numbers that they fear he is a Djinn in mortal shape, shoot him with arrows from a safe distance. Throughout the story, the antithesis between Podbipieta's mild and, to say the truth, rather lackadaisical exterior, and his prodigious strength and daring, all the more impressive for the contrast, is admirably maintained, and makes him one of Sienkiewicz's most attractive characters.

Andrew—we hardly venture to add the unpronounceable name of Kmicic—is as unlike Podbipieta as Lancelot is unlike Galahad, but closely resembles Vinicius, the hero of 'Quo Vadis.' Lawless, hot-headed, swift and fiery as lightning both in anger and in love, each is driven to crime by one passion and redeemed by the other. Andrew, a young free-lance, so terrible to the enemy that a price is set on his head, has under his orders a troop of bold scoundrels whose life is forfeit to the law. He comes, woos, and conquers the heart of the Samogitian heiress, Alexandra; but his excesses repel her, and she refuses him. Her best friends and neighbours, insulted by his band of villains, slay them in fair fight. In revenge he burns their houses; and when Alexandra, glowing with indignation, breaks

with him definitely, he attempts to take her by force. Unsuccessful, yet still hoping to win her, he becomes involved in Radziwill's treason; and now she abhors whilst she still loves him. Circumstances suddenly open his eyes—for he never was a traitor at heart; and, to atone for his error, he undertakes a series of heroic deeds. Sienkiewicz tells of hair-breadth escapes, wounds innumerable, the king's life saved, manifold perils evaded by subtle cunning or quick decision, and even a national victory due to his bold and well-timed action. Andrew's faults, undoubtedly great, are as nothing to the services which he renders to his country. Less extraordinary than Podbiapieta, he is perhaps more of a favourite with Polish readers, who see in him a typical Pole, both for evil and for good.

But what shall we say of Zagloba, the fat old knight who, with his never-failing jokes and boasts and artful wiles, plays a prominent part throughout the Trilogy, and yet never wearies us? He seems the very incarnation of the Polish character on its humorous side—now, alas! but seldom to be seen. Professor Tarnowski says that he is Falstaff, Sancho Panza, and Ulysses—all three in one. This may be exaggerated; but Zagloba has many traits that belong to each. Falstaff, a man of infinite wit, is also immeasurably vile: Zagloba is as much beneath Falstaff in one respect as he is above him in the other. In his drunkenness, his cowardice, his bragging, his extravagant mendacity, he resembles the fat knight; but we should in vain look through the plays in which Falstaff appears for anything suggestive of a kind heart. Now Zagloba, dissolute though he is, has a most kindly and unselfish nature, is a true patriot and a faithful friend. These qualities, combined with his blustering disposition, lead him into many an enterprise from which he naturally would have shrunk. Though horribly frightened, he fights, and, once launched into the fray, fights well. His ready wit never forsakes him; he makes the most of every opportunity; when successful, he boasts as loudly as ever did Jack Falstaff of his 'pure and immaculate valour.' Pursued and about to be slain by a famous warrior, his dread suddenly changes to desperate rage; in presence of the whole army he turns on his astounded foe and cuts him down. Another time, swept onward against his will

in a charge of the eagle-winged hussars, he is suddenly stopped, muffled in the folds of he knows not what, and shaking with dread in the darkness. But no sooner does he find out that it is the great Tartar-standard fallen upon him, than his comical terror is followed by a fit of no less comical swagger; the whole scene reminds us of Falstaff and Hotspur's body in 'Henry IV.'

We trust that what has been said, however superficial, may arouse in the reader's mind a passing regret that these works are so exclusively national and therefore beyond his reach. It could hardly be otherwise. But no sooner had Sienkiewicz, leaving the field of Polish history for a time, taken up a theme of more general interest in his famous novel, 'Quo Vadis,' than he burst into full fame; the success of the translated work, as might safely have been predicted, was instantaneous and immense. Of this novel we need say little, both because it is so widely known, and because we should have to repeat much that has already been said of the Trilogy. Still one or two points of interest concerning it may be briefly discussed.

It is curious, though not surprising, that two diametrically opposite views as to the tendency of 'Quo Vadis' should have been taken by critics. Some consider it as a strong argument for Christianity; certain judges have gone the length of pronouncing it the best sermon written in the nineteenth century. Others inform us that it makes for Paganism; that after perusing it one feels less a Christian than before. In our opinion the book has no 'tendency' at all, save that which each of us may choose, according to his own particular views, to read into it. Sienkiewicz's highly artistic nature, his habit of looking at all things objectively, his willingness to see the best side of everything and everybody, are just as conspicuous here as elsewhere. There is no doubt that he is a patriot, and that he is a believer; but he is constantly on his guard against his own feelings, lest they should unfairly bias him. And we think that in 'Quo Vadis' he has succeeded even better than in his other creations, possibly because he appears to be a believer more æsthetic than dogmatic, one rather smitten with the beauty of Christianity than partial to its asceticism or zealous for its doctrines.

It is perhaps owing to this very impartiality, that the best drawn characters in the book are either heathens—as Nero and Petronius—or duplicates of figures that have already appeared in the Trilogy—as Vinicius, Ligia (not unlike Alexandra), and Ursus (closely related to Podbi-pieta). To affirm that Sienkiewicz makes us feel any sympathy for Nero would be an exaggeration. Yet surely the reader of 'Quo Vadis' gets to understand Nero as he never did before; discovers how the moral obliquity has slowly become a mental aberration; penetrates the mystery of that longing to perpetrate crime, the more monstrous the better, in order to experience the tragic grandeur of remorse which the heroes of the Greek drama express in such sublime language; seizes the root of this insanity—the fixed idea that life is unreal, and that the world, not metaphysically, but in truth, is a stage; and follows the madness as it grows upon him, until not death itself can make the wretch give up attitudinising, and the expiring actor exclaims, *qualis artifex pereo!* Nothing could rehabilitate Nero as a man. Sienkiewicz has done for him the best he could: he has explained him as a phenomenon.

Petronius, by far the most sympathetic and striking figure in the whole story, is also a heathen, if we may call by that name one who believes in nothing save the beautiful. Morality has no meaning to him; he shrinks from a vile and degrading action; but an action is only vile and degrading when it offends his delicate taste. Once he stabs a plebeian in the street, not because the man has threatened him, but because he smells disgustingly of wine. He shrewdly foresees that Christianity will conquer the heathen world, and listens with appreciative courtesy to Paul's exposition of faith; but with a creed that would petrify what he considers the joys of life, and force him into a disagreeable conflict with himself, he can have nothing in common. What Paul says may be very true, but it is not true for him, since he does not relish it; and that is final. He bears himself throughout with the same unruffled urbanity; exerts himself, with great danger to his influence on Nero, to save the Christian girl Ligia, because he enjoys rendering a service to Vinicius, whom he likes; is entertained and amused by his friend's enthusiasm for the new religion; and at last,



as calmly as he has rejected the apostle's teaching, commands the physician to open his veins. The portrait is executed with extraordinary skill, and we do not doubt that Sienkiewicz put his whole soul into the task. But then this character reflects so well, and with such tolerant neutrality, many traits of our own modern indifferentism, that it seems almost absurd to talk of the proselytising tendency of 'Quo Vadis.' And our opinion is confirmed by a letter of the author to Professor Tarnowski, in which he states that his intention was simply to give a picture, striking by its powerful contrasts, of the two hostile worlds, the Rome of Peter and the Rome of Nero.

So far, we have scarcely glanced at Sienkiewicz's defects; but defects and limitations, it must be confessed, there are. His characters have a tendency, as already mentioned, to repeat themselves; several others, besides those we have noticed, bear a strong family likeness, or even look like the same character in a new disguise. His women, too, are in general much inferior to his men. The heroines are usually too faultless, and, 'as perfection is insipid in this naughty world of ours,' admirable rather than interesting. Exceptions are to be found, but these exceptions are mostly secondary personages. Then there is a tendency to repetition, not only in the characters, but in the plots. In five of his novels, including 'Quo Vadis,' we have a damsel in distress, carried off, either by a man whom she cannot love, or by one that she loves but will not marry, and after many vicissitudes rescued or reconciled. An attempt has been made to justify this: such violence was common at the times of which Sienkiewicz writes. But five lynching episodes in five novels about American life would be excusable for the same reason.

The plot, moreover, in its general lines, is not always constructed and elaborated with the care bestowed upon minor details. Not to mention passages and episodes that might with advantage have been omitted or much shortened, the tale itself frequently consists of several artificially connected stories, each of which might, taken apart, have formed a whole, its unity being thus reduced to that of a mere aggregate. And we must also remark that once or twice, in the detailed description of horrors, our author seems—though surely it is but seeming—to

have written for those for whom whatever is ghastly has a special fascination. These are undeniable blemishes. Still, when all is said, Sienkiewicz, even in the necessarily inadequate medium of translation, holds a high place among the world's novelists.

That he is the first of Polish prose writers is certain; but it is not to be supposed that he stands alone. To give anything like an adequate idea of contemporary Polish literature within the limits of an article is impossible; but Sienkiewicz himself will not be understood if no notice is taken of his rivals in the field. Among these we select a few, taking by preference those who represent artistic principles the most different from, or antagonistic to, those of Sienkiewicz—with the proviso, however, that our choice implies no inferiority in others about whom we are silent. So much must be said in fairness to the writers who, being more or less of Sienkiewicz's type, are not even mentioned here.

In none of his novels is there the slightest trace of what has been collectively termed Modernism, or, more specially, Decadentism, Parnassism, Satanism, and so forth. But in Poland there certainly exists a trend that way; those who follow it dislike Sienkiewicz's creations as heartily as he abhors theirs; and the leader of that school, if school it may be called, is Przybyszewski. No one can deny that he has talent, much talent. Some would call it the aberration of genius: his own adherents maintain that genius is usually stigmatised as aberration. Przybyszewski's fundamental idea in art is the 'Naked Soul,' a notion borrowed by him from Ola Hansson. The theory, so far as we can understand it, is this. External phenomena or events, with their corresponding impressions, received and repeated internally, constitute the whole of our everyday soul-life. But there are times when, under special influences, these, which are merely the soul's garments, disappear, and we are aware of a set of phenomena totally distinct. The garments having dropped off, the mental or spiritual activity of which we then are conscious is the manifestation of the Naked Soul. It comprises all those states that the vulgar call abnormal; neurose, alcoholic intoxication, the effects of morphine, of sexual perturbation, etc., and these produce the inspiration of genius. The mind then finds itself

superhuman, for the veil has fallen, and the Naked Soul is godlike; every limitation of time and space disappears; the thinker becomes a vast synthesis of all—of holiness and blasphemy, of Christ and Satan, of wild aspirations and cool reasoning, of faith in God combined with Atheism.

Whether, in order to attain so exalted a state, Przbyszewski has himself practised the means which he recommends, does not here concern us; we have only to do with his books, published for the most part in German first and then in Polish. 'The Mass of the Dead,' 'The Vigils,' 'Satan's Children,' 'The Synagogue of Satan,' and 'Homo Sapiens,' are the best known, and have achieved much success, all the greater because they appeal to Modernists both in Poland and in Germany. Of course the writer, wildly acclaimed by some, is as fiercely attacked by others. Attacks and panegyrics here mean the same. His obscenity—neither voluptuous, nor boisterous, nor seasoned with wit, but simply morbid—turns some away from him with loathing, whilst it has for others an exquisite flavour. He is morbid and unwholesome to the very marrow, almost as much so as any French, German, or Scandinavian writer of the category. But to men for whom 'fair is foul and foul is fair,' and whose first axiom is that genius, unless unwholesome, cannot be genius, Przbyszewski is divine. We need not analyse his writings; space, as well as inclination, fails us. They are all characterised by extreme daring and originality, both as to subject and as to details. A few lines quoted may give the keynote of them all. Describing himself, Przbyszewski writes:

'My soul! it is the ocean in very deed—its limitless expanse, its foam, its pride, its uncontrollable fury!'

One of his heroes, to seduce an innocent girl, destroys her faith in God. Ruined, she commits suicide, and the hero justifies himself thus:

'I am Nature. I give life, I take it away. I trample corpses by thousands under my feet—because I must. I create life which is more than life—because I must. I am I, I am Thou—God, Nature, the Universe.'

As the foremost exponent of this sort of literature, it is

necessary to take this man into account—so long as he is at large.

Another school of writers, that of the Naturalists, displays the direct antithesis of this tendency towards the abnormal. Sienkiewicz, though strongly realistic in many a passage, has nothing in common with Naturalism. Now, in the practice of Naturalists, we find three main characteristics: graphic and detailed word-painting, using every device to make the object strike powerfully on the senses; the absence of any partiality towards beauty, squalid and loathsome details being at least as readily photographed as those that are comely; and a certain cool, impersonal manner of narration, which merely states facts and leaves all emotions to the reader. The first of these characteristics appears with much brilliancy in Rejmont's productions. Zeromski, in a series of short stories and novels, somewhat similar in subject and treatment to the 'Tales of Mean Streets,' has shown considerable talent. And Sieroszewski, an ethnographer and a naturalist, having spent several years in Siberia, has embodied the result of his observations in many works of fiction, coldly convincing and palpably real. A few words may be said about these three writers, separated from Poland's great novelist by a wide chasm, yet each of them deserving no little praise.

Rejmont is essentially a word-painter; and, as he draws chiefly upon his own personal reminiscences, there is in his work a certain crude vividness that startles yet does not displease. The writer, of peasant birth, loves the country; his descriptions of nature are never general, never vague; they depict places seen a hundred times, graven in his memory with every detail, which have become part of himself. He has a keen eye for colour, and his descriptive powers do not fail him when he leaves the country and portrays scenes of town life. The following passage, for instance, shows us the gaudily luxurious boudoir of a Jewish millionaire's wife—a subject well-suited to his talents:

'The walls were hung with saffron-tinted silk, over which embroidered bunches of lilac, reddish-violet in hue, were artistically sprinkled. A yellow canopy, with green stripes, tent-like in shape and supported by golden halberts, overshadowed an ample sofa which occupied one whole side of the room. Under the tent-roof swung a lamp of stained glass—

amber, ruby-red, emerald-green—which shed a faint mysterious light around. Piles of silken cushions, with their raw Chinese hues, lay on the sofa and on the white carpet which they seemed to tinge like great blots of spilt colour. On another wall gleamed a collection of costly Oriental weapons, grouped round a circular shield of Arabian steel, inlaid with gold, and so brightly burnished that the golden tracery and the edgings of rubies and pale amethysts shone and sparkled in the dusk with a variegated play of light. In one corner a huge fan of peacocks' feathers formed the background to a gilt statue of Buddha, cross-legged and contemplative. In another was a large bronze Japanese flower-stand, borne by golden dragons and filled with snowy azaleas.'

Rejmont's style is certainly too often strained and overwrought; his profuse wealth of figures, though original and apt, tends to spoil the general effect by attracting undue attention. Still, passages equal or superior to the one that we have quoted are frequent in his novels; and perhaps nothing equal to them in sensuous richness has yet been seen in the language.

Zeromski, after several shorter stories, has at last published a two-volume book, entitled, 'The Homeless Race.' His name was already favourably known; and this last work, in spite of many inequalities and shortcomings, has made him famous. He is often bitter, but always earnest and sincere. As Sienkiewicz inclines to see the best side of things, so Zeromski inclines to see the worst. He is angry at the treatment of the lower by the upper classes, and feels that he does well to be angry. He wrathfully insists on setting before us the squalor, the misery, even the vices of the poor: is it not all the fault of the rich? Zeromski is no socialist, but he is intensely democratic. So too is his style; strong even to brutality, coarse even to slang, reeking of the evil smells of poor men's hovels, jarring as their hoarse voices, unlovely as the sights on which it dwells; withal incisive, picturesque, and somehow artistic. Alphonse Daudet's fable of the bee that, disgusted with blossoming orchards and garden flowers, flew to the dunghill in search of a new kind of honey, has been applied to Zeromski—wrongly, in our opinion; for though his descriptions of suffering and squalid humanity by far outnumber those of beautiful nature, we are convinced that pity and indignation, not

the hankering after novelty, have guided him in his choice. There are many Podsnaps, not in England only, who would fain wave these matters aside; a man who dwells on such horrors must, according to them, have a morbid taint. They, of course—and, curiously enough, several 'Modernists' side with them here—agree to condemn Zeromski's last work as destitute of all merit; others, going to the opposite extreme, have called it a gospel. Between these, the majority of critics pronounce 'The Homeless Race' to be a very extraordinary book.

The plot of this work is simple enough. Dr Judym, a tactless but earnest and devoted man, himself the son of a drunken shoemaker, is well acquainted with misery, and longs to better the conditions of the working classes. His peremptory bluntness sets his brother practitioners in Warsaw against him, deprives him of a good position at a health-resort, and finally leads him, in the conviction that no one can have a double aim in life, to break with the girl whom he loves and who loves him in return. The book has no outward appearance of unity; it is made up of detached episodes whose connexion and sequence are at first sight exasperatingly hard to discover. But a careful study shows us the unity, the genuine though concealed unity of character, design, tone, and contrast. The diction is extremely unequal; now far better than anything previously written by the same pen, and now far worse. It looks as though the book had been dashed off in a 'spell of inspiration,' and published uncorrected. But if 'The Homeless Race' is a work rather of promise than achievement, the promise, at least, is great.

We have purposely reserved Sieroszewski for the conclusion of this paper. One defect common to most Polish authors is exaggerated colouring and spasmodic vehemence of emotion. They seem unable to discriminate between violence and vigour; and, so far, the tendency to Naturalism, which discourages the expression of personal feeling, would be profitable to them, if it did no more than bring them to a just measure of self-restraint. Of the three writers noticed here, Sieroszewski has, in our opinion, most strictly adhered to this principle. In five novels, of which the best are 'Ensnared,' 'On the Skirts of the Forest,' and 'Among the Tchuktchis,' he has calmly jotted down the disappointments of a socialist dreamer

and exile, forced to fight for his life against his 'brethren' the Siberian savages, and plundered and robbed until he realises that property is a sacred thing. He has described the dreary wastes of snow and the unfathomable 'Tundras' so powerfully that the reader is sick at heart with the dreariness which the writer himself apparently does not feel; and he has, without any signs either of disgust or of sympathy, displayed before us the life and customs of those barbarous tribes he knows so well—their days of famine, the loathsome gluttony of their feasts, their shallow cunning, their disregard of the morrow, their noisome sensuality, their fidelity in friendships, their greed, their atrocities, their heroism. Truly, Sieroszewski has turned to good account his scientific notes, taken at immense cost of time and labour. It is a marvel that the accuracy of the ethnographer in no wise interferes with the inspiration of the artist; yet so it is. With him, science merely furnishes art with materials to work upon. We see the luminous hell of the snowy plains, whose surface, frozen into myriads of minute crystals, breaks the sun's glare into a dazzling iris; and those immense expanses which lie buried in frost and twilight for nine months, and during the other three overflow with swarming life and rank vegetation: as through a strong telescope, we see all this. Perhaps of all the writers we have named, Sieroszewski would best repay translation; for, besides the interest of romance, his works have the scientific value of a trained observer's personal experience.

Under the most adverse conditions Polish literature more than holds its own. The national speech may still be treated by official teachers as a foreign language; governments and administrations may do their uttermost to suppress it; it not only refuses to be suppressed, it bursts daily into lustier life. And this notwithstanding the scantiness of the population, amongst whom few can read, and fewer care to read. From a pecuniary point of view, literature is not, and cannot be, in Poland either a leg or a crutch. 'Art for Art's sake,' taken in a somewhat unusual sense, must be, in that country, the motto of nine out of every ten literary men who are known and admired. But, in spite of this drawback—if drawback it be—the tree of national genius has of late borne much excellent fruit.

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## Art. VII.—ANDREA MANTEGNA.

1. *Mantegna, sa vie, son œuvre, &c.* Par Charles Yriarte. Paris: J. Rothschild, 1901.
2. *Andrea Mantegna.* By Paul Kristeller. English edition by S. Arthur Strong. London: Longmans, 1901.
3. *Andrea Mantegna.* By Maud Cruttwell. London: G. Bell and Sons, 1901.
4. *Venetian Painting, chiefly before Titian.* By Bernhard Berenson. London: Vacher and Sons, 1895.
5. *The Study and Criticism of Italian Art.* By Bernhard Berenson. London: G. Bell and Sons, 1901.

THE enthusiasm which has been shown of late years for the study of the art of the fifteenth century has more than one point of resemblance to the attitude adopted by the men of that time towards the study of classical art and archæology. In both cases æsthetic feeling and antiquarian curiosity have been curiously combined. In both cases the ardours of scientific research have been tinged with the emotions aroused by the recovery and interpretation of beauty. In both cases this has produced a certain loss of the sense of proportion, a tendency to magnify beyond its real value whatever belongs to the magic period towards which the investigator bends his gaze; and doubtless many of the questions about the authorship of fifth-rate pictures of the quattrocento will have less permanent value for mankind than the 'settling of Hoti's business,' which occupied the grammarian on his deathbed. Certain it is that for one person who concerns himself seriously with Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican, about which there is little fresh to be discovered, ten will become deeply interested in the question of whether a feeble picture is by Botticini or another.

It is for the same reason that the Hellenists devote themselves, not to Praxiteles, but to the problems of the comparatively rudimentary art of the Mycenaean age. In both cases the problem to be solved attracts the keenest and most adventurous spirits, not merely because it is a problem, but because it is a stimulus and a test of the powers of æsthetic discrimination. The problem acts as a gymnastic for the æsthetic faculties. It is not, in fact, the end to be attained—the complete labelling and sorting



of the works of art—which is valuable and interesting, but the process itself. It is only on the fringe of cultivation, only at the growing point of knowledge, that the attention of many minds is focussed on the objects of inquiry with sufficient intensity to endow them with a vivid reality. This, no doubt, applies especially to the critical and analytical faculties; poetical and creative minds, seizing as they do more readily upon slight hints and vague insinuations, are not so much affected by this convergence of the intellectual activity of their day upon a single point. Yet we can judge from the case of Sir Joshua Reynolds how much momentum in a particular direction is given even to a creator by the current of contemporary interest. No one who has read his Discourses can doubt his æsthetic insight; and yet how little was he able to divert his attention to those works of art which are of all-absorbing interest to the present generation!

In any case the fifteenth century now claims the attention of the most vigorous exponents of æsthetic ideas; and this movement, though long prepared by others, has been, in its present phase, associated very generally with the name of Morelli. He it is who has given to the study the aspect at least of scientific method. It may perhaps be doubted whether his actual results are comparable to those attained by such laborious and indefatigable chroniclers as Crowe and Cavalcaselle; but his influence on the culture of the day is undeniably greater. While they were content to compile long treatises, written in a painfully colourless style, making use of a cumbrous and almost meaningless æsthetic terminology—treatises which are as valuable for consultation as they are unfit for reading—Morelli published notes on the galleries of Rome and Germany, in which he allowed himself digressions covering, in a discursive and readable manner, the whole field of Italian painting. He not only impressed on everything he touched the sentiment of a vigorous and combative personality, whereby he gave to the subject a certain sporting interest which it had lacked before, but—and this is the important point—he endeavoured to explain the principles on which he founded his judgments, and to analyse for the benefit of others the processes of his own perceptions. As opposed to those who had arrived at their judgments by a vague instinctive percep-

tion of likenesses and differences of style conveyed by the general aspect (*total-eindruck*) of the picture, Morelli advocated a close scrutiny of the least significant details of form—those in which the artist's unconscious habits were most likely to reveal themselves. Besides this, he made a vehement attack on the older methods of criticism by documentary evidence, according to which, if the subject of a given picture agreed with one described by Vasari as the work of a certain artist, its authorship was thereby determined out of hand.

Whether it has helped to attain more accurate results or not, the frank acceptance of the internal evidence of the pictures themselves as the supreme test has undoubtedly been of great value to the study of Italian art, by forcing attention to the æsthetic, as opposed to the antiquarian interest. The effect of Morelli's other thesis has been more dubious. In the first place it is, as he states it, essentially a narrow and insufficient view. There is perhaps nothing in which an artist reveals his personality more distinctly than in his placing of the figures within the limits of his panel, and this is one of the most decisive factors in that general impression, the value of which Morelli decries. Besides this, the way in which the artist has approached his theme, the effects of light and shade, of colour and atmosphere, are all of the highest æsthetic moment, are all more or less refractory to scientific analysis and description, and are all apprehended by a sensitive eye in the general impression.

In the second place, Morelli's thesis of characteristic form is liable to serious misapprehension. He called attention to the persistence throughout an artist's work of certain typical forms of ear and hand; he even endeavoured to give rough caricature outlines of these type-forms from various well-known artists. This apparently simple and easily applied test has proved a stumbling-block to many. It has appeared to be a kind of patent reagent which could be applied to pictures by any careful observer, with the happy result that the artist's name would appear writ plain, if not on the label of the frame, at least upon his handiwork. Now the fact is that this test requires so much care in its application that the man who can use it properly is already almost in a position to dispense with it; for these forms vary considerably in

the work of all artists; and what is constant is rather what an artist would call a feeling for form than any particular and easily definable form itself. It is conceivable, no doubt, that some day a mathematical analysis of the curves peculiar to a particular artist might educe a formula to which they habitually conformed; but, in the meanwhile, this so-called scientific analysis and scientific criticism merely means a more careful and searching scrutiny of the qualities of an artist's drawing and modelling, a more constant comparison and collation of his works with those of his nearest imitators or followers. It should be called systematic, rather than scientific criticism. The many serious errors which Morelli made in the attributions of pictures, some of which he himself frankly recognised, and some of which his own scholars have admitted, show that there is no such finality in his methods as an exaggerated estimate of their importance has at times claimed.

Mr Berenson, who may be regarded as Morelli's successor in the power of attracting to a difficult subject, usually found to be somewhat special and abstruse, a great share of general cultured intelligence, was at one time regarded as an ardent Morellian. In the preface to his 'Study and Criticism of Italian Art' he speaks of his earlier essays as 'crassly Morellian'; whereby we may suppose that he has cast off any strict adherence to one party in a dispute which involved no essential principles, and which was forced into undue prominence by the personal issues that originally accompanied it. Morelli's importance was, as we have said, in part due to his personality. He was a free-lance who entered a vigorous and necessary protest against the dogmatism of official authorities, particularly those of the German galleries. Nevertheless we do Mr Berenson no wrong in saying that he has made the work of Morelli, rather than that of any other critic, the starting-point for his investigations. In the preface to the first edition of his book on Lorenzo Lotto, he even expounds what may be called the Morellian method with exaggerated insistence and enthusiasm. He denies to the forms seen as a whole any indication of the permanent artistic temperament, while throughout the book the appeal to details of morphology is constant. In his later work, however, this attitude is sensibly

modified ; and he has come to regard as of greater importance those less definable though equally definite characteristics of composition, of placing, and, in general, of the imaginative approach to his subject which distinguishes each artist.

The recent publications on Mantegna illustrate to some extent the schools of art-criticism which we have been discussing. The late M. Yriarte belonged essentially to the pre-Morellian school ; his work shows no clear perception of the possibilities of intensive criticism. He accepts the most improbable attributions on hearsay or vague tradition. He never approaches close enough to Mantegna's work to feel that between a work by Mantegna and a work that is merely Mantegnesque lies a difference of supreme importance. He makes no serious endeavour to understand the course of Mantegna's development, to estimate the forces of external influence on his art, or to describe the unfolding of his character. He is content to relate the amusing stories to which Mantegna's litigious and curst humour gave rise, and to discuss at length the details of the house which Mantegna built but never lived in. Such an anecdotal view of art-history is not without its interest and charm, but it requires very different gifts, and envisages very different ends, from that of art-criticism proper. M. Yriarte throws no more light on Mantegna's genius than any ordinarily cultivated person would receive from a casual observation of his works.

Herr Kristeller, on the other hand, takes his responsibilities much more seriously. It is evident that he has studied, not only Mantegna's works, but all the documents which relate to the subject, as well as the artist's social and intellectual *milieu*, with extraordinary thoroughness. He has, moreover, aimed at that complete analysis of the influences under which the artist formed his style, and that chronological arrangement of his works, with a view to elucidating every stage of his artistic development, on which Morelli was the first formally to insist. What success has attended this attempt will be the subject of further discussion presently. Still, on the whole, though he enlarges much on the æsthetic side of the question, Dr Kristeller's work is most remarkable for the minuteness of its antiquarian studies and the completeness of

its bibliography. It is almost superfluous to add that Mr Strong's part of the work is admirably done on the whole, though here and there the English of the translation leaves something to be desired.

Miss Cruttwell's short monograph makes no such claims as the last-named work to monumental completeness. The well-known facts of Mantegna's life are narrated, but the main emphasis is laid on the discussion of his artistic qualities; and here, again, the same investigation of the formation of the artist's style and its evolution as shown by the chronological series of his works is attempted. Both in her views and in her treatment she is clearly more influenced by Mr Berenson than by any other writer.

At the very outset of his task, the historian of Mantegna's art is met by a most difficult problem—that of the nature and achievement of the early Paduan school. His imagination is haunted by the mysterious, almost mythical figure of Squarcione as revealed in the pages of Vasari and Scardeone. What is he to make of this master of a hundred and thirty-seven pupils, this classical revivalist who travelled in Greece and brought back classical sculptures which he invited his pupils to study, and who yet appears in contemporary documents as little more than a maker of embroidered vestments? Was he a man of culture and æsthetic insight in advance of his day, capable of originating a new style of art and himself the first to practise it; or was he, after all, little more than a superior tailor and *entrepreneur* of works of decorative design? Mr Berenson, in his essay on Venetian Painting, expresses himself thus:—

‘The part Squarcione himself played in the actual making of the young artists was probably no greater than that played by M. Julian in the Parisian *ateliers* of to-day. It is more than probable that Squarcione, like M. Julian at present, did no more than afford students an opportunity of working together and profiting by the presence, if not the actual instruction, of the great artists employed in the same town. . . . It still remains for some investigator to reconstruct this art-movement, showing just what influences and what personalities went to form it; and I venture to prophesy that the result of such researches will be to prove that, deducting the

Florentine elements, the so-called school of Squarcione was nothing but an embryonic phase of the Venetian school.'

It is this reconstruction that Herr Kristeller attempts and with substantially the results which Mr Berenson predicted. He finds in Squarcione merely a clumsy imitator of Donatello, and denies to the Paduan school any special characteristics, as apart from the Venetian, until the advent of Mantegna gave it at once a beginning and a final achievement which no other member of the school could approach. There is always a temptation to attribute striking results entirely to the volcanic irruption of genius; but the frescoes of the Eremitani Chapel tell rather of a slow process of striving and preparation on the part of many inchoate artists towards an aim of which Mantegna was the first to grasp and realise the complete significance. Nor is Squarcione's Madonna at Berlin to be set aside so peremptorily as Herr Kristeller intimates. Granted that it is Donatellesque, it was still no mean performance for a man born in the fourteenth century to embrace thus intelligently the new conception of structural and characteristic design which Donatello's sculptures revealed; while to translate them into painting, which always tends to lag behind sculpture in respect of these qualities, implies a receptiveness for new ideals and a talent in giving them form which is not to be altogether despised.\* The problem is too intricate to be discussed here at length; but we may say that the frescoes of the Eremitani not only show the impress of a distinct, new, anti-Venetian style, which is clearly to be associated with Squarcione himself, but admit of the probability of Vasari's statement that Niccolò Pizzolo was a highly gifted youth who was advancing *pari passu* with Mantegna towards the realisation of the Mantegnesque development of Squarcione's style. So strong indeed upon Mantegna were the common traditions of the Paduan school, that his relations with Jacopo Bellini, whose daughter he married in 1454, did not avail to modify his Paduan feeling till some years later. It was only at the end

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\* Mr Berenson appears to have changed his attitude and to be inclined to belie his own prophecy, for, in a note to the passage cited above, he adds, 'Squarcione himself now seems to me to have been a painter of some merit. His one authentic picture, the Madonna at Berlin, was painted by a man who, in a way, was a real master.'

of his Paduan period, when the Eremitani frescoes were already completed, that Jacopo's fluent and pictorial style began to moderate, in Mantegna's work, that expression of a passionate reaction against earlier Venetian ideals which characterised the group of young Paduan artists.

The aim of any serious study of an artist's work must always be to present a clear notion, first, of the conditions under which he acquired his personal attitude to life and to external nature—the manner, that is, in which he came to form his style; and, secondly, the changes which that style underwent, as a result partly of a logical advance in the artist's technique—the exhaustion and staleness consequent upon achievement leading always to the reduction of fresh material within the mould of his style—and also as a result of the changed attitude to life itself which time and experience compel. In Mantegna's case the formation of a complete and perfectly assured style was accomplished at a remarkably early age. In the earliest works which we possess by him—the Eremitani frescoes—the style is already there in all its essentials. We find none of those tentative experiments, those uncertain excursions down by-paths, from which the artist must retrace his steps, and which occur in the early work of most painters, for instance, strikingly in the work of his comrade Giovanni Bellini, who accompanied Mantegna for years along his road, only to turn off abruptly when their close intercourse came to an end.

Not only did Mantegna form his style at an unprecedentedly early age, but it was a style so definite, so uncompromising in its limitations, and so completely expressive of his own nature, that succeeding years modified it but little; and probably many admirers of his work are but vaguely conscious of the period to which any particular picture belongs. The consequence is that the chronology of his undated works becomes a matter of considerable difficulty. Of this the books in question here afford an amusing example. Miss Cruttwell ascribes the Poldi Pezzoli and Bergamo Madonnas, and that belonging to Herr Simon of Berlin, to Mantegna's latest years; while Herr Kristeller, who insists with some exaggeration on the diversity of Mantegna's work at different periods, ascribes them with equal confidence and dogmatism to his earliest period; and Mr Berenson would apparently place them

in the same period as the Dresden Madonna. There is perhaps no other Italian artist about whose works such a startling discrepancy of opinion could occur. No two competent critics could, for instance, disagree as to whether a picture by Giovanni Bellini or Titian belonged to an early or a late period, however much they might differ about the exact chronological arrangement of all their works.

Yet upon such a chronological arrangement depend all our ideas of the growth of the artistic personality. In Mantegna's case this arrangement would be particularly easy, were it not for the peculiar uniformity and completeness of his style, for we have an unusual number of fixed points between which to interpolate the undated works. In the Eremitani frescoes, the altarpiece of St Luke in the Brera, and the St Euphemia at Naples, we have the fullest exposition of his early Paduan style, both in fresco and tempera. In the San Zeno altarpiece, and the Agony in the Garden of the National Gallery, both completed in 1459, we see the last phase of his Paduan period. The triptych in the Uffizi was almost certainly the first work executed for the Gonzagas, and therefore gives us the transition to his Mantuan period. Then, after a gap to which belonged, no doubt, certain decorative undertakings (which have perished) in the villas of the Gonzagas, come the frescoes of the Camera degli Sposi, finished, as the dedicatory inscription declares, in 1474. The Triumph of Cæsar occupied him from 1484 till about 1492. To the years 1496 and 1497 belong the Madonna of Victory and the Trivulzio altarpiece. About the end of the century he must have executed the Allegories of the Louvre, while to his last years belong Baron Franchetti's St Sebastian and the Scipio of the National Gallery.

We shall obtain a more complete notion of Mantegna's development when we can bring in the evidence of the undated works. Meanwhile, we may note in passing a gradual change in Mantegna's attitude to nature. Beginning with the keenly observed and sharply individualised traits of the Eremitani frescoes, passing to the broader vision and suaver movement of the frescoes in the Castello, he arrives finally at the heroic and generalised types of the later altarpieces. We note, that is, that Mantegna's



sense of abstract beauty grows at the expense of individualised characteristic form.

If we turn from this aspect of the dated works to consider the sentiment which inspires them, we find a similar progression from the intensely dramatic scenes of the Eremitani frescoes, and the almost strained intentness of feeling in the Uffizi triptych, to a conception of heroic grandeur and a mood of ceremonial aloofness and exaltation. Mantegna's pictures become pageants, as in the Triumphs, or divine manifestations, as in the Trivulzio Madonna. The same desire to raise his visions to a higher sphere than that of ordinary life manifests itself, it is true, already in the Eremitani frescoes, in the peculiar use that he there makes of perspective; but its complete realisation is only attained, and that by subtler means, in such works as the two Madonnas of the Trivulzio collection and the Louvre. This change of imaginative attitude may be described in short as a change from a dramatic to an epic presentment. As in his feeling for form, the later stage implies a greater aloofness, a more consciously willed abstraction from actual life.

Mantegna's treatment of the infant Christ illustrates this change of attitude. In the San Zeno altarpiece and the Uffizi triptych the Madonna is the predominating figure, the Christ being either weakly idealised or quite realistic. In the later pictures of this class, the Christ becomes the centre of interest; his pose is almost rhetorically grandiose in the Madonna della Vittoria, while in the Trivulzio picture he has a supernatural dignity and the solemnity belonging to his unearthly wisdom.

It is necessary to consider the dated works also from the point of view of technique; but, if we confine ourselves to technique in its most limited sense, we have little to help us to a criterion, for Mantegna's technical methods changed less than that of any other great Italian master. While Bellini, who started at the same point, was continually experimenting with new methods, first of tempera and then of oil, with a view to finding continually fresh possibilities of beautiful expression in his *media*, Mantegna never diverged from the methods of tempera-painting which he had acquired in his youth at Padua. These, it is true, he gradually perfected to the utmost, modulating the harshness of his earlier tone-con-

trasts to an even and beautiful tonality.\* He perfected, but he did not materially alter his methods, for the simple reason that he never altered his way of looking at objects and of conceiving their mode of presentment in a picture. The changes we have noted have been changes in his notions of things themselves, changes in his ideal types and the movement of his figures, not changes in their appearance or surface-quality or their interrelations in a luminous atmosphere. To the last he conceived every person and every object in his composition as a separate entity bounded by an absolutely determinate contour, and related only with others by the space-relations implied by perspective and consistent illumination. No notion of the subordination of one part to another by concentrated illumination or by atmospheric envelopment and aerial perspective was ever fully accepted by him; and in this sense he remained reactionary to the movement of the early cinquecento, till his death a devoted and unflinching quattrocentist. Therefore for him tempera, and the peculiarly dry use of tempera which the Paduan school inculcated, was the most perfect means of expression; and even Isabella d'Este, whose preference for the greater softness of oil-painting was strongly expressed, had to be content with tempera pictures from her court painter.

There is, however, one point in his technique which has been supposed to give an indication of the date of his works. It is noticeable that almost all the later dated works are on canvas, while the majority of the early works are on wood. Morelli, indeed, went so far as to say that this differentiated his early and late works; but this he did by denying the authenticity and date of the St Euphemia at Naples, which is dated 1454, and is on canvas. No recent critic of importance has followed Morelli in this, one of his least felicitous judgments; and, indeed, the St Euphemia, damaged though it is, is one of Mantegna's noblest conceptions. Moreover, the use of canvas for tempera pictures, though usual only for large wall-decorations, was constant before Mantegna's time,

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\* Compare, for instance, the treatment of the dark-haired Gonzaga in the Madonna of Victory with the sharp contrast of hair and flesh in the saints of the San Zeno altarpiece.

especially in Venice; so that all we can safely affirm is that the use of canvas slightly increases the probability of the work being late.

We are now in a position to date approximately a considerable number of the remaining works of Mantegna. We may dismiss the Berlin Madonna and Child, which Herr Kristeller regards as one of his earliest works. Only German critics, aided by their patriotism, have been enabled to see in this a genuine work of the master; both Morelli and Mr Berenson point out its connexion with the Muranese school and Bartolommeo Vivarini. It has no better claims to authenticity than the so-called Giovanni Bellini Madonna at Berlin, which Herr. Kristeller calls upon to enforce his view.

Perhaps the earliest undated work is the Adoration of the Shepherds, belonging to Mr Boughton-Knight of Downton Castle, Herefordshire (reproduced by Yriarte), which Herr Kristeller strangely refuses to accept. Here the characteristics of Mantegna's early style are fully exemplified. It was Mantegna's unique gift to unite an almost sordid realism, such as even the Flemings scarcely surpassed in its unflinching acceptance of the characteristic facts of life—to unite this with an exalted solemnity of mood such as few even of the Italians attained. But it was in his earlier work that this realistic feeling was most intense; in his later works the demands of style imposed themselves more completely. In the Downton Castle picture nothing but the intensity of the dramatic expression could harmonise the harsh and uncompromising forms of the shepherds with the sublime and lonely dignity of the kneeling Madonna. Not only in sentiment, but in all the details of form, the picture belongs to the end of Mantegna's Paduan period. It must be almost contemporaneous with the Agony in the Garden of the National Gallery, and, like that picture, shows the influence of Jacopo Bellini, which was paramount just at this epoch of Mantegna's development.\*

To the early Mantuan period, closely connected, in its treatment of the figure, the imposing architectural setting, and the Bellinesque landscape, with the triptych

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\* To the year 1450 may be attributed, both on internal and external evidence, the portrait of Cardinal Scarampo at Berlin.

of the Uffizi, belongs the St Sebastian at Vienna. Here, for once, all the critics are agreed. The St George of the Venice Academy is usually associated with it, though its more fused technique and the easy modelling and elegance of the hands incline us to suggest a slightly later date. Yet another work must belong to the early Mantuan period, the strangely poetical Death of the Virgin, at Madrid. About the picture itself, with its hesitating technique, critics have differed widely, the general tendency being now to allow its genuineness; but, in any case, the conception of the scene, with the poetically appropriate motive of the view over the calm Mantuan lake, is such as only Mantegna could have originated.

During the interval between these pictures of the early Mantuan period and the frescoes of the Camera degli Sposi, Mantegna's style was sensibly modified; the intensity of his earlier sentiment tended to be relaxed; the strained and uncompromising delimitation of form, the dogmatic and defiant accentuation of characteristic structure, both in heads and still more in draperies, gave place gradually to a new suavity of line, a new feeling for pure beauty. The absence of any dated work between the triptych of the Uffizi and the frescoes of the Camera degli Sposi makes it difficult to illustrate this transition with certainty. We should be inclined to find in the St George of the Venice Academy the first step towards this more graceful and genial manner, while the Madonna of the Quarries in the Uffizi would belong to a slightly more advanced stage. The drapery here is of a kind that cannot exactly be matched in any other of Mantegna's works; it is still rather obviously tucked round the forms, but without the angularity of the early works, and it is made of a softer and more pliable material.\* The drawing of the child already approximates to the *putti* of the Camera degli Sposi, but is decidedly more archaic.

The landscape here is very significant, supplying as it does the link between Mantegna's earlier and later treatment. The distant hill, with its roadway deeply cut in limestone rock, is very near to the St George, and retains

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\* This work, however, may be closely associated in every way with the engraving of the Madonna and Child (B. 8) in the British Museum.

some of the characteristics of still earlier backgrounds, as in the *Martyrdom of St James* (*Eremitani*) and the *Louvre Crucifixion*; but we have here for the first time that fissured and radiating volcanic formation which he affected so much in his later works, and which is seen in its most developed form in the *Virtues and Vices of Isabella d'Este's studio*. A similar landscape occurs in the background of the fresco of the *Meeting of Ludovico and the Cardinal Francesco Gonzaga*, but it is more 'accidental,' less architecturally planned, and less reminiscent in its details of his earliest backgrounds than the left-hand portion of the *Madonna of the Quarries*; in another part of the *Camera degli Sposi* we see a freer and more fantastic adaptation of the igneous formation which he studied so minutely and literally in the *Uffizi picture*.\* Once again a similar landscape occurs with the same quarry, with workmen shaping columns from the blocks of stone, namely, in the *Pietà at Copenhagen*. The treatment is, however, very different; and the evidence of the crumpled drapery and the forced dramatic sentiment entirely prevent our following Miss Cruttwell in associating this picture in point of date with the *Madonna of the Quarries*. Herr Kristeller seems to be justified in grouping it with the late *St Sebastian* belonging to Baron Franchetti. After the completion of the frescoes of the *Camera* we may place the *St Sebastian*, which found its way to Aigueperse (where it still is) in 1480,† when Clara Gonzaga was married to Gilbert de Bourbon.

The great work of the ninth decade was the series of cartoons illustrating the *Triumph of Cæsar*, now at Hampton Court. With all his attention bent upon attaining the

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\* Herr Kristeller points out the interesting fact that just such masses of igneous rock superposed on rocks of water-formation occur between Vicenza and Verona. The extreme care and realism of the rock drawing in the *Uffizi picture*, which almost disturbs the balance of the composition, enforces the idea of its being the first study of such a phenomenon. Vasari's dating of this work 1488 need not be taken into serious account.

† Herr Kristeller rejects this date on internal evidence, and actually places it before the *St Sebastian* of Vienna. This is not the least surprising of his conclusions, for the picture shows in every way an advance to the broader delineation of the seventies, while the landscape, with its overhanging masses of igneous rock, shows a further development of the backgrounds to the frescoes of the *Camera degli Sposi*, and has no striking reminiscences of the forms adopted in the earlier period, and seen for the last time, in the *Madonna of the Quarries*.

completest expressiveness within the narrower limits of this decorative scheme, there seems to have come a reaction against the increasingly pictorial treatment seen in the preceding works. The leanings towards atmospheric envelopment traceable in the St George and the Madonna of the Quarries were checked. The Adoration of the Magi, belonging to Louisa Lady Ashburton, illustrates this new tendency. The severity with which the convention thus adopted is adhered to has led Herr Kristeller to give to this work a date (1454) much earlier than the advanced technique, the subdued and subtle transitions of tone, and the ease of the modelling will permit. A comparison with the St Euphemia of that year, with its rigid demarcation of the planes and its want of modulation, should make such a chronology impossible. Besides this, we already have in the St Joseph a type which occurs more than once in the work of the nineties. A characteristic of this picture is its compressed composition, the heads crowded together round the infant Christ as though drawn by irresistible attraction—a treatment to which the picture owes much of its effect of mystical significance. Mantegna never again, except in the Parnassus, departed altogether from this treatment; he never returned entirely to the pictorial conception of the Madonna of the Quarries. Another work in which the same *serre* composition is seen is the Presentation in the Temple, at Berlin, which belongs probably to the same phase of his development. One of Morelli's most inexplicable lapses was the repudiation of this picture in favour of the emasculate and flattering copy in the Querini Stampalia.\*

We now come to a series of pictures which can be grouped around the two dated pictures of the nineties, the Madonna of Victory and the Trivulzio altarpiece. These are Mr Mond's Hortus Conclusus, the Dresden Holy Family, the Madonnas of the Brera, Verona, and Turin galleries (the last two doubtful and damaged), and the Madonna of the National Gallery. Mr Mond's picture is connected on the one hand with the Dresden Holy Family,

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\* Miss Cruttwell, who follows him in this, actually finds the composition of this work, in which the whole significance of the idea is evaporated, superior to that of the Berlin picture.

particularly in the close similarity of the infant St John in both pictures; while the Virgin is of the same type as those of the Madonna della Vittoria and of the National Gallery. In sentiment, however, Mr Mond's picture comes much closer to Lady Ashburton's Adoration. It has to a supreme degree that tendency to mysticism which characterises the work of this period, and which critics have strangely overlooked. They have enlarged on Mantegna's realism and on his classicism, they have made him out to be now Christian and now pagan, but they have failed to realise that Mantegna, who is so often accused of a merely cold formality and merely decorative splendour, had indeed one of those rare intelligences which, without losing the utmost clearness and precision in their mode of expression, could yet pass, not only beyond the appearances of actual forms to their emotional life—which is the realm of dramatic art—not only beyond the human to the superhuman—the sphere of most religious art—but to that stage where even the divine becomes rather the incarnation of an idea than a superhuman personality. Mantegna's mysticism is like Dante's in the clearness and objectivity of the forms in which abstract and metaphysical conceptions are realised. In Mr Mond's picture the mystical intention is already hinted at in the choice of the subject—the Hortus Conclusus of the Canticum Canticorum—but in the treatment this becomes more evident. There is here no longer any human passion, not even that of maternity; the Christ-child is more evidently than elsewhere in Italian art the Word made flesh.

In the remaining pictures of the group that we are considering the mystical idea is no longer so prominent, though to some extent it is still perceived in the Madonna and Child of the Trivulzio altarpiece. But though, in all these pictures, the Christ-child is the predominant figure, the intention seems rather to be simply to emphasise his divine power; the mood is heroic rather than transcendental. This group is followed by the Allegories of the Louvre, which must have been done about the year 1500; while to Mantegna's latest years belong the St Sebastian of Baron Franchetti, the Man of Sorrows at Copenhagen, and the Triumph of Scipio. From these works we must infer a recrudescence, in his last years, of the dramatic fervour of expression of his youth; but it is a somewhat

calculated and forced vehemence, bordering, in the St Sebastian, on rhetorical exaggeration, and is clearly to be distinguished from the spontaneous passion of his early works. One other work, the Dead Christ of the Brera, was also found in the artist's studio at his death, and has therefore been usually accepted as a work of his last years. Herr Kristeller, however, considers it to have been made as a study to help in the foreshortened drawing of the *putti* who stand round the dome of the Camera degli Sposi. Such a fantastic notion implies too great an ignorance of artists' methods to be taken seriously, not to mention that in the Dead Christ the effect of gravity is rendered as acting on a horizontal and not on an upright body. Nevertheless, considerations of style in the treatment of drapery point, as Messrs Crowe and Cavalcaselle urged, to an earlier period.\*

There still remain a few pictures which present great difficulties, and as to the dates of which critics have differed by the whole period of Mantegna's activity. These are the three pictures in which the Madonna is represented alone with the child—that belonging to Herr Simon of Berlin and those of the Bergamo and Poldi Pezzoli galleries. Herr Kristeller groups them together at the very beginning of Mantegna's career; Morelli, guided (one may guess) by his fallacious theory of technique—for they are all on canvas—gave at any rate to the Bergamo picture the date 1491. There is, however, no sufficient reason for thus grouping the three pictures together. The Simon Madonna comes very near to the St Euphemia at Naples, particularly in the inexperienced simplification of the forms of the eye orbits, and is therefore an early work. The Bergamo Madonna is clearly a maturer production, and, from the extraordinary perfection of the linear design and the subtly modelled and subdued tonality, may well belong to the zenith of Mantegna's power, i.e. to the period of the Triumph of Caesar. To this period we have already ascribed Lady Ashburton's Adoration, with the technique and sentiment of which this picture is closely akin. It has the same almost

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\* A further ground for rejecting the late date is to be found in the drawing from the same model in the British Museum, the style of which is clearly not of the last years of the artist's life.



oppressive intensity of mood: the figures weighted by the mystical significance which they express. All the accidental and homely touches of Mantegna's earlier naturalistic period have been sublimated by the growing feeling for an abstract and highly intellectualised style. Together with the Adoration and the Hortus Conclusus, it must be taken as marking the climax of Mantegna's art, at least so far as the depth and intensity of the imaginative idea is concerned. In the Poldi Pezzoli Madonna the conflict between the sentiment, almost Bellinesque in its tenderness and charm, with the forms of the drapery and the modelling of the foreshortened hand, makes the problem still more difficult; but the facts that the Madonna is clearly of the same type as the Trivulzio Madonna, and that the drapery is similar in design, incline one to give it a late date.

In face of the confident and strangely conflicting statements of the various writers on the chronology of Mantegna's works, the critic need not fear to admit the hypothetical and tentative nature of his results. But if some such arrangement as has been suggested be allowed, the main outlines of development emerge clearly.

First, in the Eremitani frescoes, we have a dramatic and realistic phase expressed in forms of uncompromising severity and with unmodulated contrasts of tone. This essentially Squarcionesque phase is subsequently modified by the influence of Jacopo Bellini's elegant and fanciful genius, and this influence reaches its height in the Agony in the Garden and the Uffizi triptych. This, however, must be understood as affecting only the composition and the general idea of Mantegna's pictures, and not the actual feeling for form which they display.

During the early Mantuan period, though Bellini's personal influence is removed, Mantegna continues to emphasise the pictorial, as opposed to the sculpturesque element of his art, while the poignant feeling of his earlier works tends to relax into the easier and more impersonal tone of such works as the St George and the frescoes of the Camera degli Sposi. In the latter, pictorial qualities are pushed to their furthest limits, for, in spite of their decorative nature, he succeeded in giving an illusion of actual space, such as had not been previously accomplished. This complete achievement of pictorial illusion may not

unnaturally have given him a distaste for such a line of endeavour. His severe and strenuous spirit found that its completest satisfaction lay in the direction of a more abstract and intellectual mode of expression ; thereupon follows a period when he reduces painting almost to the limits of a coloured bas-relief. It is the period of his purest design and of his most searching imaginative power.

This phase gradually passes into one in which fuller relief and greater pictorial charm are once more attained, though the strict conventions and the symmetrical rigour of the composition are not relaxed. The sentiment, however, loses in intensity, the atmosphere becomes freer and more genial, less charged with a sense of momentous import, until in the Parnassus, under the compulsion of Isabella d'Este's predilections, Mantegna endeavours to bend to the lighter measures of a lyric conceit, and yet, for all the astonishing beauties of the picture, not quite successfully. Once again, at the very end of his life, he turns to terrible and tragic subjects, but this time without either the human passion of his early years or the mystical intensity of his middle period.

No artist of the fifteenth century leaves upon the mind a deeper, more incisive impress than Mantegna. To find his parallel in this particular quality, we must go outside Italy to Albert Dürer. No artist attacks our feelings more pertinaciously, stirs our imagination out of its habitual attitude more irresistibly, or compels us to accept so entirely the intense reality of fresh images.

Whatever value for æsthetics Burke's theory of the sublime and beautiful may possess, it undoubtedly corresponds to two distinct types of artistic temperaments ; and, however inadequate his explanation of the greater intensity of feeling aroused by sublimity as compared with that due to what he classifies as the beautiful, the fact remains that those artists whose appeal to the imagination acts by arousing associated ideas of terror and awe, do exert upon us a stronger and more ineffaceable impression than those whose approach is by way of seduction and charm. Such masters of the sublime are rare, even in great periods of art. Castagno, Pollajuolo, and Signorelli complete the list of quattrocentists in Tuscany and Umbria ; Mantegna and Ercole Roberti in North Italy ; and, of these, Mantegna attains to the

completest self-expression. It is not that the subjects he undertook to interpret lent themselves in a specially high degree to such emotions of danger and pain; it is rather in his mode of depicting even the most trifling accessory that he has power to impose upon us a sense of the arduous, unyielding facts, the ineluctable forces of life. The lowering skies of the Eremitani frescoes cut by the sharp lights of foliage which seem cast in bronze, the awful exaltation which his peculiar use of perspective gives to his figures, the beetling cornices of his towering arcades, the hardness of his bare landscape of iron-bound rocks which rise up and shut in the view like distant prison walls, the immutable precision of his line and the strange and disquieting quality of his colour—all these are features which are constant in his work, and all attune the mind to a mood of strenuous resistance and stoical self-reliance.

But when, as in the drawings and etchings, and a few of his pictures, no external conditions were set to his invention, his mind turned instinctively to events and scenes where pain and awe predominate. In *Judith*, his favourite subject, the horror of the deed is heightened by the sensitiveness of the heroine. In the *Deposition*, the *Entombment*, and, above all, the *Christ at the gate of Limbo*, a supernatural awfulness is the prevailing sentiment. Even when he was called to decorate *Isabella d'Este's boudoir*, where dainty grace and idyllic ease were to be the motives, he falls back, in the *Virtues and Vices*, to an almost Dantesque mood. The *Calumny of Apelles* is conceived by him with a real sense of the horror and cruelty of injustice, which is entirely wanting in Botticelli's fragile conceit. Botticelli and Mantegna are both so central in their position as regards two opposite tendencies of quattrocentist art, that a comparison inevitably rises to the mind, and one speculates on the capricious inclination which led Botticelli to spend his later years in illustrating Dante's '*Inferno*,' while Mantegna tried to satisfy the rococo leanings of *Isabella d'Este's taste*—Mantegna, whose landscapes are more Dantesque than Dante's own, whose vision of *Inferno*, if only a kind fate had led him to attempt it, would have been more incisive, more cruelly defined, more unchangeable than Dante's, in proportion as his power of realising external forms was more constantly trained.

## Art. VIII.—SOLITUDE AND GENIUS.

1. *Some Fruits of Solitude*. By William Penn. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. London: Freemantle, 1900.
2. *Obermann*. By De Sénancour. Avec une Préface par George Sand. New edition. Paris: Charpentier, 1901.
3. *The Genius of Solitude*. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1867.
4. *Advantages and Disadvantages of Solitude*. By J. G. Zimmermann. London: Suttaby, 1808.
5. *Walden*. By Henry David Thoreau. With an Introductory Note by Will. H. Dircks. London: Walter Scott, 1886.

THE genius of solitude has found many exponents, but few satisfactory interpreters. In its objective form, solitude is readily discernible: it is when viewed subjectively that its analysis betrays difficulties. This is largely due to the fact that the two words loneliness and lonesomeness have, in common parlance, been treated as its synonyms. A lonely life connotes segregation enforced by external circumstances, and coincident with a desire for society. Lonesomeness imports the idea of terror—the existence of those who are alone, and who cannot find in themselves what Zimmermann calls ‘an antidote against dismay.’ The essence of solitude, on the other hand, lies in deliberate choice—if that can be called choice which is due to the predominant influence of the tutelar divinity born with every child.

‘An artist,’ says Ruskin, ‘should be fit for the best society, and should keep out of it’; and this may truthfully be averred of the born solitary. Many a hermit differs only in name from an outlaw. An imperious temper like that of Carlyle creates a solitude. Between such a disposition and the man of a detached life there is no analogy. In the world, but not of it, he takes not unfrequently his full share of its busy life. Milton and Bacon were shrewd men of the world, apt in affairs. But each was leading two lives—the one artificial, the other real. It was the true voice that said: ‘Little do men perceive what solitude is or how far it extendeth, for a crowd is not company.’ Nor would the casual observer

have seen the truth in Wordsworth's apostrophe to Milton :—

'Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.'

Unrestrained, physical solitude is, indeed, a state difficult of attainment. Of the authors cited above, only Thoreau enjoyed it, though all were deeply imbued with the solitary instinct, and capable of its analysis. The solitary spirit is often recognised by itself alone, and passes unnoticed through the throng of life. That 'man is gregarious,' and, therefore, solitude unnatural, satisfies those only who speak without limitations. The 'sociable' man feels the animal craving for physical company so strongly that he disregards its quality. The solitary man, more fastidious and self-sufficing, prefers no companion to an uncongenial one. The poet of the one is Cowper :—

'O Solitude, where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?'

Of the other, Wordsworth :—

'Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace  
Hath led me to this lonely place.'

Individuality is the true dividing line between the minority and the mass of mankind. Lowell merely enunciates a platitude when he says: 'Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality.' That characteristics divergent from the type tend towards solitude is obvious. Every original mind comes into the world antagonistic, by the law of its creation, to regulations which others accept because they find them in existence. Hence comes isolation. Nor can we fairly protest against the law. Mediocrity is the rule, originality the exception. The one finds a crowd of sympathisers, ever ready to give their own or take another's time: the other may search long, and sometimes fruitlessly, for that measure of congeniality which alone suffices. 'Conventionality is the unavoidable expression of social averages.' The revolt of any given mind against the world's bye-laws will be in proportion to its divergence from the average. Originality is slowly apprehended. It gains at times a faint admiration, but more often dislike born of the vague fear with which the inexplicable is

viewed. So sage and kindly criticism of Mr. Emerson recognised the existence of this sentiment in quoting Pope's lines:—

'Truths would you teach or save a sinking land;  
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.'

'Solitude is the home of the strong'; and self-sufficingness must be their armour. For it needs a fortitude beyond the average to relinquish that feeling of safety which is inherent in gregarious life. Indolent acquiescence is easy, for no danger can lurk in ethics and beliefs which lie ready to hand, consecrated by usage and tradition. The original mind acts from spontaneity, society from habit, seeking ever to economise that expenditure of force which is necessitated by individual impulse. Hence the desire to rid itself of an incalculable and disturbing factor.

Yet it remains true that the world's best work is that which bears the hall-mark of individuality. Not by continuous repression and perversion of inborn characteristics will true progress be attained. It is probable that Emerson won more converts to the better life by his solitary gleaning in the field than if he had kept his orthodoxy and his pulpit; nor would the fiery zeal of men like Huxley have been goaded into anger if they had met with the fair treatment they gave and asked for. The mind craves variety, and nature supplies it. The two foes of human happiness, says Schopenhauer, are pain and boredom. If boredom be in fact the world's bane, it is strange that society should seek to eliminate that element of individuality which is its surest corrective.

Between the genius of solitude and the solitude of genius there is, of course, an intimate relation. Schopenhauer draws attention to the fact when he describes a genius as one whose centre of gravity lies in himself. The solitude of genius is, in effect, the inevitable outcome of its enforced submission to the unwritten laws of the genius of solitude. Yet the record of the solitary bears melancholy testimony to the disabilities under which they have lived. In his 'Dialogue between Nature and a Soul' Leopardi makes the soul refuse the offer of the highest gifts of genius, on account of the inevitable suffering connected with them. Lavater adds his weighty testimony. 'Enquire after the sufferings of great men and you will

learn why they are great.' Goethe had learned the lesson well :—

' Who never ate his bread with tears,  
Nor through the sorrow-laden hours  
Sat nightly face to face with fears,  
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.'

Yet how many of the martyrs in the ages which separate Socrates from Raleigh would exchange their place in the world's record for that of their judges? 'Am I a bitter gourd?' asks Confucius. It is alike with all—poets, painters, musicians, astronomers, men of science, and divines. The world took their work at its own valuation and repaid them with neglect and contumely. It was not they who repulsed the world: too often they evinced a yearning after sympathy which seems excessive. Robertson knew the meaning of his own words when he spoke of facing 'the keenest winds that blow over all lonely places.' 'I am alone,' he writes, 'sympathised with by none because I sympathise too much with all.'<sup>\*</sup> Shelley was never weaned from his love of mankind. He could write:

' There is no sport in hate where all the rage  
Is on one side.'

Yet he learned to take refuge in the 'Spirit of Solitude.' Some have playfully disarmed their detractors, as when Channing spoke of the harsh sounds of earth being unable to ascend to the upper air in which 'we visionaries' float; and some, like Dante, stood four-square against the world. But few, if any, can be cited whose lives were not embittered by ostracism. If, however, by a natural law, individuality—passing in its higher development into genius—inhabits the realms of solitude, various artificial causes contribute their quota. Among the circumstances which arrest the stream of life and turn it into a new channel, the most common are a sudden call to the religious life or an overwhelming grief. The deepest religious feeling has ever been the most lonely. Those who have had the capability of approaching nearest to the 'Great Alone' have had strength to bear the ordeal; but to those whose

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<sup>\*</sup> F. W. Robertson: 'Life and Letters,' pp. 101, 284.

emotions are superficial, the sense of awe and helplessness is terrifying, and they instinctively seek relief in the company of their fellows. Hence it comes that religion has been designated 'social,' though the word is applicable only to religious exercises. St Augustine, in the chamber of his friend Alypius, says: 'I was alone even in his presence.' And this has been the habitual experience. Marcus Aurelius knew it—that exemplar of all saints who had the world and its delights at his feet, but lived in self-denying holiness, with no support but his own lonely heart. So, too, some of the best of the pontiffs, such as Adrian and Hildebrand, groaning under the burden of trivial routine, longed for the peace which they never found. The call of Buddha at once suggests itself.

The monks who peopled the desert in the early days of the Christian Church yielded rather to a wave of popular enthusiasm than to individual conviction; nor has religious fervour been necessarily the compelling force with their imitators. Mixed motives have actuated them, some tearing themselves from life as from a dangerous companion, others leaving it with cheerful alacrity. Far better, however, would it have been if the special virtue and sanctity of retirement had never been preached. The fact that its inculcation should be deemed necessary belies its sincerity. With what a bound of relief the heart goes out to Emerson, Thoreau, and some others—free from every restraint save their inward compulsion. The world would be benefited if its captives were set free and its natural recluses permitted to follow their vocation exempt from persecution. Strange paradox that retirement should be both inculcated and reprehended—judged right when it is the outcome of man's tyrannous interference, wrong when it is the product of individual instincts. 'Retreat and meditation' are linked as a phrase; but meditation, like retreat, is a gift. The worldly can no more reap the harvest of retirement than he can acquire the power of meditation. St Simeon Stylites on his column was an object of interest to himself, but little else than an idle show to the multitude; and there the benefit of his self-imposed martyrdom ceased.

It would be a sad page to fill with instances to prove that grief has its recluses. The deeper springs of life have ever flowed the same; and many a little love-token comes



to us across the ages to show that the ancients, as well as we, knew the meaning of the word 'alone.' Cicero might have had the outspoken sympathy of a troop of friends; but he left them for his quiet retreat in the little island of Astura that he might mourn in privacy the loss of his beloved daughter. It is of little use, however, to linger over this branch of the subject. It deals with lives not led in conformity with, but warped from, their original bent. It cannot be too emphatically asserted that the aspects of solitude cannot be studied with any advantage in its diseased and distorted forms. The loneliness of such types as Werther or Byron has in truth little to recommend it either to itself or others. When a freak of fashion elevates it into a cult, it becomes a mischievous affectation. Solitude is 'a birth-gift; and only when external circumstances and internal force of character procure its realisation can its genuine fruit be produced.

To say that there can be no peace in solitude if self-consciousness be its companion is true. But it is equally true of every other condition of life. None but the least critical will conclude that the life of the solitary is one of listless reverie: the converse is nearer the truth. Thrift, not wastefulness, of time is his aim. Wrapt in some absorbing occupation or ideal, he is deaf to the voices of the world. The last sentence of his book left Gibbon bereaved of a friend. Michael Angelo lived among the creations of his brain, heedless of the feet which passed his studio. Musicians have been known to compose as they walked the streets. The silent toiler may hear little of the world's approval, but he does not therefore fail of his reward. What thrill of delight could be more intense than that described by Keats?—

‘Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken.’

Such purposeful recluses, when diverging into society, will not be found its least agreeable members. They may not be versed in the trivial topics which are the counters of ordinary talk, for these are picked up at the *trivium*, or three cross-roads—a spot such persons rarely frequent. But if there is a certain unworldliness in their tone, it is at least a variety. Theirs is the philosophic view of life,

and therefore the one which grants a large tolerance. In his 'Counsels and Maxims,' Schopenhauer says :—

'Take a little of your solitude with you when you visit men. Self-detached, view them in a pure objective light, with a noble freedom from prejudice.'

The power of speech is not lost by disuse. The solitary may be a listener by taste, yet he will often prove the most communicative of comrades. There is in him, as it were, a certain fulness which seeks an outlet.

So much for the solitary as an acquaintance. Would anyone doubt what he is as a friend? His friendships may seem to be due to intuition; but if so, they are endorsed by reason. 'Wer sucht ein Freund ist ihn zu finden werth.' It is the attraction of congenial disposition; and that which is constitutionally congenial can never cease to be so. Where that is lacking, the assumption of congeniality (in anything but outward form) is doomed to failure. 'One man,' says Schopenhauer, 'can be to another only so much as the other is to him.' The solitary is the true friend. In times of need, to whom do men turn? Who is the repository of so many unsought secrets? Who, pausing reluctantly upon the threshold, is compelled so often to enter chambers which are locked against the world? When a friend of the Persian poet Saadi was raised to office, his acquaintances hurried to congratulate him. But Saadi absented himself, saying: 'I shall go to see him when his office expires, sure then to go alone.'

'Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and you weep alone.'

Cicero, writing to Atticus, says that, except the dear friend he is addressing, he loves nothing so well as solitude. It was La Bruyère's thought which dictated Cowper's lines, in 'Retirement':

'How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!  
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,  
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.'

After all, who can altogether escape solitude? 'There is more loneliness in life than there is communion.' Association is often apparent rather than real. As Emerson remarks, 'The remoter stars seem a nebula of united light; yet there is no group which a telescope will not resolve.'

To infer that solitude is the ultimate ideal of man is to assume what reason and experience alike refute. The human heart yearns for society, not solitude; yet there are souls born as surely for solitude as they are for death. The world raises statues to its benefactors, but not in their life-time. 'Which of the prophets have ye not persecuted?' We still await the answer. Of all the mysteries before which the human soul stands mute, this is the most impenetrable. In every generous heart a feeling of resentment tinges the sorrow with which it muses over this riddle. Must the scheme of vicarious redemption be for ever re-enacted? That the highest should suffer most is intelligible. The more acute the sensibility, the greater the capacity for seeing before and after, the oftener will tears interrupt the laughter. It is the delicately tuned ear which catches the undertone of suffering, which most appreciates, and therefore must bear the heaviest load of *Weltschmerz*. It might have been supposed that the world would gladly have offered balm to such sorrow; but this has not been its practice. We pass by the glib excuse that genius has condemned itself to isolation by its intellectual arrogance. Listen to the overwhelming, the well-nigh universal testimony of the accused. It is not for segregation they ask, but for communion with their species—the boon of equal friendship. Everything that they can give they freely offer: everything that can be laid aside they abandon. Will the world never forgive the one sin—that they are unlike their fellows?

It is of the nature of things that genius should be paradoxical. It may see the same truth which others see, but it is in a different light. It strips truth of its superincumbent garniture, till the naked reality shocks its votaries. Hence comes the charge of infidelity. Infidelity to what? Certainly not to truth. The life of genius is regarded as one of selfish abstraction from the world's interests. It is, however, not only given to the world, but laid down in its service.

'The better life, the better life!  
Not far away in Paradise,  
But here, before our very eyes,  
Amid the strife.'

These words have an inner meaning for solitary souls. Their thoughts are not turned consciously to immortality, nor will they admit that there is no strife but that of the market-place. They know that the sternest conflict is that which is fought with no eye to see or voice to applaud. To them the immortality of this world and the next are more akin than they are to others. Their name may become a synonym of their work—whether it be a book or a thermometer. But these are the dreams which come to cheer them. Their purpose is their life; and whether they receive the crown of martyrdom or not, it is dedicated to the cause of humanity.


Instead of reprehending what is termed their haughty isolation, might not the world more profitably seek out its meaning and reconsider its own attitude? Must genius bear the blame, if at times it is stung into invective by injustice? The tenderest nature which strives to ignore the gulf that separates it from its fellows is compelled to confess it. Henceforth an indignant isolation takes the place of that which was a natural and inevitable condition. Weber gave way to a fit of contemptuous despair when Beethoven's 'Fidelio' was received with indifference. He complained that the audience could not understand the greatest music, and that the music-hall would suit them better. He should have known this. Genius has ever been at its best when it has been deaf to contemporary applause. When a friend of Turner's remarked of one of his pictures, 'I never saw the Thames look like that,' the painter doubted his friend's insight, not his own, and replied, 'I do not suppose you ever did.' To be fair to oneself as well as the world is the best escape from affectation. 'Man is what God made him,' says Cervantes; and those have carried on their work with most serenity who have acquiesced, regretfully it may be, in the limitations of their birth. It is the quality, not the quantity, of approval which must sustain them. Some, indeed, have lacked even this support. There is a touch of comedy in poor Hegel's complaint, that there was only one man who understood him, and he misunderstood him. So, too, Browning, when questioned as to the meaning of something he had written, replied that the Almighty and he knew what he meant when he wrote it, but now only the Almighty knew. But while intelligible, at any rate, to himself, many a bold

spirit in all times has soared into an atmosphere where he found himself alone.

Yet, though isolated from their contemporaries, such men do not sever the link which binds them to humanity. They find their sympathy in the unseen comradeship which is denied to them on earth. It is the 'mystical brotherhood,' of which Heine speaks, who 'bow to each other' across the centuries. Who could be lonely with such a company of kindred spirits as Humboldt communed with in his 'Cosmos'? Strabo, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Lucretius, Galileo, Bacon, and many another were his friends. Here was equal friendship free from envy and detraction. Even the thought of such company beyond the veil could lend a joyous anticipation to death. It was thus that Socrates triumphed over his judges. Their malice was but the means of hastening his union with the great friends who waited to welcome him.

There are books which at times invite us to forget their poverty of thought by their charm of style. Among the masters of American literature, however, we need not search long for works in which the perfection of the style seems only the natural clothing for the mingled dignity and playfulness of the thought. In the 'Genius of Solitude,' on the contrary, we too often have to tolerate the method of its expression in deference to the intrinsic value of the idea. There is a certain oppressive fulness of matter. The treatment is exhaustive rather than suggestive, and precludes the mind from exercising its own imaginative faculty. The language is turgid, the metaphor excessive and occasionally grotesque; nor can it be truthfully affirmed that the rhetoric is always intelligible. But these are mere defects of style in a work which has justly found a multitude of admirers. A spirit of generous tolerance pervades every page. There is an intuitive perception of character, and a determination that the extenuating circumstances of inherited disposition shall be fully weighed. Two sources of solitude—that of individuality and that of grief—are depicted with a realism which proves them to have been the experience of the writer; yet there is no tone of conscious superiority nor any touch of morbid feeling.

The works of Étienne de Sénancour exercised no inconsiderable influence during the early years of the



last century; and the patronage of George Sand has kept alive the fame of 'Obermann.' The series of letters which breathe the sentiments of the recluse of the Jura reveal a quiet and philosophic resolve to renounce the world. The writer concludes that he could not give up being a man in order to become a man of business ('Je n'ai pu renoncer à être homme, pour être homme d'affaires'). Then follows the celebrated passage in which he communes with himself. He offers to his heart in turn every pursuit and every object of desire to which men consecrate their lives. That he may be fair, he even embellishes them by the power of imagination. But his verdict is adverse: 'Je ne connais point la satiété, je trouve partout le vide.' This attitude has been attributed to a sense of his incapacity. In an epigrammatic contrast George Sand says: 'René dit: Si je pouvais vouloir, je pourrais faire; Obermann dit: A quoi bon vouloir? je ne pourrais pas.' Yet there is no note of weakness in the calm stoicism with which he anticipates his death—unless it be a departure from his principles to wish that there might be one friend to receive his adieu to the world.

The little 'Enchiridion' of William Penn will satisfy the most fastidious reader by its dignity of thought and simplicity of style. It is a singular instance of the way in which society relegates its privilege and right of self-judgment to others, that the renaissance of this book was due to its casual discovery by Robert Louis Stevenson on a bookstall in San Francisco. Henceforth it was his *vade mecum* and his model. Some will think the encomiums he lavished on it excessive. Like the 'Enchiridion,' 'Omar Khayyam' lay sleeping on a shelf amid the rattle of the street till one of the world's 'tasters' found it. Would not a quiet smile have flitted across the face of each author to see how well society could do without or with them? How many of the eager *claque* who applaud Omar Khayyam could say truthfully that his tender strain is to them an eternal spring?

That much of the solitude of the founder of Pennsylvania was due to a forcible arrest of his activities does not gainsay the thesis that solitude, to be profitable and happy, should be a birth-gift; for the uses to which he put his retirement prove that the contemplative side of his character held an equal balance with the active. His

was the forceful nature, impatient of rest—if rest mean torpor of the faculties. The fruits of his solitude were gathered in many a garden, but their sweetness came from within; for even the atmosphere of the gaol was curiously congenial to his taste. Of one of those not infrequent occasions on which he imbibed this atmosphere he writes :

‘The Author blesseth God for his Retirement and kisses that Gentle Hand which led him into it: for though it should prove Barren to the World, it can never do so to him. He has now had some Time he could call his own; a Property he was never so much Master of before. In which he has taken a View of Himself and the World; and observed wherein he hath hit and mist the Mark.’

William Penn was born in 1644. His chequered career was that of his day—alternating between prison and the precincts of the court. His Quaker tenets soon brought him into notice, and he was imprisoned for publicly professing them. In the following year he was committed to the Tower for assailing the Athanasian Creed—a ‘Sandy Foundation shaken.’ His next detention was in Newgate, for ‘speaking in Gracechurch Street.’ The gentle description of his offence by the friendly jury must have pleased his philosophic fancy. Then followed another seclusion, which he dedicated to reflection, brought about by addressing a Quakers’ meeting. The favour of the Duke of York, however, brought him into the light of day; and he obtained from the indulgence of the monarch the seignury of Pennsylvania.

Penn’s maxims bear evidence of the influence of La Rochefoucauld; but if there is some resemblance in style between pupil and teacher there is little in treatment. There is no lack of wit in the staid Quaker, but it does not wound like the keen rapier of his model. He takes life as earnestly as John Bunyan, but in a different temper. He looks upon his involuntary retreat as a special opportunity for introspection; but, instead of a gloomy dread of perdition, it produces in him a cheery purpose of amendment. He expresses no resentment against the authorities. He had his fling at them, and it was natural that they should retaliate. To place the writer of these wholesome maxims in the front rank of

the world's lonely thinkers would be to subordinate our judgment to a whim of fashion; yet it would have been well for themselves and well for mankind if greater men than he had shown his admirable temper. There are no peevish complaints, no hysterical outbursts of wounded self-consciousness: evil is his only enemy. He is constrained to preach, but he does not compel men to listen to his sermons. 'Accept and improve what deserves thy notice,' he says; 'the rest excuse, and place to account of good will to thee and the whole creation of God.'

This modest invitation was gladly accepted for many generations, till the book was submerged, but only to reappear. Robert Louis Stevenson gave the book to H. F. Brown 'with these words—"If ever in all my human conduct I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day."'\* Those who cannot construct maxims for themselves would do well to read it, and they will find it, as Stevenson says, 'a sweet, dignified and wholesome book.'

It would be pleasant, were it possible, to linger long in the company of this genial guide, who leads life's wayfarer through all its vicissitudes with a golden maxim at every turn. Much of his wisdom was learned 'in sorrow's silent school'; but there is no tinge of gloom. 'Temporal felicity' is not only permissible, but is to be sought—and attained if rightly sought for. Penn had taken to heart the true teaching of Epicurus—use pleasure gently. Let the body have due attention, that it may be the contented and strenuous helpmate of the soul.

Strong men should be reared as he was—midway in this, as in all else, between reason and emotion. In the interest of both, he would have the harmful superfluities of the rich made over to the poor. He knows that, if the rich man would have the health of the poor man, he must live as the poor man. One portion of creation has to get an appetite for its dinner and the other a dinner for its appetite. So much for the means by which the body may be maintained in reasonable enjoyment, subject always to the nobler needs of the soul. As to the dress and conversation suitable for society he has his caution,

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\* 'Some Fruits of Solitude.' Introduction, p. xl.



directed chiefly against ostentation. 'The very Trimming of the vain World would cloath all the naked one.' The simpler the dress the more will beauty shine. And, as a corrective of the tyrannous uniformity of fashion, he says : 'Chuse thy cloaths by thine own eyes, not another's.' Conversation should be as devoid of ostentation as the table and apparel. There must be no

'Labouring of slight Matter with flourished Turns of Expression.' 'They that affect Words more than Matter will dry up that little they have. It is better to build a bridge for an opponent than to drive him into the river.'

Yet this man of peace is compelled by his honesty to say :

'Give no Advantage in Argument, nor lose any that is offered. This is a Benefit which arises from Temper.'

There was a statesman who used always to open his gamekeeper's letters first ; and many a man, in the press of affairs, turns wistfully, like Bacon, to the ordering of his garden. Penn took the course allotted to him in society cheerfully and conscientiously, giving more than he received. In the capricious atmosphere of the Court he held his own. Yet mark with what unaffected enthusiasm he throws off its grandeur and its restraints—in prison, if needs must, but in perfect content in his country retreat. This was no *villeggiatura*, like that of Horace—a means of recruiting strength and appetite for the pleasures of Rome.

'The Country Life is to be preferred. . . . The Country is both the Philosopher's Garden and his Library. It is his Food, as well as Study, and gives him Life as well as Learning. A Sweet and Natural Retreat from Noise and Talk, and allows opportunity for Reflection, and gives the best Subjects for it.'

On four different occasions he repeats his text :

'They are happy that live retiredly.' 'Princes and their Grandees, of all Men, are the unhappiest: for they live least alone; and they that must be enjoyed by every Body can never enjoy themselves as they should.' 'They that live of their own neither need nor often list to wear the Livery of the Publick.' 'Private men, in fine, are so much their own that, paying common Dues, they are Sovereigns of all the rest.'

Who but this lonely man, in words so few yet so

convincing, could exorcise the last great loneliness of death?

'They that love beyond the World cannot be separated by it. Death cannot kill what never dies. If Absence be not Death, neither is theirs. Death is but Crossing the World as Friends do the Seas; they live in one another still. This is the Comfort of Friends, that though they may be said to die, yet their Friendship and Society are, in the best sense, ever present, because immortal.'

Is it argument or faith or love which prevails and proclaims the Immortality of Love? Is it not the heart's imperious demand for a necessity? The pagan knew it. The priest's last *ilicet* may be spoken, the last *vale* said over the smouldering funeral pyre; but the human heart responds with Lytton:

'If love may in life be brief,  
In death it is fixed for ever.'

One would fain be a Quaker to be like Penn. If the Pilgrim Fathers counted many such among their ranks, it is easy to see the source of that homely piety which distinguished the American character before it was submerged by the flood of cosmopolitanism. He claims freedom to worship God and aid his fellow-man, but in his own way, untrammelled by churches or governments. It is with a sense of pain that we turn from this honest Puritan, with his straightforward, cleanly conscience, to the company of others—greater often in mind, as he would have been quick to concede, but lacking his delicate equipoise. What the world may be, we know not; but we know what it is. We may dream of a day when truth, justice, and purity shall stand on a broader base than churches or governments have yet built for them. We may look for a time when phrases shall no longer be pawned off for facts. We may feel the vibration of coming revolutions which will transform our ethical standards; but we must live in our own day. And—so the shibboleth be not demanded too aggressively—we must acquiesce if we cannot agree. The world may drill its battalions into physical uniformity. It has power over the body, but it cannot bind the soul.

To pass from the founder of Pennsylvania to Thoreau

requires as great an effort as to recognise in the powerful Republic of to-day the descendant of a few English 'plantations' marked out in the wilderness. Penn—with his stately diction, courtly manners, and simple piety—what bond can there be between him and Thoreau, the chartered *sansculotte* of a society consisting mainly of himself and governed by laws, theology, and customs of his own devising? Schopenhauer's 'Who does not love solitude loves not freedom,' may be the answer.

Thoreau was the boldest exponent of Solitude, as well as the most consistent of her votaries. To him, the love of solitude was not merely a passionate yearning, to be cherished secretly, and indulged as unobtrusively as possible. He professed it openly in his life, and preached it as a doctrine. Without solitude it seemed to him impossible for man to realise his position in the universe and the powers dormant in his own nature, to 'place' himself, as it were, aright in the scheme of things. It was not to escape from life, but to get nearer to the roots of it, that he left the cities and withdrew himself from mankind. 'I went to the woods,' he writes in a passage that must have sounded strangely paradoxical as his 'Apologia,'

'because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach; and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.'

Several causes conspired with his native temperament to make solitude peculiarly congenial to him. His early surroundings, his close friendship with Emerson, and the influence of the Transcendental movement, all gave an impetus to a nature already profoundly inclined to loneliness.

Henry David Thoreau was born in Concord on 12th July, 1817. He was the descendant of a French ancestor to whom he attributes certain traits in his character which seem to belong singularly little to New England. The greater part of his childhood was spent in an old farmhouse, where he attended the village school, and, like Emerson, drove his mother's cow to pasture. At sixteen he went to Harvard College, and remained there for four years, reading at random the authors who pleased him

best, and failing to gain for himself any literary distinction. On his return to his native village he tried various means of procuring a livelihood. He lectured at the Concord Lyceum, and collected turtle for Agassiz. He wrote a volume of essays, and perfected a new kind of lead-pencil. He tried trade, but found 'it would take some years to get under way in that, by which time he would probably be on his way to the devil.' For five years he maintained himself by a little gardening during some six weeks of the year. Eventually these various callings resolved themselves into lecturing and land-surveying, besides contributing to various magazines.

At the age of twenty he became acquainted with Emerson, who had resigned his cure at Boston, and taken up his abode at Concord. Thither also came Alcott, Hawthorne, Curtis, Margaret Fuller, and the rest who went to make up that brilliant coterie which shed a halo of intellect around the quiet little village. Thoreau soon became one of the 'inner circle' at those meetings in Emerson's library, and he contributed frequently to the famous, though short-lived, 'Dial.'

The ideal, transcendental view of life laid its spell irresistibly upon him. In many of his reflections, composed in those periods of absolute solitude to which he subjected himself from time to time, he writes as a transcendentalist. Take, for instance, the analysis of his own consciousness :

'I only know myself as a human entity; the scene, so to speak, of thoughts and affections; and am sensible of a certain doubleness by which I can stand as remote from myself as from another. However intense my experience, I am conscious of the presence and criticism of a part of me, which, as it were, is not a part of me, but spectator, sharing no experience, but taking note of it: and that is no more I than it is you. When the play, it may be the tragedy, of life is over the spectator goes his way. It was a kind of fiction—a work of the imagination only, so far as he was concerned.'

The same tone is audible in the well-known passage where he mystically relates his disappointments :

'I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken with concerning them, describing their tracks and

what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud.'

In March 1845, Thoreau went to the woods, there to build for himself a simple wooden shanty as a shelter from rain and snow. Entirely alone, and with no calling 'except that of doing nothing' and growing a few beans, he remained there for two years. He required no precedent for his conduct, but, if one were demanded, he was ready to give it. 'God is alone—but the Devil, he is far from being alone; he sees a great deal of company—he is legion.' To those who questioned him he replied quaintly: 'Why should I feel solitary—is not our planet in the Milky Way?' In his close fellowship with nature he had no need for human society. 'I never found the companion who was so companionable as solitude.' He dreamed of an ideal country 'where there should be but one inhabitant to a square mile.' He could easily dispense with the Post Office: 'To speak critically, I never received more than one or two letters in my life that were worth the postage.'

In this deep seclusion of the pine-woods, Thoreau's recreations were of the simplest. His daily walk, the close observation of the flowers, the birds, and the wondrous Walden pond, these, together with the preparation of his frugal meals, occupied all his days. We must not omit his account of the visitors who from time to time invaded his hermitage. To those who desired truly to speak with him, or had any earnest purpose in view, he was ever courteous and kind. We can see him, 'a not very picturesque, but tolerably well-to-do mendicant,' at the door of his shanty, watching their approach with a half-tolerant and half-amused expression. 'I had three chairs in my house; one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society. When visitors came in larger and unexpected numbers, they generally economised the room by standing up.' Sometimes he received them out of doors. My 'best room, my withdrawing room, always ready for company, on whose carpet the sun rarely shone, was the pine-wood behind my house.'

He was not unfrequently visited by the Indians, for whom he had a kindly appreciation and a wide sympathy.

But towards those who sought him out of idle curiosity, or who showed no consideration for his time, 'men who did not know when their visit had terminated,' he showed little ceremony. 'I went about my business again, answering them from greater and greater remoteness.'

There is a certain pathos in the solitude of a man like Thoreau, whose life was brought abruptly to a close in his forty-fifth year. He died of consumption on May 6th, 1862. There comes to be a touching significance in the plea which he puts forward for his own idiosyncrasies :

'If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away.'

Johann Georg Zimmermann was a type of what is unhappily a large contingent of the solitary crowd. Ill-health and a restless vanity deprived him of the happiness which he would have found in a true recognition of himself and a calm acquiescence in his superiority. His life brings into prominence the fact that a just estimate of self is the safest basis on which to rest. The great maxim 'Know thyself' is an ordeal through which vanity and the meaner vices cannot pass. He who has accurately taken his own measure has a standard of approval of which none can rob him. He weighs instead of counting his supporters, and is deaf to the babble of the crowd. Disraeli says : 'That man has done something ; he has no right to be conceited.' Carlyle asserts of Zimmermann that 'Hypochondria was the main company he had.' But there were deeper causes of depression than this. Goethe, who knew and valued him, laments his want of inward satisfaction.

Born at Brugg, near Zurich, he rose to high rank in the medical profession, and was in time appointed physician to the King of Hanover. But his fame rests on his literary work, which, by its many translations, gave him a world-wide reputation. He was one of those who could prescribe admirably for others, but could not cure himself. There is the strangest inconsistency between the tolerant philosophy of his writings and the querulous complainings of his private life. He describes himself as working that he might 'not be forgotten by posterity. It would have sufficed to remember that posterity, at any

rate, rarely ignores good work. His hatred for the vices of society found expression in the utterance, 'Who lives with wolves must join in their howls.' But a better course is indicated by the American adage, 'If you deal with dogs, you must have a tail yourself.' He was happy beyond the common lot of genius in his home. He had a multitude of admirers, but he could not forget that he had many detractors. He might have been a happy man had he taken to heart Pope's lines :

'One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;  
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.'

Zimmermann, from his position in literature, has drawn the world's attention to his sorrows. But a host of others have proclaimed in a minor key the fact that the fruits of their solitude were bitter. The explanation is natural. Their solitude was not of choice, but of compulsion. Poets and musicians, with their high-strung organisation, have contributed a melancholy list. Beethoven and Chopin felt that their music ought to entrance the world, as it did themselves; but the world had not, like them, been caught up into the heavens, and could not understand it. As we enter the realm of poetry the regal form of Dante meets us—true type of lonely sadness. The more purely imaginative the work, and the further removed from the commonplace level, the greater will be the yearning for peace. How much solitude went to the creations of Dante's brain? How often did Milton long to retreat within himself from the busy cares which beset him? The philosophic mind of Wordsworth found ample sustenance in Nature; but many and sometimes conflicting influences led such poets as Petrarch, Cowper, Byron, and Shelley to their seclusion. It never found a more ardent advocate than Leopardi. Lovers of this gifted poet will recall his odes to 'Love and Death,' with their sad burden :

'Al gener nostro il fato  
Non donò che il morire.'

How many have turned away baffled by the riddle of such lives as those of Beethoven and Chopin—pride

compacted with humility, gentleness with ferocity, the tenderest love towards mankind with the bitterest scorn. Ideals of humanity, dreams of moral and intellectual greatness for a world incapable of its attainment, doomed them to an hourly disillusionment. Both these great men would have been cheered by general recognition, though their aspiration was for the laurel of immortality and not for the bouquet of the opera. Why do we acclaim what their contemporaries only dimly recognised? We shall see what will become of this dreamer. The world has seen many times; one great dreamer revolutionised the world. Yet the cry is still the same. Must we always permit posterity to reverse our judgments?

The stereotyped inculcation of charity never gets beyond a plea for condescending tolerance. But let the first step be taken towards perception of character, and the condescension vanishes, and with it the implied rebuke. Then follows a weakening of faith in that well-worn sophism that all men are born equal, and an acknowledgment of the fact that Nature has never left herself without a witness to the contrary. The reviewer of a biography may often find a difficulty in establishing its *raison d'être*; but the assertion that the public has the right of admission to the inner shrine is a statement too crude for acceptance. Vacuous solitude is impossible to a healthy mind. The world's labourers give their work to the world. That is their life, and it is all to which the world is entitled. All true work bears its individual impress; and it is more profitable to analyse character through its outcome than to seek food for conversation by repeating another's estimate of it. We have adduced ample evidence to show that the conventional majority has made tyrannous use of that divine right which is said to reside in numbers. But since it has failed to extirpate the recalcitrants, it must make terms with them. They ask for no privileges, they merely demand the right to lead their own lives.

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## Art. IX.—ANTHROPOLOGY—A SCIENCE?

1. *The Golden Bough*. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Three volumes. By J. G. Frazer. London: Macmillan, 1900.
2. *The Native Tribes of Central Australia*. By Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen. London: Macmillan, 1899.
3. *Magic and Religion*. By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans, 1901.
4. *In the Australian Bush, and on the Coast of the Coral Sea*. By Richard Semon. London: Macmillan, 1899.
5. *The Sherbro and its Hinterland*. By T. J. Alldridge. London: Macmillan, 1901.
6. *Malay Magic*. By W. W. Skeat. London: Macmillan, 1900.
7. *Indian Story and Song from North America*. By Alice C. Fletcher. London: David Nutt, 1900.
8. *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*. Vol. xxxi. 1901.
9. *Eaglehawk and Crow*. By John Mathew. London: David Nutt, 1899.

THE idea of a science of man is no new one: it is at least as old as Aristotle; and we could easily trace a genealogical pedigree affiliating Mr Tylor to that great mind, and Mr Spencer to Epicurus, Euhemerus, and Lucretius. Plenty of anthropological work is to be found among the books of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The difference between our modern theorists or explorers and those of the past is merely that a greater scientific precision, more of critical accuracy, are now demanded, in proportion to the enormous bulk of daily increasing evidence, collected from travellers old and modern, and from the obscurer purlieus of Greek and Sanskrit literature. In presence of fresh anthropological systems, and of hypotheses that grow up like mushrooms (and are less digestible than many of these vegetables), writers like Professor Max Müller and Sir Alfred Lyall, in his 'Asiatic Studies,' have asked for increased caution and discrimination. Whatever theory you entertain, it is urged, you have but to dip a hand in the lucky bag of missionaries' and travellers' reports, and it will go hard

but that you find a fact to buttress your hypothesis. Now it is clear that if anthropology is to be a science, or even a study with a scientific method, the first requisite is a stringent criterion of testimony. An isolated story of remote date, reported on vague hearsay by a traveller or settler, and never corroborated, is obviously not sound material to insert into the edifice of a theory. We cannot but distrust an anthropological hypothesis if such a tale is one of its corner-stones.

Accompanying the natural tendency to catch at a friendly 'fact,' however shadowy, is the tendency not to observe, or to pass lightly over, even well authenticated facts which do not harmonise with one's theory. These hostile facts are apt to hide themselves from the theorist's glance as he studies a traveller's pages. He is not disingenuous, he is only hypnotised by his theory (we 'speak of him but brotherly' as fellow-sinners); very probably the facts really escape his notice, by a negative hallucination. He is merely like the historian who fails to detect the documents which make against his favourite opinion about any disputed event. Happily there are rival historians and rival anthropologists who triumphantly pounce on things which the others have neglected. Even in geology, the owner of an hypothesis has been known, it is said, to roll a boulder down hill 'because it was two hundred feet too high to suit my theory.' We would not, however, accuse anthropologists of this excess of zeal. In truth 'the malady of not marking' uncomfortable facts is not unexampled even among professors of the psychological sciences. It is a malady generally incident to human nature, as is the *a priori* fallacy, to neglect evidence of facts that, to the upholders of this or the other system, seem incompatible with their sacred prejudices, and their ideas of how things ought to exist. However large a bundle of affidavits to a widely-diffused savage belief or custom you may bring forward; however trustworthy the signers of the affidavits may be held on all other points; if the evidence clashes with any student's preconceived ideas of what savages are, he may ignore it, or slip round it, or account for it by an hypothesis that readily satisfies those who wish to be satisfied. 'The Eternal Evasion' (as Glanvil phrases it) eternally evades,

All this is merely natural, and to be expected, almost to be welcomed, for, did this scientific conservatism not exist, nobody knows what revolutions might befall science. Progress has to fight an unending battle with the established, the official, the professorial. The anthropological method in mythology (as used by Mr Frazer, Mr Farnell, Mr Hartland, M. Gaidoz, Mannhardt, and many others) has ousted the etymological. But the victors are not happy when they are, practically, invited to subject their charters and title-deeds to a fresh scrutiny. Certain facts in anthropology or psychology, it is urged, 'go through the empty form of taking place.' But the anthropologist, like the psychologist, who is comfortably settled in a theory that does not include these facts, by whomsoever adduced, is almost more than human if he frankly and fully recognises or even deigns to investigate their existence.

Yet it does not follow, so far, that (as many declare) 'anthropology is not a science.' Almost all the sciences pass through continual processes of discovery and of conservative resistance to, resignation to, and acceptance of new ideas. For our own part we would scarcely speak of anthropology, at least in its religious branch, as a 'science,' certainly not as an exact science, like chemistry or physics. It is rather a study, which ought to aim at a strictly scientific method. In the past, anthropology has won several victories. In mythology it holds the lists of combat. Nobody, again, now denies the theory of human advance from the use of rude to that of polished stone weapons, and so to the employment of metals, though there are, of course, faults in the strata of development in some regions. In regard to society, again, perhaps nobody denies that the general tendency has been to advance from the Totem group, with 'exogamy,' to the local tribe; or that recognition of kin on the spindle side has probably, on the whole, preceded the recognition (for purposes of customary law) of male kinship. The various influences, again, which led to discrimination of ranks, to chiefship, and to kingship—influences of a religious, magical, and economical nature—are fairly well understood. We see that the magical pretensions of some individuals, the genius and courage of others, acquired for them influence and property, broke up the equality

and communism which had prevailed, and made conquest and slavery possible; while the introduction of agriculture, and the domestication of animals, gradually conducted to a more settled and organised existence. Anthropologists may dispute as to whether the reverence paid to certain animals—'Totems'—led to their domestication, as is the opinion of Mr Jevons; or whether agriculture began religiously, from edible seeds left on the graves of the worshipped dead, as Mr Grant Allen maintained. These are obscure details; but the general trend of events is fairly well ascertained, and anthropology employs the now familiar method of the doctrine of evolution.

So far, the study may be called scientific, just as the study of history may be called scientific. Both pursuits aim at a stricter method of collecting, examining, analysing, and recording evidence. But the evidence available to students in both cases is not, of course, experimental: in the nature of the case experiment is impossible. The historian tries to get his evidence at first hand, in contemporary records, charters, inscriptions, letters, despatches, and so forth. But even such first-hand evidence, being human, is fallible. Not only are there occasional gaps in the series of documents, but the constructors of the documents were perhaps misinformed, or prejudiced, or dishonest. The historian must make himself acquainted with their means and opportunities of knowing the facts, with their characters, their bias, and so forth; he must treat his authorities as a judge treats the witnesses in a case; and he must watch and correct his own bias.

The anthropologist is in a similar but more difficult position. As early undeveloped mankind is one object of his researches, he does not expect to find documentary evidence among races who cannot read and write. The nearest approach to documentary evidence among savages is discovered in their old traditional hymns, which may be very archaic and obscure in language; and next come the newer songs and incantations used in rites, in magic, or as lyrical expressions of sentiment and belief. The Polynesian and Maori hymns, and those of the Zulus and allied races, are handed down in a careful and elaborate way. Even the Australian natives have their

hymns, chanted in dances religious and magical.\* The hymns of the modern religion of the Ghost Dance, among the Sioux and Arapahoes, have been carefully translated and published by the American Bureau of Ethnology; a volume of older oral poems of the Red Men was edited by Dr Brinton, another by Miss Alice Fletcher. Mr Howitt has preserved a few Australian chants; Mr White, Sir George Grey, Miss Teuira Henry, and many others, have rescued Maori and Polynesian hymns; Mr Cushing and others have done as much for the Zuñis, Monsieur Junod for the Baronga; and there are plenty of such instances. We cannot but hold that the ideas expressed in such hymns are good evidence to the genuine existence of these ideas, while the conservatism of priests and magicians may be trusted, in certain cases (not in all, the Ghost Dance having Christian elements), to exclude foreign notions.

Again, the popular tales, or *Märchen*, of savages are tolerably good traditional evidence as to their ideas, though in these we have to be on our guard against borrowing from Europeans. Here the conservative influence is that of the grandmothers of the tribe telling to their grandchildren what their grandmothers told to them. From the Australians (Mrs Langloh Parker) to the Zulus (Callaway) and the frozen North (Castren, Rink) we have excellent collections of savage popular tales, including customs and incantations.

Another fairly sound source of anthropological evidence for the ideas held by savages is found in the discourses and revelations made to the youths at the Mysteries of initiation. The youths are catechumens, as it were, and are told what to believe, and how to act, in accordance

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\* So early as 1846 Mr Horatio Hale, an American scientific explorer, published the following facts. The Wellington local tribes in Australia 'believe in the existence of a deity called Balamai,' an ichthyophagous island-dwelling deity. 'Some of the natives consider him the maker of all things, while others attribute the creation of the world to his son, Burambin. They say of him that Balamai spoke, and Burambin came into existence. When the missionaries first came to Wellington (about 1828), 'the natives used to assemble once a year to dance and *sing a song* in honour of Balamai. This song was brought there from a distance by strange natives.' This song has never been recovered, at least never published, and to one inquirer a native declined to reveal it. Such a song would yield as sound evidence as we can expect to obtain.—'U.S. Exploring Expedition, 1846,' vol. vii, p. 110,

with the tribal faith and morality. Evidence of this class is rare, as Europeans (like Mr Alldridge) are not often initiated. Among the best examples are the reports of Mr Howitt, who speaks as an initiated man, on native Australian Mysteries. What Mr Howitt was told, on these occasions, contradicted his previously published theories of the nature of the native religious beliefs. He was now obliged to recognise the existence of a creed much higher than that he had supposed to be held. It has been reckoned highly improbable that the elders and magicians borrowed from, and adapted, European moral and religious ideas; indeed part of the ceremony was intended to banish European individualism from the minds of the neophytes.\* This evidence of Mr Howitt's does not seem to have much influenced the opinions of anthropological writers on the evolution of religion; they have rather ignored it, as a rule; but the kind of source, the precepts of the Mysteries (where such precepts are given), is clearly among the most valid. It is certain that a close study of savage initiatory rites is a pressing need of students, for the ceremonies will soon disappear. We need an anthropological *Aglaophamus*.

These three classes of evidence (religious and magical hymns and incantations, traditional stories or *Märchen*, and, when they can be discovered, the precepts of the Mysteries), are the nearest approaches to documentary evidence which, among non-writing races, the anthropologist can command. From these sources the antique tradition should well forth with least contamination. Consequently when a student has diligently drunk from these fountains, other students (who do not wish to agree with his results) will aver that he has relied on the answers given by savages to the leading questions of travellers. Of this method we cite an example from a most learned and acute foreign critic, whom, to avoid anything invidious, we do not name. Criticising a British author, Monsieur X. wrote thus:—

'The traveller or missionary, often through an interpreter, asks the savage:

"You believe in a Supreme Being, don't you?"

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\* Mr Howitt's essays will be found in the 'Journal of the Anthropological Institute,' vol. xiv, 1884-85, and in 'Kamilaroi and Kurnai,' 1.

"Certainly, sir."

"Does he not live up there?" pointing heavenwards.

"He does, sir."

"Is he not the Creator and the Father of men?"

"Certainly, sir."

"What is his name?"

'Any name, or the name of some local god promoted to supremacy is given. And then our author collects this evidence, and makes it a proof of primitive Theism.'

Of course if the British author thus handled had adopted evidence of this hopeless character, he would deserve far worse than Monsieur X. said of him. But, in fact, the author had especially insisted on the value of hymns, chants, the Mysteries, and traditional myths; and had thence, whenever it was possible, drawn his information, always using, if accessible, the testimony of good linguists, or of others who had sifted the evidence by the exemplary method used by old Sahagun among the Aztecs.

From the traditional sources indicated it can hardly be doubted that we do obtain light on the ideas and mental condition of savages. Again, we have the evidence of institutions, customary laws, and ritual. On some points there is no room for hesitation. The blood-feud, taken up by the kin, is prior to the law of murder administered by the State. Again, oaths are certainly, in some cases, evidence to the belief in the god or spirit who sanctions the oath. A huge mass of ritual performances among savages and barbarians, and of analogous sportive ceremonies surviving in European popular custom, does testify to the existence of belief in deities and spirits of agriculture and vegetation. Sacrifices and gifts, all over the world, attest the faith in and cult of spirits of the dead. Closely similar group-names, and sacred customs, found almost everywhere in savagery, leave no doubt as to the wide-spread and potent influences of Totemism. Other examples from the regions of custom and customary law abound. Thus custom is a source of valid evidence when the testimony to the existence of the custom is that of good observers, though the interpretation of the evidence may often be uncertain.

One of the best criteria of evidence, as Mr Tylor justly remarks, is that of undesigned coincidences among the reports made at various times, by observers of every sort,

differing in race, profession, education, and bias—at least so long as these observers are ignorant of the analogous testimonies of others elsewhere. Unluckily this candid ignorance is no longer so common as it was. Intelligent travellers, settlers, explorers, and missionaries have read Mr Spencer, Mr Morgan, Mr McLennan, Mr Tylor, and Mr Frazer. They now know what to look for, and have evolved or borrowed theories. Thus their reports, however honestly meant, may be falsely coloured. They may too easily find what they expect to find, and may overlook what they are not looking for. The observer in savage lands is often subject to the infirmities of the student among his books; he, too, frequently finds what he wants, and what he does not want he fails to observe and to record.

Missionaries are in a particularly unfortunate position. So long as they record what this or the other home-staying anthropologist desires, their evidence may be eagerly cited. When they record what an anthropologist finds vastly inconvenient to his theory, they may be dismissed with a sneer at 'missionary evidence,' or may be ignored. All this arises from no fault of the missionary, who may be a learned linguist and an impartial observer. Nor is the fault to be laid at the door of anthropology; we are merely facing the *idola specus* (phantasms of the cave) of individual anthropologists. But we must remember that missionaries, like all other classes of men, have their own *idola*. One may believe in a 'primitive revelation' and expect to discover, say among the Minnecopies, fragments of primeval tradition. He will find them: in fact, a Deluge legend and an Origin of Death legend are extremely likely to exist; and, if the missionary hears of a Creator (as he may), he will, if prejudiced, rejoice in a survival of revelation. Another missionary may have read Mr Herbert Spencer and Mr Tylor. He will expect to find ancestor-worship, and in all probability he will actually find it, as a rule; while, if a god or gods occur, he will be sure that they are magnified ancestral spirits. It would not be wholly scientific to accept and quote the Spencerian missionary, and to ignore or slight the missionary who, in the same district, finds traces of what he calls a creator, or *vice versa*. Both may be right, though the report of neither is exhaustive. The



first missionary must be shown to have a bias before he can be scouted; and, in accepting the evidence of the Spencerian missionary, we must make allowance for his Spencerian bias, just as we should do if he were a layman.

As an exemplary instance of missionary evidence we may cite Monsieur Henri Junod, author of '*Les Baronga*' (1898). Monsieur Junod has to face the question, Is the respect paid to Heaven (*Tilo*) by the tribes near Delagoa Bay a relic of an outworn Monotheism, swamped by ghost-worship; or is it but the germ of a later and higher faith in the making? (pp. 408-426.) He thinks that the belief may be an almost obliterated survival of the Bantu faith in Molungo, 'le dieu unique et souverain,' otherwise written 'Mlungu.\*' Monsieur Junod, however, can at present offer no decided opinion. As there is plenty of evidence of belief in such a being as Mlungu, among races infinitely below the Baronga in culture, and not ghost-worshippers, it seems odd if the more advanced people is, in religion, so very far behind much ruder tribes. But the question is undetermined, and the attitude of Monsieur Junod, though a missionary, is perfectly scientific.†

Mr Tylor long ago put forward his criterion of undesigned coincidence of reports, in answer to the doubts about anthropological evidence expressed by 'an eminent historian.' Now, as an example of Bacon's *idola specus*, it is interesting to note that Mr Max Müller, in his own useful criticisms of anthropological evidence, never, to our knowledge, alluded to Mr Tylor's criterion, which, doubtless, had never fallen under his eyes. On the other hand, Mr Max Müller freely accepted the evidence of missionaries when it attested (what is usually denied) the existence of high religious elements in the beliefs of the Australian 'aborigines' and other low savages. Yet the missionary evidence here was ordinary anthropological evidence, ordinary reports, neither better nor worse than most, and, at least in one case given by Mr Max Müller, proved to be, in Mr Tylor's opinion, quite erroneous.‡

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\* Macdonald, '*Africana*,' vol. i, pp. 66, 67; David C. Scott, '*A Cyclopedic Dictionary of the Mang'anja Language in British Central Africa*,' s.v. '*Mlungu*.'

† '*Les Baronga*,' par Henri A. Junod, de la Mission Romande. Neuchâtel: Attinger, 1898.

— ‡ '*Journal of the Anthropological Institute*,' February 1892, pp. 290, 291,

Meanwhile several anthropologists, while eagerly accepting, from missionaries and travellers, evidence on all other points—evidence which Mr Max Müller on the whole disparaged—reject or are unaware of that evidence of theirs as to the higher religious elements which Mr Max Müller gladly welcomed. We are expressing no opinion as to the genuineness of these high faiths among low races. We are only sketching two contradictory phantasms, or *idola*, which haunt the caves of two opposed sets of thinkers. These phantasms cannot but provoke a smile or a sigh. We are all, whatever our theories may be, at bottom so terribly unscientific, and so devoid of saving humour. The testimony that suits us is excellent; the reports that damage our favourite hypotheses are, at best, gravely subject to suspicion, or deserve not even mention at our hands.

While making allowance for these foibles of the learned who stay at home, we must also reckon with a malady of those who observe abroad. There is an artless confusion of mind which leads an observer to describe, say, the belief of his savages in a creative being, and presently to deny that they have any such notion at all. Another traveller will assure us that a certain African race have no gods but their kings; and, anon, will inform us that they have a supreme god—whom they do not worship. Both these writers, though their evidence sounds like nonsense, had a meaning. The first probably meant that, though his savages possessed an idea of a maker of things, they had no idea approaching to his own conception of the God of Christianity. The second writer, in his first assertion, thought only of gods who receive gifts and adulation. In his next page, almost, he did not conceal that the tribe had also a theological conception of a god, unaccompanied by any cult. Thus, at least, we try to construe the contradictory evidence; but, obviously, this is difficult ground. The anthropologist, however, should not cite one of the contradictory assertions of his witness without also quoting the other. Perhaps some writers having found their 'fact' do not 'read on.'

It is chiefly in the anthropological study of savage religion—a field in which bias rules—and especially in attempts to descry the dim origins of religion, that the difficulties as to evidence make themselves felt. Some

tribes, as the Melanesians, have a kind of secret language in regard to their religion and ritual. Almost all, when interrogated, have good reasons for reticence, or for giving false or evasive replies. The gods, like the fairies, do not love to be spoken about; perhaps their very names may scarcely be uttered with safety. This makes evidence given to Europeans initiated in the Mysteries especially valuable. The ordinary savage loves a hoax, says Mr Sproat concerning the Ahts; and he may purposely mislead inquirers by way of a jest. His habits of attention are lax; he is easily tired; then he invents beliefs, or he answers leading questions in the sense which he expects will be most acceptable to his catechist. This rule is not universal: we have several instances of savages who stood to their assertions under cross-examination. But, as others only wish to please, the bias of the European inquirer, his tact, his power of entering into sympathetic relations with the tribesmen, and so of extracting confidences, and his knowledge of the native language, must all be critically ascertained and analysed by the anthropological theorist who uses his testimony.

Bishop Callaway, a most accurate and strict observer, conceived that savages were very clever at picking up religious ideas from explorers and missionaries, and then adapting them, in the twinkling of an eye, and putting them forward as their own traditional beliefs. This process, if universal, may almost make us despair of ever attaining to trustworthy knowledge of the inner un-borrowed beliefs of the most backward races. Their practical religion is openly revealed in their prayers, sacrifices, and ceremonies, and in their worship of spirits or local gods. But, if they possess anything like an idea of a supreme and creative being—as a very large body of evidence from all manner of sources declares—and yet do not worship that being, or not much, it is plain that corroboration from prayer and sacrifice cannot well be obtained. It may always be urged by sceptics that the gods or spirits who conspicuously receive gifts are alone genuine, and that the alleged unworshipped creative god is adapted from Christianity or Islam—is, in fact, a mere figment palmed off by the gay savage on the European inquirer.

An opponent of this very natural and, in some cases,

plausible contention will answer, first that, a god without temples or prayers is not the kind of being whom missionaries, at least, reveal to their savage flocks; next, that the savage deity, though without sacrifices or temples, sometimes sanctions the oath, and in other cases is spoken of in the Mysteries, in songs, in myths, and in proverbial phrases, all of them matters unlikely to be borrowed from Europeans; while the women are, in Australia, quite undeniably kept in ignorance of the being's names and attributes, a thing impossible if he were derived from Christian teachers.\* Finally, the almost universal coincidence of evidence as to the peculiarities of this alleged unworshipped yet supreme being, from the testimony of Peter Martyr in the newly discovered new world, to that of Mr Howitt in Australia to-day, or of Mr Man in the Andaman Isles, must suggest the question, Could so many and such remote savage and barbaric races agree so strangely in their improvised figment about their own creed? This point Mr Tylor noted long ago in his 'Primitive Culture.'

The general statement, roughly speaking, represents a creative being, a pre-human entity of anthropomorphic nature, a 'Big Man,'† or 'medicine man.' After making most things, if not all, and after many mythical adventures on earth—adventures often immoral, or fantastic, or cruel, or obscene—he now dwells indolently apart, leaving the government of men and nature to his son or sons (sometimes not born of woman) and other deputies. He still, despite his own indiscreet adventures, exercises, in many cases, a moral surveillance of human conduct, and assigns their fates to the souls of the dead, who, however, in other myths, have destinies of the most varied description. A being of this kind, who made the world, can hardly be a sublimated ancestral ghost, especially among tribes

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\* These considerations are put forward by Mr Lang in 'Magic and Religion.'

† The Fuegians, as is well known, spoke to the inquirers of H.M.S. 'Beagle' of their 'Big Man.' The name of the alleged Australian Balame or Balamai is rendered 'Big Man' by native philologists. The Maidu Indians of North America 'have a conception of a great man who created the world and all its inhabitants.' ('Contributions to North American Ethnology,' iii, 287.) Among the Cahrocs or Karoks, Kareya is the name of this being. Similar examples are frequent. See Mr Lang's 'Making of Religion,' chapters x-xiii.

where no such ghosts are worshipped, such as the Andamanese; nor can he have been invented as a power able to do for men, 'for a consideration,' what men found that they could not do, by magic, for themselves, as in Mr Frazer's theory. In fact he receives no 'consideration'—such as minor deities or spirits in many cases do receive—in the way of gifts. There remains, then, the sceptical hypothesis that the idea of this Big Man was, from North America to Western and Central Africa, and thence to Australia, a figment adapted by races in various stages of culture, out of the earliest European attempts at teaching Christian doctrines. Or, on the other hand, the conception of this being may, perhaps—we express no opinion—be a natural and genuine product of very early human speculation, prior, possibly, even to the belief in ghosts or spirits. To attain anything like a sound idea of this problem, a very large bulk of evidence must be carefully sifted—a new task, for the testimonies to this form of belief have usually been either overlooked or ignored, or perhaps overworked and over-emphasised, as the case may be, by inquirers of opposite bias or theory.

The truth is that, just where certainty would be most interesting, there it is most difficult to procure. Different observers, in the same region, often make absolutely contradictory reports, especially as to this kind of religious or speculative belief in a superior being. The student, therefore, must here exercise the most careful vigilance over the characters, bias, and opportunities of acquiring information enjoyed by his witnesses. In the case of converted savages who give information, one man may feel pride in declaring that he and his ancestors practically knew Christian doctrines, in a rough or obliterated shape, from time immemorial. Another convert, rejoicing in his new creed, may vow that, before the good missionaries came, his ancestors and he dwelt in total theological darkness. Again, a traveller or squatter may be prejudiced against the 'niggers,' and convinced that they are unconscious atheists. If they deny this, he says that 'there is no use in trying to humbug him.' Another settler or explorer, more sympathetic, may assert the reverse, either because he was better trusted and more confided in, or because he was more easily gulled. In trusting either class of deponents, the anthropologist must not

accept or reject statements because he wishes, or does not wish to believe them, or because they suit or contradict his theory. The delicacy and difficulty of the inquiry are conspicuous.

Thus far no theory as to the beginnings of religion has been scientifically demonstrated: perhaps scientific demonstration is impossible. But the study, if pursued at all, must be pursued in a scientific spirit. The religious and the irreligious bias, the *a priori* bias, which neglects or even ignores evidence injurious to preconceived or popular theories, and the innovating bias, which aims at saying some new thing, are almost equally noxious. Yet the *a priori* bias is conservative, while the revolutionary bias prevents stagnation and facile acquiescence in official ideas, perhaps insufficiently tested, and resting mainly on the popular belief in the great human gods of popular science.

The chief error of anthropologists and mythologists has always been to applaud, but not to practise, the obvious rules of inquiry which we have stated. They will select the statements that suit their ingenious hypotheses, without allowing due weight, or perhaps any weight, or even any mention, to statements of a contradictory character. The rise of any relatively fresh idea—such as that of the solar myth, based on disease of language; or of ancestral spirits; or of Totemism; or of gods of vegetable life, and agricultural magic; or of the existence of phallic rites—leads to the production of systems dominated almost exclusively by the notion of phallicism, or Totemism, or spirits of vegetation, or ancestor worship, or by a selected blend of two or three of these elements.

The research for the origins of religion appears almost hopeless when we reflect that the most backward savages are not 'primitive,' as Mr Max Müller justly insisted, but have languages highly artificial and complex. If these are the result of evolution, an incalculable number of centuries must have passed since the naked men who speak such tongues began to organise and elaborate mere significant cries into speech. During all these æons of human existence, who can tell what were the psychological experiences of the race, or what ideas, what speculations, raised on what now unknowable psychical bases, savage man may have evolved and abandoned? The

savages—if any such exist—who are quite irreligious, neither knowing a creative being, nor worshipping spirits, may have deserted gods and spirits, found unserviceable, in favour of material magic. The savages—if any such exist—who know of a creative being, and pray to ancestral spirits, may have taken to these beliefs and cults, because they found material magic to be, more or less, a failure. Mr Frazer, in his 'Golden Bough,' advocates the probability of the latter course of evolution. One set of savages (group A), without a god, and without worship of spirits (as he holds), practise magic exclusively. Some of their neighbours (group B), finding magic not quite satisfactory, have made a forward step, and now invoke ancestral ghosts. But obviously any one who chooses may argue that the first set at one time, perhaps, practised spirit-worship, like the second, but dropped it as not practically so profitable as magic pure and simple.

Nobody can tell how many such revolutions of opinion and practice occurred—if they ever occurred at all—in 'the dark backward and abysm of time,' during which human cries of various sorts were being evolved into the existing highly complex and logical languages of the dark natives of Australia.\* It is true that magic is universal, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*; and that, if we accept certain evidence (that of Mr Spencer and Mr Gillen) as final and exhaustive, there exists a very savage region almost wholly destitute of religious belief or worship of spirits. But, even if the evidence in favour of the absence of religion in that district is really exhaustive, we cannot possibly be certain that the (A) group of savages, now wholly irreligious, did not once entertain religious ideas which they have abandoned; just as the (B) group of savages (*ex hypothesi*), by Mr Frazer's theory have at least modified magic by introducing a tincture of spirit-worship. The question is akin to that concerning which the Irish gentleman said that he 'would be glad to argue it either way for a guinea.'

In short, it appears to us that anthropological arguments cannot logically be brought forward either for the

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\* Mr Frazer observes that even the Central Australians have abandoned an eccentric belief which, judging by their mythical traditions, their ancestors appear to have held.

attack or the defence of religion as it exists among ourselves. While one party contends that certain Christian doctrines are modifications of savage or barbaric religious ideas, the affiliation between the two has still to be established. Meanwhile the opposite party replies, in effect, with Tertullian, that the heathen *vocem Christianam naturaliter exclamant*. Both sides argue in accordance with their preconceived ideas and natural or acquired bias. Meanwhile, beholding the relative weakness of the evidence, and the divisions among specialists, the world, not unwisely, remains indifferent. Thus the quest of religious origins, though perhaps the most attractive branch of anthropology, remains the most disputable; and its results are the most insecure. Yet we must not desist from the quest. As to the truth of religion, the science of religion, as Mr Jevons urges, can tell us nothing; but we can add to the accumulated facts about the history of religions. Meanwhile nothing is more needed than collections of facts, compiled in the manner of Mr Ling Roth's 'Aborigines of Tasmania.'

Among recent books on the speculative side of anthropology, both disciples and opponents confess the pre-eminence of Mr J. G. Frazer's 'Golden Bough,' in the second and greatly amplified edition. Since Mr Tylor's 'Primitive Culture,' now thirty years old, we have had nothing so learned as 'The Golden Bough'; and, till Mr Tylor gives us the new book on which he is understood to be engaged, Mr Frazer need fear no rival. He has not only made the most serious and minute researches into printed sources, ancient and modern, but he has pushed inquiries at first hand among contemporary savage and barbaric races by aid of correspondents abroad. He has also contributed several of their reports to the 'Journal of the Anthropological Institute.' Yet his 'Golden Bough' is only part, he says, of the plan which he has traced out. So far he has dwelt chiefly on the religion, magic, ritual, mythology, and folk-lore connected with the worship of the spirits or gods of vegetable life and of agriculture; though, in other works, he has sedulously explored Totemism, and here he has elucidated Taboos and other early institutions and superstitions. But he has no intention 'of treating the early history of religion from a single narrow point of view.' This is reassuring, for as great



Zeus himself, and a crowd of other gods and men and beasts appear in Mr Frazer's work as very closely connected with, if not born from, trees and plants and plant spirits, some readers may surmise that vegetation is usurping the throne held in earlier theories by the sun.

Every mythologist knows the temptation to use a good and useful key on all locks. The key of vegetarian and agricultural magic and religion is an excellent key; and though we cannot conceal our opinion that Mr Frazer applies it to some locks which it does not quite fit, he himself assures us that he does not regard it as of universal application, and that he 'frankly recognises the futility and inherent absurdity of any attempt to explain the whole vast organism as the product of any one simple factor.' Indeed he arrays many factors, even in this book, though, as we remarked, the vegetable factor seems to us to be overworked.

As regards religion, there is a point on which Mr Frazer might reflect. This is his definition of religion. Discussion becomes a mere beating of the air if the definitions of the debaters differ. 'By religion,' Mr Frazer warns us, 'I understand a propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man which are believed to direct and control the course of nature and of human life.' Such propitiation is undoubtedly 'religious'; but does Mr Frazer think his definition exhaustive? For example, could he deny religious faith to Bertram, in 'Rokeby'?

'Mine is but half the demon's lot;  
For I believe—but tremble not.'

Much less did Bertram 'propitiate' or 'conciliate' the superior power in which he believed. Now if, for the sake of argument, we ever did find backward races believing in 'a power superior to man,' yet not propitiating him, would Mr Frazer say 'their belief is not religious'? Mr Jevons observes:

'It is obvious that great danger may lurk in the definition of religion that we may adopt: it is easy and tempting to define it in such a way as to imply that religion either is or is not true, and to exhibit the corresponding conclusion as a scientific inference, when it is really only the development of

a non-scientific definition, which begged the question to begin with.'\*

Mr Frazer's definition, of course, is not devised for any such illogical purpose. But if we could find races who, like Bertram, believe, but do not tremble, Mr Frazer's definition would apparently rule them out as non-religious, whereas, we think, they would really exhibit a very interesting stage of religion. They might be destitute of religious practice, but not of religious belief, except by Mr Frazer's definition, if pressed against them. In the face of that definition we conceive that the science of religion would be absolutely bound to examine and, if possible, to account for a religious belief unaccompanied by cult or worship—that is, if such a belief were well attested. It would be a religious phenomenon, like any other, except by Mr Frazer's present definition of religion.

It is not our purpose here to enter into discussion, in detail, of Mr Frazer's hypotheses. 'It has been my wish and intention,' he says, 'to draw as sharply as possible the line of demarcation between my facts and the hypotheses by which I have attempted to colligate them.' No such lordly treasure-house of facts and of statements, as to the whole theme, has in our time been opened to the anthropologist; while the myriads of exact references enable the reader to check his author by following the context from which the extracts are detached. 'Read on,' Mr Gladstone was wont to say when an opponent quoted an old speech of his; and Mr Frazer offers us the opportunity of 'reading on.' His method, the free use of hypothesis, has this advantage, namely, that when an idea has dawned on him as a probable working explanation of phenomena, it has often led him into regions of research where no English anthropologist has preceded him. The hypothesis in his mind also opens his eyes to facts which a student, without the hypothesis, might have regarded as negligible. On the other hand, the abundance of colligated hypotheses, many or all of which must crumble if one is demonstrably incorrect, lends, we fear, an air of instability to the whole edifice.

It is almost, we think, to be regretted that Mr Frazer

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\* 'The International Monthly,' April 1901, p. 475,

did not write a wholly new book, instead of accommodating his now very advanced theory, and his new collections of facts, to the framework of his first edition. If we are not mistaken, the volumes, as they stand, contain ideas which cannot easily be cleared (though possibly they can) from the charge of being self-contradictory.\* This is probably due to the method of piecing the new cloth into the old garment. Where Mr Frazer has apparently changed his mind on important points, he has occasionally left the record of his previous opinion behind him, without satisfactorily reconciling the two seemingly opposite and mutually exclusive ideas. But it is perhaps hardly fair to criticise a work which, though vast, is only part of the plan and system that Mr Frazer has traced out for himself. His style, unlike that of many scientific writers, is careful, agreeable, vivacious, and only very occasionally shows a vein of rather too exuberant rhetoric. As to his demonstration of the extent to which the religion of vegetation has affected ritual, usage, and, by way of survival, popular custom, nobody can deny that he has succeeded in proving the vast range of this influence. Difficulties arise in special cases; as in that of the supreme Aryan god 'whose life was in the mistletoe or Golden Bough,' and in a theory even more hazardous. Through the whole dense labyrinthine forest of his work the Ariadne's clue which guides him never leaves his hand; and his eye never wavers from his goal, though a critic who follows may conceive that the thread is not only tangled, but in some places broken. This does not blind us to the value of Mr Frazer's immense erudition and unwearied industry.†

If, on points confessedly speculative, we cannot absolutely applaud all of Mr Frazer's work, there is literally, we think, no exception to be taken to 'The Native Tribes of Central Australia,' by Mr Baldwin Spencer, Professor of Biology in the University of Melbourne, and Mr F. J.

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\* This is also the opinion of the author of the article styled 'Magic and Religion' in the 'Edinburgh Review,' October 1901.

† The more special criticisms of Mr Frazer's book which we have observed are by Mr Hartland (author of 'The Legend of Perseus'), in 'Man'; by several anthropologists and folk-lorists of various opinions, in 'Folk-lore'; and two essays of considerable extent, and antagonistic nature, in Mr Lang's 'Magic and Religion,' with the paper of the same title in the 'Edinburgh Review,' already referred to.

Gillen, subprotector of Aborigines at Alice Springs, South Australia. Mr Gillen has known the rather isolated savages of Central Australia for twenty years, and possesses their confidence, having been permitted, with Mr Spencer, to observe their initiatory and magical rites. These gentlemen have borne the heat of many a day and the fatigue of many a sleepless night in watching mummeries often cruel and disgusting. They have furnished an account of the whole aboriginal life, which may almost be called exhaustive, and give us many photographs. With scarcely a trace of theory, they give facts of every description. We cannot here go into these; but it is to be observed that the tribes, especially the Arunta, are all but destitute (as here described) of any trace of what the widest definition could call religion. On the other hand, they possess an elaborate *material* magic, a magic of 'sympathy' and imitation, with no appeal to spirits. They have adopted a theory of evolution which leaves no room for a creative power, or for any future life except that of re-incarnation. Their form of Totemism is peculiar, perhaps unique. On the other hand, the development of government is, in some respects, more advanced than that of most of the 'aborigines'—a kind of magistracy descending in the male line, not the female. To read this book is an education to the scientific explorer.

A volume much slighter, though interesting and intelligent, is Mr Richard Semon's 'In the Australian Bush,' translated from the German. Mr Semon was travelling for about two years in the northern parts of Australia. He found the natives 'truthful on the whole'; apparently they could not take the trouble to invent a good lie. In the language, 'abstract words' are wanting, though in Central Australia Mr Spencer notes the names of two mythical beings, *Ungambikula*, which means, 'self-existing, or made out of nothing.' It is not easy to be more 'abstract' than that. Mr Semon's book, though very interesting as a record of travel, has no particular anthropological value.

Mr Alldridge's book, 'The Sherbro and its Hinterland,' is of a practical character, and adds very little to our knowledge of the more intimate ideas of the natives of Western Africa. It would be very instructive if we knew the esoteric secrets of the Mysteries. But Mr Alldridge

says, 'I have never yet succeeded in penetrating the inner Mysteries, and indeed I always tell the people that I have no wish that they should divulge to me anything that they have sworn to keep secret.' As moralists we must commend Mr Alldridge, but the anthropologist grieves. A few traces of 'automatism'—as in the European use of the divining-rod—occur in native divination. Of these, however, Mr Skeat gives much better examples. His 'Malay Magic' is a particularly excellent work. The author states the usual objections against all anthropological evidence, objections which we have already considered. He then gives the chants and other native songs, on which he founds his reports, in the original language, with translations. This, as we have seen, is the best of all kinds of testimony in the anthropological field. The Malays, under a veneer of Islam, preserve almost all the widely diffused ideas of savage culture. They are too deeply Islamised to teach us much about their earlier religion, but they are masters of magic and spells. In divination, forms of automatism (as in 'table-turning') are employed; and the movements, caused by unconscious muscular action, are attributed to spirits. The anecdote quoted from Sir Francis Swettenham, of a piece of divination done under his own eyes, may, perhaps, be explained by Mr Maskelyne, the conjurer, but is certainly, as regards its method, beyond the ordinary comprehension. Though many of the Malay beliefs and practices, of which Mr Skeat tells us, are familiar to us already as existing among other races, the exactitude of his method and his sympathetic attitude make his volume one of the best of recent contributions to anthropology.

In conclusion, our readers will be glad to hear that Mr Spencer and Mr Gillen, by the aid of the Colonial Governments, and of friends, are engaged in a new and promising expedition. The Government of India has appointed Mr Risley (well known for his excellent researches) to be Director of Ethnography. The 'Journal of the Anthropological Institute' has been greatly enlarged and improved, thanks to the energy of Mr Arthur Evans and the late and actual presidents, Mr C. H. Read and Mr Haddon, whose record of research near Torres Straits is in the press. The harvest is vast, and the reapers are neither few nor indolent.

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# Art. X.—THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN.

1. *The International Congress of Women, 1899 : Report of Transactions.* Seven vols. Edited by the Countess of Aberdeen. London : Fisher Unwin, 1900.
2. *Women and their Work.* By the Hon. Mrs Arthur Lyttelton. London : Methuen, 1901.

It is probably true to say that while a constant and unfailing interest attaches to the doings of men, and to the relations between men and women, a discussion on the position of women only is one which often meets with but very half-hearted welcome. It is connected in people's minds with a certain combativeness and assertiveness, of which man, who wishes to be let alone, is naturally intolerant. He is apt to turn away in dismay from statements such as that recently made by a well-known novelist, that there is 'great need for an earnest, unbiassed enquiry into the reason why woman all over the world has become such a disturbing element in the life-history of man,' and for an 'equally earnest endeavour to find some sure foothold for improvement.' That, he says, is exactly what is not required; enquiries and endeavours are in their results profoundly displeasing; and although, no doubt, women are a disturbing element in the life-history of men, it is an element to which men have now become accustomed. Women, of course, may affect one side of men's lives; but, when that side is outlived or put aside, women can disturb no longer, and can be comfortably relegated to their proper place as mistresses of households, mothers of children, and ministering angels, when ministering angels are required.

Yet this is not, and it never really has been the fact. There is more truth in the saying, '*Cherchez la femme,*' than there is in most of such maxims; and neither the present attempt to regulate the position of women, nor the enquiry which Mrs Steele suggests, will materially increase the disturbing element of which she speaks. From the beginnings of history until now it has existed, and it has refused to give way either to oppression or to idealisation. Women have indeed experienced all possible vicissitudes of fortune; the highest and the lowest fate has been theirs. If it be true to say that women at

their worst and best are as heaven and hell, it is truer still to say that the extremes of women's fate have touched heaven and hell. Women have been drudges and beasts of burden ; they have been shut up and sequestered ; their mental and spiritual qualities have been dwarfed and stunted ; they have exercised, by means lawful and unlawful, supreme empire over men ; they have been idealised and exalted to the skies, they have been subjected to the deepest and worst degradation the world can ever know ; they have been praised and abused ; the highest tributes and the most scathing satires have been lavished upon them ; and through it all they have been, and they remain, a disturbing element in the lives of men. The methods of the disturbance are indeed various. Sometimes a woman harasses men by irrationality and caprice ; sometimes she wrecks men and things by ill-regulated love ; sometimes, like Madame Guyon, she interferes with the established view of religion ; sometimes, as Keats puts it,

'. . . She is like a milk-white lamb that bleats  
For man's protection' ;

sometimes, as the persistent earnest reformer, she upsets the even tenour of man's way ; but always she is liable to appear as a disturbing force which it is difficult to reckon with, and which is full of unexpected surprises.

It is interesting, however, to notice that, throughout all their vicissitudes, and throughout all their history, women have never for any length of time been treated as if they were bound by the same laws, amenable to the same reasoning, and possessed of the same mental powers as men ; and there are those who assert that herein lies the secret of the difficulty and the disturbance. Of course there is the obvious reply that this is because women are physically and intellectually inferior, although possibly morally superior, to men, and that in this world, so long as the physical and intellectual forces hold, as they do, the supreme place, so long women must take the lower position. This argument entirely justifies woman's place in history, for it asserts that women are both inferior and superior to men, but never their equals. They are weaker, they are stupider, and they are better than men ; and they always will remain so. That is the view held

by many at the present day, and it is the view which has hitherto prevailed in the history of mankind. But this again is met by the assertion that, as civilisation advances, physical force tends to yield to intellectual force ; and that, while physically weaker, women only need education and opportunity to be intellectually the equals of men ; while, when the moral standard rises, as it undoubtedly is rising and ought to rise, the moral difference between men and women will diminish and finally tend to disappear. According to this view, which is developed by Mrs Lyttelton in the introductory chapter of her book, women are now in a transition stage, and are growing up from a state of tutelage and protection to one of freedom and responsibility. They will gradually rise to the intellectual standard of men, and men will rise to the moral standard of women ; and, when this is accomplished, the difference in the physical strength of men and women will be immaterial. It cannot be denied that this is a prospect which would seem to promise well for the race. The question is, first, whether events seem to be proving its truth ; and secondly, whether the intellectual equalisation of men and women will not lead to grave difficulties and to the disruption of society as at present constituted.

Now there can be no doubt that the nineteenth century has had an immense influence on the position of women. Its opening years probably saw women in as unprogressive a state as at any period of civilised times. It is unnecessary to do more than recapitulate the well-known facts that they were badly educated, that the professions were closed to them, and that they suffered under considerable disabilities as to property, while games, athletic exercises, and even good health, were considered unwomanly. A writer early in the last century lamented that the social policy of all climates and ages should have agreed to restrict the amiable sex to the power of pleasing, and should have thus put it out of their power to display the qualities of sagacity, prudence, loyalty, grandeur of spirit and active heroism, which distinguished the lady whose biography he was writing, and which he seemed to think existed undiscovered and unknown in a large number of her fellows.

On the other hand, those members of the 'amiable sex' who succeeded in pleasing were treated with great



ceremony. In the upper classes, at any rate, women met with a consideration which, in its exaggerated form, savoured of the unreal respect of chivalry. Mr Gladstone used to say that, in his youth, a leader of fashion was once asked how long a time should elapse before a man might rejoin the ladies after he had been smoking. 'Four hours,' was the reply. Such a suggestion would now be considered that of a lunatic, although all women do not smoke; but it is typical of the ceremony of the past age—a ceremony which was compatible with a very real want of respect in many essential things.

As the century progressed, however, and the Victorian age grew older, the change which had already begun became apparent. Jane Austen in literature, and Elizabeth Fry in philanthropy, had already led the way; and about the middle of the century women began to come forward in good earnest. The reform of nursing came first; then followed the entry of women into the medical and other professions, their successful claim to a higher education, their admission to the municipal franchise, their share in local government and in other opportunities of work; and this has been accompanied by a great activity in all forms of philanthropy, and by a vast development of literary effort and achievement. It is not only in England, of course, that this has occurred. The movement has its counterpart more or less in all Christian countries, while in parts of America and in some of the Colonies women have more influence, more scope, and more political power than in England.

This change in the position of women was very well summed up and set forth at the International Congress of Women, whose Report stands at the head of this article. It is of somewhat portentous length, for it fills seven volumes, and it contains papers on every conceivable subject, from women's status in local government to bee-keeping, and from the training necessary for the medical and legal professions to music. All that a woman may do, and some things that as yet she may not, are here described. The Congress was made up of delegates from almost every European nation, from America and from the Colonies, and it was held under the auspices of the International Council of Women, a body which aims at representing the activities and work of women in

education, philanthropy, the family, politics and social reform, and desires to include in its ranks all women of note in all nations. It is a large ambition, but, if we may judge from the result, no vain one. Nor is it limited to the Congress of 1899, for the International Council itself is composed of representatives of National Councils; and such Councils already exist in Canada, America, Great Britain, France, Germany, Sweden, New Zealand, and other countries.

The Council exists in order to strengthen the hands of women generally. It aims at giving them opportunities for thought and for inaugurating reforms, and it desires to afford to all women a means of communicating with each other, of asking advice, and exchanging opinion. Probably such things are only a means to an end; and, in the years or the centuries to come, such associations of women will give place to associations of men and women formed to accomplish particular purposes and to carry out particular ideas. But at this present stage of the development of women, associations of women only are probably desirable; and the National Councils have a definite work to do in educating and informing the women of their respective countries.

Once in every five years it is proposed to hold such a Congress as that of 1899; and it is to meet in the various countries in turn. There is a prospect here of work and talk through the centuries. It is, however, an age of discussion; and discussion, like many other processes of nature, means waste. Just as, in the animal world, crowds of individuals are born, out of whom only a certain number attain to maturity, so amid the billions of spoken sentences it is not surprising if a few only contain matter of real importance and effect. Yet, if we except scientific assemblies, whose speakers are able to record definite facts and to deal with mathematical certainties, the Congress of Women seems to compare very favourably with other similar gatherings. It was business-like; the arrangements went off without a hitch—no small praise when we find that between sixty and seventy meetings took place in ten days; and in the discussions a great deal of common-sense was uttered. No doubt, there were signs of the belief that if you can only get a certain number of women together and then set them to talk,

somebody is sure to be improved. This element, however, was not unduly conspicuous at the Congress; while, on the other hand, a mass of very useful information was brought together.

It is interesting to consider what new light all these details concerning the increased activity of women throw on the real place of women in the world, and whether the advent of women into public life will be the cause of less rather than of more disturbance in the life-history of man. In spite of some wild assertions on both sides, there can be little doubt that the highest interests of men and women must be identical. By superficial reasoners, we are aware, they are often thought to be opposed. In trades, in professions, even in family life, it is said that the position of women can only rise at the expense of that of men, and that woman's gain must be man's loss. If so, we are simply robbing Peter to pay Paul, and we had better bear the ills we have in patience. But, as a matter of fact, this cannot occur. The highest interest of the race means the highest interests of the men and the women who form the race; if the one half is to be really improved, the other must be improved also. If anything injures the one, the injury is certain to react upon the other; there is no such thing as real antagonism. But the difficulty lies in discovering what is the true interest of either. In the daily incidents of development there is no doubt much to confuse and to perplex mankind, and it is not easy to take a dispassionate view of the matter. Nor has it ever been easy so to do; the whole of history proves its difficulty. The advance of women into the sphere which is sometimes supposed to be the prerogative of men is no new thing in the history of the world; but the tendency of mankind has always been to solve the problems thence arising by mere repression, that is to say, not to solve them at all.

Since the Christian era, and indeed before it, women have often for a time held high positions in public life. In Asia Minor, under the Roman Empire, women were magistrates, they presided at games, and in one case at least a woman was appointed by the Jews at Smyrna to the position of *archisynagogos*—a post which enabled her to preside over an assembly which seems to have combined the attributes of a congregation and of a parochial

council. In Macedonia women took a prominent part in the early Christian Church, and they seem in some cases to have been more or less independent of their husbands, for an inscription has been found recording how a wife erects a tomb for herself and her dear husband out of their common earnings.\* In Rome girls were educated in the same way as boys, they were taught by the same learned slaves, they read the same books, they studied, just as the boys did, the great classical writers, and often acquired a taste for literature which continued through life. The plebeian girls went to schools in Rome which were also frequented by boys, and the two sexes were brought up together.† Educated women were themselves writers; and Sulpicia, a lady who lived during the reign of Trajan, wrote a series of love-poems, which apparently rivalled those of Sappho in passion, but which were addressed to her husband.‡ Women were also lawyers, and took part in many of the other professions and pursuits of men. All this emancipation, however, was the result not of law, but of custom. Philosophers and legislators united in assigning a dependent position to women; but public opinion sanctioned an evasion of this restriction, and permitted the appearance of women in public life. The severe regulations which shackled women were successively abolished or eluded, and at last even the marriage law became equal, although in an earlier age Cato had rejoiced in thinking that, if a woman were unfaithful to her husband, she might be put to death by him on the spot, while if the husband were unfaithful, the wife was powerless.§

But this emancipation of women was accompanied by a decay of morals and by a general licence of life which resulted partly from the emancipation itself, partly from the materialism which prevailed, and partly no doubt from the prevalence of pagan cults, at once mystic and licentious, in which women as priestesses took a leading part. It was probably for this reason that, very early in the history of the Christian Church, there was apparent a tendency to repress women so far as their position in the

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\* See Ramsay, 'The Church in the Roman Empire,' pp. 180, 181; Light-foot, *Philippians*, p. 55.

† Boissier, 'La Religion Romaine,' vol. i, p. 240.

‡ Ibid. p. 259.

§ Ibid. pp. 223, 224.

world is concerned, and to find an exalted place for them only in the religious life. But even here it soon became the policy of the leaders of the Church to refuse all power to women outside the cloister. Attempts were made to give women a subordinate share in the ministry, and to establish an order of Presbyteresses; but such efforts were repressed by those in authority as savouring too much of the Montanist heresy.\* Within the convent, it is true, women might hold positions of power and trust similar to those held by men; their opinion was valued and their counsel was sought; and sometimes even the head of a joint community of monks and nuns would be a woman. But outside the cloister women lost the privileges and the freedom which they possessed, and sank to a wholly subordinate position. Even the high place accorded to the lofty if savage type of womanhood which existed among the Teutonic races gave way before the decadent civilisation of the Roman Empire, and before the influence of the monastic ideal which taught that even the marriage relation was little better than a temptation to the lower life. Thus the old barbarian reverence for women as heads of the family diminished and tended to disappear.

During the centuries of violence and oppression which followed, when physical force ruled supreme, women were for the most part reduced to an entirely inferior position. Within the cloister women were the equals of men in saintliness; outside it, if they equalled men at all, it was by their crimes. Then came the age of chivalry and the so-called exaltation of women—an exaltation which extended only to one class, and which, while it paid a fantastic and exaggerated adoration to women, was the outcome of no real respect, and was consistent with the grossest immorality. Whether at the time chivalry was a real step forward, or only an attractive but misleading side-path, this is not the place to discuss. But it seems certain that, as regards the permanent position of women, it had not in it any really living force. It introduced gallantry, courtesy, and romance into the treatment of women by men of the upper classes; but it was compatible with, and indeed it inculcated, a relation which

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\* 'The Ministry of Grace,' by John Wordsworth, Bp. of Salisbury, p. 274.

was very far removed from the precepts of Christianity. The exaltation of women is a thing no doubt seductive to generous spirits, but it is not in harmony with a true sense of justice; it substitutes honour for duty, and it purchases the exaltation of women of one class at the expense of the degradation of those of another. Its effects have not yet entirely disappeared. The system which strives to ensure the purity of one class of women by tolerating the immorality of another, and the belief that it is a man's duty to perjure himself in order to shield a woman, are countenanced by the plausible yet false ideals of chivalry; and such ideals die hard.

In the Middle Ages, with some notable exceptions, women made but little way. Great saints there were, like St Catherine of Siena; here and there a woman rose to a position of influence, as did the Countess Matilda; and there was of course the inspired, meteor-like leader, Joan of Arc. But the rank and file of women remained in a position of complete dependence; and the personal liberty which prevailed in the Roman Empire was unknown. As we approach modern times we find women here and there coming forward into public life. The learned women of the time of the Renaissance in Italy held posts which are still the envy of women of the present day. As was pointed out by Mrs Heinemann in the brilliant little paper which she contributed to the Congress,\* women were teaching mathematics and philosophy at Bologna and other seats of learning, and were admired and approved by the great men of their day; while if any woman had attempted to teach her lords and masters anything of any description at Oxford or Cambridge, she would have been burnt for a witch. Such drastic treatment is now out of fashion, though the rejoicings over the failure of women to obtain titular degrees not long ago at Cambridge show that some traces of the medieval spirit still linger at our ancient universities.

It seems, then, that at all times women of unusual power have influenced the history of the world, whether as queens, saints or sinners; and that occasionally and in certain circumstances there have been groups of women

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\* 'Women in Professions,' Report, vol. i, p. 139.

who have taken their part in the life of their time as teachers and in other ways. We also find that the periods when women have been in the ascendant have been periods of laxity in morals, and that this has probably been one of the chief causes which have led to the belief that the freedom, and the greater power and prominence of women, would on the whole be detrimental to the welfare of the race.

But one of the most striking features of the advance of women in the nineteenth century is that it has been accompanied by a rise in the standard of morals. We are well aware that pessimists have some cause for laying stress on a certain spirit of slackness and self-indulgence, and a certain apparent triumph of materialism in the present age. Nevertheless, the fact remains that things which were tolerated at the opening of the nineteenth century would not be tolerated now; that a standard of morals is preached, not only by the clergy, but by medical men\* and others, which is far more in accord with the teaching of Christianity than any which has been possible outside the cloister since Christianity was first preached; and that, for the first time, the greatest social evil of our large towns is being seriously attacked. It is recognised that morality and health, both physical and mental, are intimately connected, and that the only safety lies in good conduct. If it is true to say that women have progressed during the nineteenth century, physically and intellectually, it is also true to say that men, as well as women, have progressed morally. Thus it would seem permissible to assert that for the first time in history, women in large numbers have taken a prominent part in public life, and that there has at the same time been a rise in the standard of morals.

Moreover, in opposition to many prophecies, the entry of women into public life has been accompanied by a great strengthening of family ties. It is no doubt true that there are some extremists who go so far as to insist on the economic independence, not only of single women, but of mothers of families, and would throw the burden of

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\* See Sir W. R. Gowers, Sir Dyce Duckworth, Sir James Paget, and others, in 'The Testimony of Medical Men,' published by the White Cross League.

training and educating children on the State. But the views of this party—not a very large one—cannot be set against the undoubted fact that the standard of family life has risen during the last half century. The existence of a great society like the Mothers' Union, numbering nearly 200,000 members, which bands together mothers of all classes in a religious society, and enjoins a thorough study of methods of training and educating children, is a sufficient proof of this. But the fact is shown also in the multitude of books dealing with the subject, and in the tendency of all educational and moral authorities to look upon the home as the real and paramount factor in the development of the child. From all sides the cry is heard, 'improve the home'; and this, not because the homes are deteriorating, but because it is being realised to the full how unique is their importance. In all, even the rudest ages, there have no doubt been numberless good homes, and they have been the source of the great softening and refining power which women have always exercised over their husbands and children, and through them on the race. The work of women in this way has been unceasing, and their influence immeasurable. But this is not the point. What is noticeable is that the drawbacks which have hitherto accompanied the emergence of women from the seclusion of the home are absent, and that, instead of a relaxation, there has been apparent a strengthening of morals and of home ties. We may say, therefore, that during the nineteenth century three strongly marked tendencies have shown themselves. First, there has been the entry of women generally into public life; secondly, there has been a distinct rise in the standard of morals; and thirdly, there has been a quickened sense and recognition of the paramount importance of the home. How far any of these are cause and how far effect it is impossible to say; but we may fairly assume they are all three the result of the gradual working of the spirit of Christianity, which in its slow advance through the ages has for the first time made it possible for women to come forward outside the home with results advantageous to the race.

But now let us see what women have really accomplished, and what opportunities are now open to them. It is curious to remember what were the struggles and the difficulties of the early days; how strange were



thought the ambitions of women, how dangerous the risks they ran, how extravagant the claims they made. Women doctors fought their way to a place in the profession through every sort of obstacle and barrier. It has been recently said that all men resemble in character either ferrets or rabbits; if a rabbit is put into a bag he is found there in the morning, but the ferret will have bitten his way out. The women may be said to have bitten their way through to success and recognition. When they were refused admission to the medical schools in one nation they took refuge in those of another, and proceeded to found schools of their own in the countries which rejected them. They may be said to have conquered all along the line, although the victory is not yet complete. Some four hundred qualified women are now practising medicine in Great Britain and Ireland, either privately or under the poor law, and in hospitals; and they have their own school of medicine in London. The great London medical schools do not, however, admit women; and the Royal Colleges of Physicians and of Surgeons still close their doors. On the Continent the position of medical women varies considerably. In Sweden they have the same privileges as medical men; in Denmark every kind of teaching is open in the hospitals to both men and women, and 'everybody thinks this arrangement to be the only natural one, because they know no other';\* but in France considerable prejudice still exists against women doctors, and there are as yet no women surgeons. In Germany the authorities are only slowly getting rid of their opinion that female practitioners are quacks. Still, even there, what one of the speakers at the Congress called the belief that a woman was an intruder in medicine unless she presented herself as a patient, seems to be steadily giving way before the undoubted success of medical women.

There appears to be little logic in these matters. In France, where women doctors are still looked upon with suspicion, they are allowed to practise as lawyers; while in England, where their position in the world of medicine is assured, they are still vainly knocking at the door of the Bar. In some of the American states, and in one or

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\* Congress Report, 'Women in Education,' p. 77.

two continental countries, women lawyers flourish; and one woman at least is practising at the Bar in New Zealand. In India also a lady, Miss Cornelia Sorabji, has been allowed to practise by special decree.

If we turn to education, we find that the position of women varies greatly. In France, Italy, Sweden, and Denmark they would seem to be treated almost similarly to men. In Germany, on the other hand, favours and concessions are only being gradually, and with difficulty, obtained. In Great Britain women are practically admitted to full privileges at the universities of London, of Wales, the Scottish universities, Victoria University, and the Royal University of Ireland. In some of these they may compete with men for scholarships, prizes, etc. Trinity College, Dublin, closes its doors to women; Oxford and Cambridge admit women to classes and lectures, examine them, and grant certificates.\* Women have in recent years crowded into the teaching profession; and the teaching in elementary schools would seem to be largely passing into the hands of women, for whereas, in 1869, the female teachers did not number 53 per cent., they now number over 75 per cent.

It is perhaps, however, in literature that women have achieved the highest position. 'Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona'; and there were women writers before the nineteenth century. There was Sappho; there was Mrs Aphra Behn, who was no credit to women; there was Margaret of Navarre, who by a somewhat double-edged compliment has been called the Boccaccio of France; there were Madame de Sévigné and Mademoiselle de Scudéry; and there was Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of Sopwell Nunnery, who wrote the well-known treatise about hawking and hunting, which is said to be the first printed book that attained to a large circulation. It is also interesting to notice how many women have written ballads. Sir Walter Scott said that the first ballad he learnt, and the last he would ever forget, was the Ballad of Hardyknute, by Lady Elizabeth Wardlaw; and 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'Caller Herrin,' and 'The Land o' the Leal,' were also written by women. But, with two or three

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\* There are now, in all, some 2000 female graduates, 1500 certificated students, and 8 Honorary LL.D.'s.

marked exceptions, there is nothing before the year 1800 to foreshadow the great position which women were about to take in literature. Miss Austen, George Eliot, Georges Sand, the Brontës, and Mrs Gaskell, are names which certainly may be compared with those of the greatest novelists; and in fiction women approach more nearly to equality with men than in any other branch of art.

One of the greatest opportunities of influence which has been opened to women lies in their admission to a share in certain kinds of Local Government, and in their appointment by municipal authorities and by the State as inspectors of factories and of sanitary matters. The first female guardians were elected in 1875; and there are now 987 in England and Wales, and 100 in Ireland. In Scotland, where there is still a rating qualification, there are 40 women parish-councillors, as they are called. Women were admitted to school-boards in 1870; and over two hundred are now working on such boards. Seven women are now inspectors of factories, and more are being continually asked for. The sanitary authorities in London and the country have appointed women as sanitary inspectors. Some fifty women are now working in this way in twenty-three large towns; and it has been very generally recognised that, in connexion with the work of women and children, and with all sanitary and domestic matters, the insight and the oversight of women are indispensable.

Down to the year 1899 the demand for the services of women increased steadily, and one sphere of work after another was opened to them. Then came the first check. In that year the London vestries were transformed into borough councils; and, although the Government Bill in its original shape allowed women to serve, they were eventually refused a seat on the new bodies. The clause which admitted women passed in the House of Commons, but the House of Lords developed a singular and marked activity on the subject. A whip against the women was issued. Peers, who had hitherto let the legislation of the State pass on its way untroubled or unaided by their presence, flocked to the Gilded Chamber, and recorded their votes against the women. The Government and the House of Commons bowed to the decision of the Peers; and the borough councils were constituted of men only. The opposition did not spring from any alleged unfitness

on their part; indeed it was admitted on all sides that women had done very good work on vestries. The real reason for its strength, there is little doubt, was the fear that the step was short from borough councils to town councils and so to county councils; and that if women, by their good work on borough councils, should in time justify their inclusion in county councils, they would then aspire to the House of Commons. Probably those who oppose the advance of women were right in fighting the battle when they did; but if the true reason be indeed the fear, not that women would prove incompetent, but that they would prove too competent, there can be little doubt that the check in their advance is only temporary. In foreign countries the position of women in municipal and local government varies considerably. In Sweden and in some of the United States, women possess full privileges; in Norway they may sit on school boards, but not as guardians of the poor; in Germany they may act as guardians; and in several other countries they take a more or less prominent part in the administration of public charity.

Lastly, there is the agitation for the parliamentary suffrage. The movement began about the middle of the century, and it has been actively propagated since then in Great Britain, in most of the Colonies, and in America. Women have been admitted to the suffrage in four of the United States—Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and Idaho. They gained the vote in New Zealand in 1893, in South Australia in 1894, in West Australia in 1899. In New South Wales the Government have undertaken to bring in a Bill to enfranchise women; in Victoria such a Bill has five times passed the Legislative Assembly, but has up till now been rejected by the Legislative Council. Ground has been gained in what may be called Lesser as well as in Greater Britain, for women may vote in the Isle of Man.

Accompanying this increased activity amongst women there has, of course, been a great development of philanthropy and of industrial life. The movement for women's trade-unions has, no doubt, been only partially successful; and it is probable that for a long period to come the causes which militate against it will not lose their effect. It progresses, however, though slowly,

On the other hand, the Women's Co-operative Guild, which is a self-governed organisation of women co-operators, founded chiefly for educational purposes, testifies to the great interest shown by working women in all questions of social reform, and to their desire to study the problems which affect their own interests and lives. The Guild in England and Scotland numbers altogether over sixteen thousand women.

In the different religious bodies the position of women varies considerably. Complete equality exists only amongst the Quakers ; but some of the sects outside the Episcopal churches now show an inclination to admit women to more or less power. In the Church of England there has been, during the last century, a considerable increase in women's work. Sisterhoods have been re-established, the order of Deaconesses has been revived, and a great part of the parochial work of the Church is done by women. But many churchmen still seem to be of opinion that power can be safely entrusted to laymen only and not to laywomen. Various reasons are given for this, the most plausible being that it is already very difficult to induce laymen to take part in the administration of Church affairs ; and that, if women were admitted to whatever share in the government of the Church may be in the future conceded to laymen, the result would be to alienate the men altogether. This is the reason given by those who object to placing women on parochial councils. Women are loyal to the Church, it is said ; therefore it is not necessary to attract them. It is necessary to attract men ; therefore all the responsibility should be given to them. There is, however, some reason to suppose that this argument is not so convincing as it sounds. The Church has a large following amongst women, no doubt ; but in this there is danger as well as safety. The Church cannot do without the most capable women, and it would seem to be her interest to attract these, and to offer them the same chances of responsibility and opportunity as they will meet with in secular work. If the Church should lose its hold on the most capable women, the result might be still further to increase a certain element of 'sentimentalism' which is said, with some plausibility, to be among the reasons which keep men from the services of the Church. The exclu-

sion of women would then have exactly the opposite effect from that which was intended.

From what has been said it is obvious that the position of women varies greatly in different nations, and that this variation is not based on logical grounds. A given profession may be open to women in one country while another is closed; in another country the exact reverse is the case. In some countries women have municipal, and in some parliamentary suffrage, while in some they have both and in some neither. The place which women hold is the result of sentiment, chance, and efficient leadership, and it varies accordingly. Only behind these things there would seem to be a constant and steady tendency on the part of women to press forward, to assert their powers and to claim their opportunities, and to meet men, not as their superiors or inferiors, but as their equals. And up to a certain point they have succeeded. It is becoming evident that, wherever women are concerned, the services of women are needed; it is admitted that women should, together with men, overlook and control the teaching of children, the wants and conditions of the poor, and many municipal and social matters. Women are more and more eagerly resorting to female doctors; and the latter are daily becoming better recognised and appreciated by medical men.

Of course this trust of women in women is by no means yet universal; and there are plenty of women who scorn the female doctor, but accept the advice of no matter who, so that he be a man. But it seems evident that the whole tendency of development is the other way; and, unless there is a great change, it appears likely that the new century will not have grown very old before women are established as professional managers, advisers, and inspectors where women, and even in some cases where men, are concerned. And what is to happen then? Will women proceed still further; and will they equal men in creative power? Are we to look in the future ages for female Beethovens, Shakespeares, and Raphaels? or are women capable only of administrative power? and is the creative faculty denied to them? This is a controversy which excites great heart-burnings amongst all who are interested in the question of the progress of women, and it has the merit or the fault of being at present completely

insoluble. No doubt if, as Dr Harnack believes, Priscilla wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews, it would go far towards settling the question; for, if a woman could write a work of such depth and originality, there can be few things which are impossible to her sex. Whatever may be thought as to the probability of Dr Harnack's theory, it cannot be said to be proved; but, on the other hand, it has not been disproved; and the reviewer in the 'Guardian,' who pronounced against the theory, merely argued that because no woman could have written the Epistle to the Hebrews, therefore Priscilla did not do so—an argument which can hardly be said to be convincing. Even the authorship of the 'Odyssey' has, in these revolutionary days, been attributed to a woman; but we can hardly set Mr Samuel Butler on the same level of scholarship as Dr Harnack; besides, he may not have meant it.

Those, however, who deny the creative power to women often confuse the issue. They are wont to assert that, because a woman has never written a great poem or painted a great picture, she therefore should not sit on a borough council, forgetting apparently that the gentleman who will take her place there is in all probability equally incapable of painting and poetry; and that those who elected him did so on account of his administrative capacity—a capacity which was not that of Raphael or Shakespeare. Great creators are not usually found actively engaged in administrative work; and, on the other hand, men as well as women may be administrators of the highest class and yet be wanting in creative ability.

Still, while the controversy has but little real bearing on the claim of women to equality with men in administrative affairs, it is interesting in itself. On the one hand, there is no doubt that, so far, women have not rivalled the great poets, musicians, and artists. Mr Fuller Maitland, in the paper which he read before the Congress, dwelt on the absence of great female musicians.\* There have been song-writers, of course, and very good ones; but in the higher branches of the art women have so far not excelled, though there is now every opportunity for a woman to do work of the highest class if she have the necessary inspiration. On the other hand, we are

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\* Report of the Congress, vol. iv, p. 81.

reminded that Sydney Smith said exactly the same of women's achievements in literature ; yet in fiction women have certainly since then shown that, if they cannot rival men, they can very nearly approach them. This, however, is not conclusive. The success of a novel depends very largely on power of observation ; and in power of observation women excel. A great novel is not as great an instance of creative power as a great picture, a great symphony, or a great poem ; and therefore the excellence of female novelists does not conclusively prove that women have the creative power as men have it. Mrs Browning, fine poet as she was, does not prove the contention either, for her greatest work is to be found in the 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' poems purely of passion ; and she is certainly deficient in the creative power which characterised her husband. The quality may, however, exist in an undeveloped condition, and may be ready to emerge when opportunity and education have raised all women to a higher level of capacity than they at present possess. Before it can be conclusively proved that women are deficient in creative force, many years of full opportunity and endeavour must have trained and developed the female sex.

Finally, if it be not too hazardous a suggestion, it is possible that women may never rival the highest achievements of men, and yet that they may be in no way inferior to them. For across the path of many women to fame there falls the barrier of the home, of wifehood, and possible motherhood. It is difficult to estimate how far this will always affect women ; but it is more than possible that, even if they were in all ways intellectually equal to men, the home, the husband, and still more the children, would attract them more than the greatest positions in the world of art and letters. It is an instinct as old as humanity, sanctioned and sanctified by the highest example, glorified alike by nature and revelation. Those who fear that the opening of professions to women will turn them in any numbers from the longing for marriage and motherhood, might as well fear that the ebbing tide would not again flow.

It may thus be that what will hold women back is not the lack of intellectual power, which, properly developed and educated, would attain to a far higher level than it



has yet reached, but the presence of another faculty which exercises a dominating force over their nature. This faculty, which shows itself in the desire to love, in the desire for children, in the quick spiritual insight of women, in all the special qualities, physical, intellectual and moral which in their fulness belong to the ideal mother, will, it is probable—may we not say, it is to be hoped?—always predominate. It may be that in the future, after years of opportunity and achievement, women will approach as near to Shakespeare, Beethoven, and Raphael as they have to Thackeray or Scott. Nevertheless, to our mind such an advance is unlikely, not because the capacity is absent, but because it will move in a different channel. In order to produce the creative faculty in women, the fullest development is needed; yet perhaps, when that development has been reached, the result will be not the realisation of great creative achievements, but the existence of a stronger, nobler race.

The nation will surely benefit, not by a limited and incapable womanhood, but by one whose faculties and powers are developed and cultivated. This development is desirable, not only in the interest of those women who must support themselves, but in the interest of the whole community, by whom the work and the special qualities of women are required. Nor need it be feared that any disruption of society or of family ties will ensue. Far from exalting family life, the belief that women are fit for nothing else actually lowers it by treating it as the occupation of those who are incapable of other work. On the other hand, if women, by their professional success, and by the high place which, as we have seen, they have taken in administrative work, can obtain the recognition of their intellectual equality with men, and if they then elect to make marriage and motherhood their chief aim in life, the home will take a higher position. It will rank with other professions, for there is in it scope for genius as well as for ordinary ability. It may be that, only when women who are the intellectual equals of men become the mothers of the race, will the nation attain to its highest power and development, and be able to take its place under the new conditions which, during the centuries to come, appear likely to prevail.

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## Art. XI.—NEW LIGHTS ON MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

1. *Papal Negotiations with Mary Queen of Scots during her reign in Scotland, 1561-1567.* Edited, from the original documents in the Vatican archives and elsewhere, by John Hungerford Pollen, S.J. Scottish History Society, 1901.
2. *The Mystery of Mary Stuart.* By Andrew Lang. Second edition. London: Longmans, 1901.
3. *Mary Queen of Scots, and who wrote the Casket Letters?* By Samuel Cowan, J.P. Two vols. London: Sampson Low, 1901.
4. *Calendar of the State Papers relating to Scotland and Mary Queen of Scots, 1547-1603.* Vols. I, II—1547-1569. Edited by Joseph Bain: 1898, 1900.
5. *Mary Queen of Scots, from her birth to her flight into England.* By David Hay Fleming. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1897.
6. *A Bibliography of Works relating to Mary Queen of Scots, 1544-1700.* By John Scott, C.B. Edinburgh Bibliographical Society, 1896.
7. *Palaces, Prisons, and Resting-places of Mary, Queen of Scots.* By M. M. Shoemaker. Revised by T. A. Croal, F.S.A. (Scot.). London: Virtue, 1902.

THE remarkable interest which has so long been manifested in the story of Mary Stuart is due, not only to the personal qualities and charm of the woman, to the mingled elements of romance and tragedy in her life, to her resolute courage and bearing in the face of death, but also to the uncertainty which has shrouded many of her acts and motives in mystery. The keenness of the interest, from her own time onwards, is strikingly illustrated by Mr Scott's Bibliography, which, although ending with the seventeenth century, contains the titles of two hundred and eighty-nine works relating to her. Had the list been continued to the present time the number would have been legion. From her birth to her execution there is hardly an incident in her career which has not been the subject of prolonged discussion and minute enquiry. After more than three centuries of such discussion and enquiry, an amazing number of points survive on which contradictory opinions are still ardently held, and not a few on

which historical students candidly confess that they can only speak with dubiety.

The supply of fresh documents concerning the Queen of Scots seems to be practically inexhaustible; but its value, of course, varies greatly. Some of it, exceedingly interesting from an antiquarian point of view, or as illustrative of the manners and customs of the period, yields little or no help to those who are heroically attacking the more important problems which have long proved insoluble. But, in such a complicated subject, one must be thankful for any documents which clear up an obscure point, explain a minor difficulty, or somewhat simplify a greater. The new light which some of these have afforded has occasionally changed the line of discussion, and has rendered obsolete vast quantities of elaborate and ingenious arguments once deemed of the greatest consequence.

Of the works whose titles are given at the head of this article, none can compare with Mr Bain's Calendar for the number of documents bearing on Mary and her reign. It is true that most of these documents were previously more or less known through earlier calendars and otherwise; but Mr Bain's summaries are of special value because of their fullness and their retention of the original phraseology. Students of the period were already under a deep obligation to Mr Bain for the Hamilton Papers, and would therefore be inclined to look with a lenient eye on a few minor slips in his Calendar—occasional slips which, in such a work, are hardly to be avoided even by the most careful and painstaking editor. Their gratitude, however, for the Calendar will be tempered by profound regret for his unacknowledged and unaccountable omissions. These omissions are both numerous and important. Of the Conway Papers alone, he ignores more than a hundred between the 10th of September, 1565, and the 9th of November, 1567, that is, in a period of little more than two years! All these excluded documents relate to Scottish affairs, and most of them to the Queen of Scots. Among them are seven of Elizabeth's letters, seven of Leicester's, sixty-nine of Bedford's, and others by Throckmorton, Cecil, Scrope, Drury, Randolph, Lethington, James Melville, and Robert Melville. In Mr Hay Fleming's brief Biography, thirty documents are

printed for the first time, including the letter Mary wrote to her mother on the day she married the Dauphin, the remissions for the Riccio murder, and the inventory of the Queen's baggage sent to her from Loch Leven immediately after her escape.

Of the four works on Queen Mary issued last autumn, Father Pollen's stands first in merit and importance. His industry, perseverance, scholarship, and judgment are worthy of all praise. Even if he had merely given the bare text of the two hundred and fifty-nine documents, which he claims to have published for the first time, he would have done well; but he has added translations and notes, and, above all, an introduction, which is clear, comprehensive, and judicious. In his 'Mystery of Mary Stuart,' Mr Lang has published a few extracts from the Cambridge MSS., which he calls the Lennox Papers. The distinguishing features of his book, however, are the vivid writing of the earlier portions, and the ingenious—if occasionally inconclusive—reasoning of the later chapters. Mr Cowan professes to print a number of hitherto unpublished documents, but several of them have already appeared in well-known books. The collation of his documents does not impress one with his fitness for record work or his love of accuracy. His logical capacity is by no means conspicuous, and his style is sometimes almost childish in its simplicity. The work, indeed, is of no literary or critical value. The handsome volume issued by Messrs Virtue does not pretend to throw any fresh light on Mary's history, and treats the Queen as incapable of wrong-doing. Its value consists solely in its illustrations, which are abundant and interesting.

The main object of this article is to indicate the results of recent research and criticism on several of the more important personal problems of Mary's reign.

Few have questioned the sincerity of her acceptance of the distinctive dogmas of her church or of its polity; yet there is, and always has been, room for differences of opinion as to the depth of her conviction and the precise extent of her ecclesiastical zeal. Was the influence which these exercised upon her supreme or secondary? Was it occasional or continuous? Such questions may be best answered by considering a few facts.

Mary and Darnley were publicly married on the 29th of July, 1565. Hitherto it has been believed that the papal dispensation arrived a week earlier; but now Father Pollen has shown that it was not granted at Rome before the 14th of August, probably not until the 24th of September. It therefore can hardly have reached Scotland until three months after the marriage. It is quite possible, as Father Pollen suggests, that Mary acted on the assumption that it had been granted and was then on its way; and that she did not dispel the illusion that the papal brief, which had so opportunely arrived, was the dispensation, though only a reply to a complimentary letter. She had already disregarded the papal authority by resolving in Parliament, in the preceding December—not April, as Father Pollen has it—to confirm the infettments of alienated kirk-lands, and by declaring that her confirmations should be as valid as if they had been obtained from the Pope or the see of Rome. This Act of Parliament, by the way, did not imply, as Father Pollen seems to think it did, that Mary 'was professing to possess dispensing powers from Rome which she had never received.' She not only took among the spoils of Strathbogie, for her own use, many of the church vestments which had been stored there for safety, but delivered three of the fairest of them to Bothwell, and had others cut down to make a bed for her infant son. Worse than all, perhaps, from the papal point of view, was her marriage to Bothwell by a Protestant bishop.

These instances fully bear out Father Pollen's opinion that, from his point of view, 'she was not perfect,' and was sometimes 'regardless of forms which she should have observed.' It is worthy of note that the Pope—Pius IV—who granted the dispensation for the Darnley marriage, assigned as a reason that, if the request were refused, Mary and Darnley 'might continue to hold to their purpose and carry it out,' and, 'if they set at nought the authority of the laws and of the Apostolic see in this matter, they might be bold to do the same in other things.' He evidently did not possess an unwavering faith in their perfect loyalty to the Roman see.

Though Mary could ignore the law of her church, set aside its pecuniary interests, and turn its sacred vestments to profane or secular uses, nevertheless her faith in, and

her zeal for her church may have been earnest and fairly continuous. The most devoted may lapse occasionally. When she thought herself dying at Jedburgh, she is recorded to have thus addressed her Creator:—

‘I confess that I have not usit thy giftis to the advancement of thy gloiry and honour and guid exemple of lyif to thi peple that hes been committit onder my charge ass I aucht to have don, bot I rather hes bien transportit be the fragilitie of my nature . . . bot yit have I na wayis declynit fra thy faith, bot still continuit and constantlie perseverit in the Catholique faith, in the quhilk I was instructit, brocht up, and nurisit, and of the quhilk—befoir thy devyne gudnes and in the presence of all that onderstandis me—I mak profession, desyring the of thi infinit gudnes to grant me the strenth and constancie to persevere in this same onto my last sobbis, and that I declayne not frome it but constantlie to continue.’ \*

It is quite conceivable that in addressing the visible head of her church, Mary’s language was occasionally much more emphatic than her intentions. She was not only a woman but a queen and a politician, and apt to deal in florid phrases when these were likely to serve her purpose—albeit a temporary purpose. The Jedburgh words, however, belong to a different category, and, though unattested by the name of the recorder, are entitled to more weight. Taking them as the genuine expression of her religious principles and aspirations, it was only natural that she should do what she could, in her high position, to advance the external interests of her church. It would be altogether wrong to say that these interests formed the sole or even the chief aim of her life; but it is doing her no injustice to allege that she seldom lost sight of them.

No doubt, before she left France, she rejected the offer of her Catholic nobles, who proposed to meet her at Aberdeen, and with twenty thousand men convoy her to Edinburgh. Had she been a bloodthirsty or unreasoning fanatic she would probably have accepted such an offer joyfully; but she was much too shrewd—other considerations apart—to adopt so impolitic a plan; and she knew, moreover, that Huntly was not to be implicitly trusted. Her later action in crushing Huntly has been usually

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\* Small’s ‘Queen Mary at Jedburgh,’ 1831, p. 25.

regarded as inconsistent with, or prejudicial to, her ecclesiastical aims; and Father Pollen, who says that in this 'Mary was induced to act against her own higher interests,' thinks that he has detected, in one of her letters to the Cardinal of Lorraine, a confession of her fault. His conclusion on this point is not well founded. Her desire to be excused to the Pope, if she had failed in any part of her duty towards religion, had no ostensible connexion with Huntly, who is not even referred to in the letter. Father Pollen's misinterpretation of it is due to his misunderstanding of Lorraine's letter to Monsieur de Rennes. Mary had little cause to entertain personal gratitude towards Huntly, and was not entitled to regard him as a steadfast champion of the Papacy. According to Father Pollen,

'Huntly was the Catholic leader of Scotland, not indeed a leader of a very high type, but still the man to whom the Scottish bishops, when the crash came, had sent the national relics of Scotland for safe keeping.'

It is perhaps hardly worth while pointing out that the church plate, ornaments, and vestments committed to Huntly for safe keeping were those belonging to Aberdeen cathedral, and were sent to him, not by the Scottish bishops, but by the bishop, dean and chapter of Aberdeen. It is of importance, however, to notice that 'the Catholic leader of Scotland' was not only one of the nobles who, by their subscriptions and seals, ratified and confirmed the Treaty of Berwick, but also frequented the preaching of Knox, and, above all, put his name to the 'band' or covenant, of 27th April, 1560, by which he bound himself to do everything in his power to 'set forward the reformation of religion according to Goddis Word,' and to procure, by all possible means, 'that the treu preyching of Goddis Word may haif fre passage within this realme, with dew administration of the sacramentis and all thingis depending upon the said Word.' It was after taking charge of the Aberdeen valuables that Huntly approved the Treaty of Berwick and became a party to the covenant. It is not necessary, in this connexion, to point out the grounds of Mary of Guise's dissatisfaction, nor those of the Queen's; but one can hardly help recalling the passage in Drury's letter, in

which it is related that, after Mary's marriage to Bothwell, when the Huntly of that day asked liberty to leave the court for the North, 'the Queen denied it, saying that his desire thither was but to do as his father before had done, with many bitter words.'

Mary's refusal to meet the Catholic lords at Aberdeen in 1561, and her crushing of Huntly in 1562, are, as indications of her Protestant or latitudinarian leanings, far surpassed by some of her other proceedings, if Mr Cowan's presentation of these proceedings could be accepted. He affirms that, in an early proclamation, 'she assured her subjects of her determination to maintain the Protestant faith'; but, although he says that 'too much importance cannot be attached to it,' he neither quotes a line of it nor gives its date, and is too discreet to tell where it may be found. Her famous proclamation of 25th August, 1561, though renewed on various occasions, was professedly of a temporary nature. It forbade her subjects, under pain of death, to make any alteration in 'the state of religion,' or to attempt anything against 'the forme' which she found to be public and universal on her arrival.

The Act of Mary's last Parliament (in April 1567) 'concerning the religioun' is declared by Mr Cowan to have been 'the first Act of universal toleration known in Europe'; and, by Mr Lang, to have given offence to the Queen's Catholic friends 'by practically establishing the kirk.' The Act in reality neither granted universal toleration nor practically established the Reformed Church. It abrogated and annulled all laws, acts, and constitutions—canon, civil, or municipal—contrary to the religion which her Majesty found publicly and universally standing at the time of her arrival. By it the Queen also took upon herself and her posterity the perpetual protection and defence of all her good subjects and their property against foreign power, whether ecclesiastical or temporal. In it she also intimated her intention, 'in tyme convenient,' to take further order 'in all uther poinctis concerning the estait of religioun.' Soon after the Darnley marriage she had promised to pass some such Act, and now she redeemed the promise before marrying Bothwell; but she evidently took care to leave open the form of religion which she might finally think fit to establish.



All these concessions, or supposed concessions, to Protestantism can be explained without seriously impugning the Queen's fidelity to her own creed. When she returned from France she found the Protestants in power; and any attempt to suppress their religion would have involved her in a disastrous civil war. For her own comfort and security she had to do things of which she could not approve, save perhaps on the plea of necessity, and in the hope that time would give her the opportunity of effectually pursuing a very different policy. Even as it was, she did much in a quiet way for her own religion. Her personal influence was not small. There was about her 'some enchantment whareby men ar bewitched.' Knox tells that before her return no one dared openly to avow the hearing or saying of mass. Roche Mamerot, her preacher and confessor, affirms that no fewer than 12,606 persons communicated in her chapel during the nine weeks ending on Low Sunday, the 6th of April, 1567. Although a liberal allowance be made for pious exaggeration on Mamerot's part, there must have been a marvellous change in less than six years.

Mary seized every favourable opportunity of impressing on the Pope and his agents the extreme difficulty of her position, yet they never seem to have fully realised it, and it is doubtful if even Father Pollen—'wise after the event'—quite comprehends it. The greatest difficulty did not lie in the fact that the old church had been completely overthrown and another set up before her arrival, nor in the other fact that the leading nobles and men of influence were on the Protestant side. These were results of the real trouble which lay much deeper, to wit, in the feelings of open hatred and utter contempt with which the old church was regarded by the people. The populace of Edinburgh, for example, had so little respect for St Giles's, their chief place of worship, that, in order to preserve it from being grossly defiled, the doors had, in 1560, to be kept locked when there was no service going on. Coming after centuries of an æsthetic religion, such contempt could be of no sudden growth. The truth is that, in Scotland, the pre-Reformation church had become a by-word and a reproach; and the reason is not unknown. Joseph Robertson, the most impartial perhaps of all Scottish record scholars, has eloquently summed up the

damning evidence of long-continued corruption, profligacy, and ignorance on the part of the clergy, preserved in the official records of their own councils. On one important point that evidence is materially supplemented by Father Pollen's papers. Little has hitherto been known about the moral condition of the Scottish nunneries. Sir David Lyndsay, in 'The Commonyng betuix the Papingo and hir holye Executouris,' praises the virtue of the nuns of St Katherine in Edinburgh—'the systeris of the Schenis'; but in his 'Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis' he makes Dame Chastity speak thus:—

'Sir, quhen I was the nunnis amang,  
Out of thair dortour thay mee dang,  
And wald nocht let me bide sa lang,  
To say my Pater Noster.'

It was known that in Lyndsay's time the nuns of North Berwick were unable to write. And now Father Pollen substantiates the truthfulness of Lyndsay's biting satire by printing from the Vatican archives the original letter of Cardinal Sermoneta to Paul IV, written in 1556, on the eve of the Reformation. The relevant passage runs thus:—

'Moreover, on behalf of the said queen [of Scots], it had been declared how all nunneries of every kind of religious women, and especially those of the Cistercian Order, abbesses, prioresses and sisters included, have come to such a pass of boldness that they utterly condemn the safeguards of chastity. Not only do they wander outside the monastic enclosures in shameless fashion through the houses of seculars, but they even admit all sorts of worthless and wicked men within their convents, and hold with them unchaste intercourse. They defile the sacred precincts with the birth of children, and bring up their progeny about them; go forth abroad surrounded by their numerous sons, and give their daughters in marriage, dowered with the ample revenues of the Church. For this scandal there is no possible hope of a remedy except it be applied by your Holiness, as they allege their exemptions, and will consent to no admonition or visitation of the ordinaries. Your Holiness is therefore prayed to appoint certain prelates for their visitation, correction, punishment, and reform.'

In his letter the Cardinal of Sermoneta referred to other flagrant abuses in Scotland, such as the 'unbridled

licence' of the monks and the alienation of church lands by the prelates and other ecclesiastical persons; and as 'the prelates who are most capable of executing the above reforms,' and most acceptable to the Queen, he recommended Archbishop Beaton of Glasgow, Bishop Hepburn of Moray, Bishop Durie of Galloway, Bishop Chisholm of Dunblane, and Bishop Reid of Orkney. The first of these five proved to be one of the Queen's most faithful servants, and the last was undoubtedly one of the best bishops of the pre-Reformation Church of Scotland; but Hepburn and Chisholm were both notorious for their shameless profligacy and alienation of church lands, and Durie's reputation was none of the best. The mere recommendation of Hepburn and Chisholm, as prelates the most capable of reforming such abuses, is a new and striking proof of the lamentable state to which religion had been reduced in Scotland. It is no wonder that, so handicapped, the Queen-Regent was unable to avert the overthrow of the Church. The Queen herself, when she returned, had a much harder task to face; and how could she, a girl in her teens, be expected to cope with it successfully, though endowed with preternatural shrewdness, great tact, and resolute courage?

No doubt she was able to defeat Murray, and the Protestant lords who adhered to him in opposing her marriage with Darnley; but, in order to achieve this triumph, she was obliged to issue proclamation after proclamation assuring her Protestant subjects that she had no intention of interfering with their religion, and in one of these proclamations promised to abolish all laws which were prejudicial to it. In the preamble of the Act of Parliament of 19th April, 1567, already referred to, when her reign was rapidly approaching its melancholy close, she takes credit for having 'attemptit na thing contrar the estait of religioun' which she found standing at her arrival. Notwithstanding that, and her other official statements of similar import, multitudes of her contemporaries believed that she was not only willing to accept that foreign aid without which any violent suppression of Protestantism in Scotland would have been utterly hopeless, but that she had actually joined the Catholic League for the extirpation of heresy. That this belief was only too well founded has been affirmed by such

reputable historians as William Robertson, Patrick Fraser Tytler, Thomas Wright, Mignet, and Froude.

Writing from Edinburgh in February 1565-6, Randolph deliberately asserts that she had signed the bond. His circumstantial story bears that it had been brought from France by Thornton, that she retained a copy, and was to send back the original by Steven Wilson, 'a fit minister for such devilish devices.' Writing a week later than Randolph, not from Edinburgh, but from Berwick, Bedford affirms that the bond had reached Mary, but was 'not yet confirmed.' It has been inferred that Bedford had received later and more trustworthy information; and Hosack concludes, 'from the absence of all further testimony on the subject,' that she had declined to join. Hosack did not know that there was further testimony; that the Regent Murray's instructions to the Commendator of Dunfermline, when sent as ambassador to England in 1569, contain the words: 'It is true and well known that the Queen, our Sovereign's moder, is of this League, and that she sent the Great Seal of this realm with the Bishop of Dumblane for surety thereof.' One naturally turns, on such a point as this, to Father Pollen's Papal Negotiations; but, among all the numerous documents which he has discovered relating to the period, there is none containing a reference to Mary's acceptance or rejection of the League, or even a reference to any such League. Father Pollen does not infer from this that his records are incomplete. He holds that 'at no time during Mary's reign in Scotland was there any secret league or treaty made by the Catholic powers of Europe in order to uphold Catholicism and to suppress Protestantism,' and that 'there was not even a "quasi-treaty," or a "mutual understanding" to this effect'; but he admits that 'there was a decided "community of sentiment" amongst Catholics on this subject; and he also suggests that this "community of sentiment" has been mistaken for a Papal League.' He further admits that 'the Catholics as such, within France, Spain, and Italy, were certainly quite prepared to join a great religious league'; that 'there was no obstacle but their political and racial jealousies'; and that 'the Pope blamed Philip for not putting himself at the head of a Catholic league.'

The league, or supposed league, to which Randolph

and Bedford alluded, was apparently the one so long believed to have been arranged by Charles the Ninth, Catherine de Medicis, her daughter (the Queen of Spain), and the Duke of Alva, at Bayonne, in the summer of 1565. From the French version of Philip's instructions to Alva, printed by Major Hume from the Paris archives, it is obvious that his plan of the proposed league was very drastic, though fire and sword are not enumerated among the means for carrying it out. Interesting accounts of the Bayonne conference, based on Alva's correspondence with Philip, are given by Professor Baird in his 'Rise of the Huguenots,' and by Motley in his 'Rise of the Dutch Republic.' Neither Baird nor Motley was biassed in favour of Catherine or her son, yet both conclude that she and Charles declined to adopt a scheme for the violent suppression of heresy.

While satisfied that at the Bayonne conference the League was merely discussed, not settled, Wiesener thought he had found, in a letter of the Bishop of Mondovi's, absolute proof that Mary had been pressed to enter the Papal League, and had declined to do so. Father Pollen's researches throw new light on this; not the least valuable part of his book being the section on the nunciature of Laureo, Bishop of Mondovi. To this mission Laureo was appointed in the summer of 1566. When the nuncio reached Paris—and he never proceeded further in his journey towards Scotland—he found that the request for the mission was a device of the Cardinal of Lorraine's 'to incite the Pope to greater liberality' than the two visits of Chisholm, Bishop of Dunblane, to Rome had been able to evoke. He was also informed by 'certain persons of weight,' that if Murray, Argyll, Morton, Lethington, Bellenden, and Macgill were executed, 'the holy Catholic and Roman religion could soon be restored with ease' throughout Scotland, 'as no leader of faction would remain.' This proposal was approved, not only by the Cardinal of Lorraine, Archbishop Beaton, Bishop Chisholm, Edmund Hay, and 'all good Catholics,' but apparently by the Pope, for he expressed himself as 'especially delighted' with what was in Laureo's *foglio a parte*, which, *inter alia*, explained the proposal.

Spurred on by Laureo, the Cardinal of Lorraine sent one of his most trusted gentlemen to persuade Mary to

carry out the proposal with a brave heart 'for God's glory.' All 'the Catholic signori' in Paris assured the nuncio that, if the advice were followed, not only would 'the affairs of religion be set to rights' in Scotland, but 'there would be great hopes of amending England also.' Laureo, who had been entrusted with a papal subsidy of twenty thousand scudi on Mary's behalf, ventured to send her four thousand, but was forbidden to disburse any more unless he found that the first instalment had borne 'fruit for religion,' or was likely to do so. But, though the Queen was in dire straits for money, she would not consent to execute the 'seditious wretches': she desired instead to speak with the nuncio. Lorraine could only excuse her 'by saying that she was a woman.' The nuncio sent Bishop Chisholm and Father Edmund Hay to her; and she had an interview with them only a few days before she left Edinburgh for Glasgow to bring Darnley to Kirk-of-Field. Even after Laureo knew of Darnley's murder he did not despair of Mary's yet acting on 'the good counsel' concerning the 'seditious wretches'; but after Father Edmund and Moretta returned to Paris he woefully wrote:

'If the Queen had done that which was recommended and proposed to her from our side, with promise of all the aids necessary for that most just execution, she would find herself now really mistress of her kingdom, with authority to restore there the holy Catholic faith in its integrity. But she would never hear of it, notwithstanding that the Bishop of Dunblane and Father Edmund were sent expressly to persuade her to embrace that most holy enterprise. May God grant that an indulgence so unjust may not bring complete ruin on her Majesty and on her kingdom!'

It was this passage of Laureo's letter (previously printed by Lobanoff) that Wiesener thought disproved Mary's accession to the Catholic League. Unfortunately, Father Pollen has not been able to recover the instructions which Laureo received before he left Rome, nor the instructions which he gave to Chisholm and Hay, nor their report of the interview. Without these documents it is impossible to be certain of the exact nature of 'that most

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\* Lobanoff's 'Recuell,' vii, 107; Pollen's 'Papal Negotiations,' pp. 367, 370.

holy enterprise' which Mary refused to embrace. That more—much more—than the mere execution of the six 'seditious wretches' was proposed is plainly implied in the abstract of the instructions which Laureo received, and in the outline of Chisholm's exhortation and of the Queen's reply, given in a tract, sometimes ascribed to Father Tyrie, sometimes to Father Thomson. From these it appears (1) that the object of Laureo's mission was 'the restoration of the Catholic religion' both in Scotland and England, the Apostolic see promising to contribute pecuniary help until the heretics were driven from both kingdoms, and Mary recovered the inheritance of which she was the rightful heir; (2) that Chisholm spoke of the help to be given by the faithful, by foreign troops, and by money; and (3) that the Queen replied that she could not stain her hands with the blood of her subjects, and that Elizabeth regarded her as her lawful heir. Of course she could not join a papal league if no such league existed; but at this time she was either urged to join a league or to enter into a combination with a suspiciously similar object so far as Britain was concerned.

Though Mary refused this offer, it is true that Yaxley, as her representative and Darnley's, had assured Philip, in the autumn of 1565, that they were anxious 'to establish and reform their kingdom under the Christian religion, and join other Christian princes with that end'; and in response Philip parted with twenty thousand crowns. But many, if not all, of her zealous professions to the Pope and the most Catholic King may be explained by the theory that she was actuated by motives as transient and as pecuniary as those of her needy nobles, who, when dreading the ire or coveting the gold of Henry VIII, were ever ready with a new scheme for trapping the Cardinal. Laureo's belief, that she wished him to visit her in order that she might get the balance of the papal subsidy, was probably well founded; but it is not at all likely that she intended to extract it from his keeping by other means than her personal fascination and fair promises—promises which she purposed to fulfil at a more convenient season, or in a modified way.

Recent research has done little towards dispelling the mysteries associated with the Darnley murder. Laureo's

letters rather emphasise the fact that Mary and her husband were on bad terms. Writing after the murder, but before he knew of it, he says that 'great dissatisfaction and distrust still divides them'; and, after he knew of the murder, he explains that 'she could no longer trust him who, by an act of the grossest ingratitude, had brought her to extreme peril.' The accounts of the murder, which reached Paris while Laureo was there, are reflected in his letters. They of course contain some of the wild rumours which were at first circulated, such as that Lennox accompanied Darnley to Edinburgh and was murdered with him. As might have been expected, the accounts were occasionally contradictory in their details. One tells that Darnley and his servant were found without any apparent injury to their bodies, from which it was conjectured that, warned by the smell of the powder, they fled before the explosion and were suffocated by the smoke. Another says that certain women heard the King imploring mercy; and it was therefore supposed that, when he was trying to escape, the murderers stifled him and then destroyed the house to kill those who were still within. Father Pollen quotes another version from the Lennox MS. at Cambridge, to the effect that the victim was surprised in bed, suffocated 'with a wet napkin stipt in vinegar,' and then carried into the garden; his servant, Taylor, being treated in the same manner.

This last theory finds expression in another form. In the recent exhibition at Glasgow there was a large picture belonging to the King, which was painted eleven months after the murder. On one of the circular panels in front of Darnley's cenotaph, two men are seen lifting another out of a four-post bed; and beneath are the words, 'Cædes dicti regis et servi sui in lectis.' On another of the panels two men are represented lying on the ground, and over them are the words, 'Post cædem in horto reperiuntur prostrati.' From one of Mary's French valets Laureo learned that one of Darnley's ribs 'was found broken by the distance of the fall, and all the inward parts crushed and bruised'; and one of the earliest rumours he heard was that 'some scoundrels fired a mine, which they had already made under the foundations. The nuncio's first letter on the murder enclosed a *foglio a parte*, now lost, which Father Pollen thinks probably con-



tained suspicions of Mary being an accomplice ; but three weeks later the nuncio was unable to add anything as to the reason of the murder beyond these suspicions. Father Pollen is disposed to attach importance to the report that, late on the evening of Darnley's murder, Lennox was attacked in Glasgow, and would have been slain had not Lord Sempill defended him. He thinks that, if this 'should stand,' it would imply that Darnley would not have been safe in Glasgow, and that therefore the charge against Mary—of bringing him from safety into danger—would be in a great measure disposed of. Even though the story 'should stand,' it would not serve the end in view, seeing that in Glasgow Lennox could be saved by a friend.

Laureo's opinion of Mary's cognisance or ignorance of the Darnley murder is nowhere distinctly expressed ; but it may be noted that, notwithstanding any suspicions which he may have reported against her, he continued, for months at least, to hope that she might yet 'rouse herself with renewed ardour to prepare Scotland for the restoration of the holy Catholic religion.' As Moretta passed through London on his way back from Scotland, immediately after the murder, de Silva asked his opinion as to the Queen's share in it ; and 'he did not condemn her in words, but did not exonerate her at all.' Father Pollen prints a letter giving, as he thinks, Moretta's unfavourable opinion still more clearly. Father Pollen reserves his own opinion. Mr Lang does not assert that Mary plotted the murder of her husband, but holds that she knew that there was a plot against him, and yet brought him to a house accessible to his enemies, and, hating and desiring to be delivered from him, she winked at a conspiracy of which she was conscious, and let events take their course. This, he thinks, is certain, altogether apart from the authorship of the Casket Letters. It is noteworthy that M. Philippson, while regarding all the Casket Letters as incontestably false, believes in Mary's knowledge of the plot against Darnley, and in her passionate love for Bothwell. Mr Lang has failed to implicate Murray in the plot against Darnley ; and complains of his inability to 'see this man's face,' when the fault is not Murray's, but his own and Mr Bain's. In his Answer to the so-called Protestation of Huntly and Argyll, Murray states clearly

that no bond, save the October bond, was proposed to him before the murder; and that after the murder he refused to sign any bond though earnestly urged thereto by the Queen. By bungling the punctuation and inserting a word within brackets, Mr Bain has so obscured the meaning that Mr Lang cannot perceive it.

The expression of opinion in Father Pollen's papal papers is much clearer on the Bothwell marriage than on the Darnley murder, both as to the act itself and Mary's blameworthiness. Having returned to Mondovi, Laureo wrote thus (18th June, 1567) to the Cardinal of Alessandria :—

‘For many reasons she may fear that she is no longer in the Pope's good favour, in such sort that giving way to the dread of being condemned and abandoned by his Holiness, she may take some wild resolve, as, for instance, that of marrying the Earl of Bothwell; for such impulses are all too powerful in young ladies who are their own mistresses. This match could not be made without setting at naught, perhaps without renouncing, the holy Catholic religion, *quod absit*. For the earl's wife is still alive, and as she is the sister of the Earl of Huntly, a nobleman of high rank and great power, there is no fear of her being put to death.’

News travelled slowly in those days, for, when Laureo wrote, Mary had not only married Bothwell, and parted from him at Carberry, but had been lodged in Loch Leven castle. As Laureo had not yet heard of the Queen's abduction, Father Pollen thinks it necessary to suggest that, after all, he may not have been ‘making a very remarkable prognostication,’ but simply ‘re-echoing the dark allusions of Hay and du Croc to a fact of which they thought him already informed.’ The suggestion was unnecessary. Six and twenty days before the abduction took place, Drury notified Cecil: ‘The judgement of the people is that the Queen will marry Bothwell.’ Laureo feared that Lethington might persuade her to marry Bothwell, ‘in order to reconcile and ally himself with that earl.’ When Laureo learned that the marriage had actually taken place, he wrote :

‘Father Edmund by a letter, which I send you herewith, informs me that the queen has not been able to restrain showing the undue affection which she bears to the Earl of

Bothwell. With this last act, so dishonourable to God and to herself, the propriety of sending her any sort of envoy ceases, unless, indeed, her Majesty, in order to amend her error, should, inspired by God, convert the earl to the Catholic faith—and this would not be at all so very difficult, as I was assured in France by persons of credit who knew the man's nature—and then that she should avail herself of his vigour and valour in the cause of our holy religion, and notify anew her desire of being supported by the Pope's authority for the glory of God. But of these things my desire is greater than my hope, especially as one cannot as a rule expect much from those who are swayed by their pleasures.'

The references to her 'undue affection' for Bothwell, and to 'those who are swayed by their pleasures,' are very significant, as is also the reference to what he had been told in France concerning the probability of Bothwell's conversion. This latter might have suggested to Father Pollen that Laureo, before leaving Paris on the 10th of April, had discussed the likelihood and the effects of such a marriage. One of the letters of the Venetian ambassador proves that, in France, it was wildly rumoured, before the end of March, that the Queen of Scots was to marry 'one of the principal personages' of her kingdom, whose wife had recently died by poison; from which it was inferred that 'it had been settled between these two that the one should put her husband to death, and the other his wife.' A fortnight earlier Laureo himself had mentioned Bothwell as 'a courageous man, much trusted and confided in by the Queen.' As to the religious effect of her marriage, Roche Mamerot told de Silva that 'she assured him, on her solemn oath, that she had contracted it in order thereby to provide for religion in that kingdom, and to set that affair in order.' And Conæus, in his *Life of Mary*, dedicated to Urban VIII, gravely asserts that before she consented to marry Bothwell she 'bound him by a solemn oath to become a Catholic, and to assist her to restore the faith among the Scots'—a redeeming point in Mary's behaviour, discredited, or at least ignored by Father Pollen, by Laureo, and by Pius V, who commissioned the Cardinal of Alessandria (2nd July, 1567) to inform the Bishop of Mondovi:

'Whereas his Holiness has never hitherto dissembled about anything, he will not begin to do so now, especially in this

all-important matter of religion. Wherefore, with regard to the Queen of Scots in particular, it is not his intention to have any further communication with her, unless, indeed, in times to come he shall see some better sign of her life and religion than he has witnessed in the past.'

Mary tried in a general way to palliate any offence she had given by explaining that if the nuncio had come to her, with his advice and his subsidy, he 'mycht have red ws out of mony thrawart accidentis quhilkis sensyne we have fallin into.' After she had been eight months in England, Edmund Hay urged his vicar-general that she might be remembered in the sacrifices and prayers of the society.

'It may be that some day all things may combine for the good of that sinner, and that she may hereafter become the doer of great deeds who formerly would not consent to sound counsel.'

Mr Lang is very hard on the Scottish lords for their inconsistency—for giving the lie, as he puts it, to their own story—in charging Bothwell, in summons and proclamation, with carrying off the Queen by force and making her promise to marry him, after they professed to have learned the whole secret of her guilt from the Casket Letters. No collusion, however, on the Queen's part could justify a subject in abducting her as Bothwell did; whether she was carried off with or against her will, the manner was forcible in appearance; and neither she nor Bothwell had ever owned that there was any pre-arrangement. Would the legal functionaries of the present day hesitate to charge a culprit with using violence in a case of abduction, ostensibly forcible, if the supposed victim neither made nor was likely to make a disclaimer?

The lords bungled their case otherwise, Mr Lang holds, by supplying an impossible set of dates. In this matter, like so many previous writers, he is unfair to the lords by assuming that they were responsible for the chronology of the document sometimes called Cecil's Diary, and sometimes Murray's. It was no doubt prepared by an opponent of Mary's, and a copy of it passed through Cecil's hands; but no one has yet been able to prove by whom, or at whose instigation, it was drawn up, or that

it was ever submitted to Elizabeth's Commissioners at York, Westminster, or Hampton Court.

There could hardly be a greater contrast between two documents on the same subject than there is between the so-called Cecil's Diary and the Book of Articles. The Diary attempts to give a precise date for every event; whereas in the first three of the five parts into which the Book of Articles is divided, only one precise date is given, that being the date of the Darnley marriage; and it does not even name the month in which Mary went to Glasgow to fetch Darnley back to Edinburgh. Mr Lang has no difficulty in accepting 'The Book of Articles,' printed by Hosack from the Hopetoun MS., as the articles read to the Commissioners at Westminster on the 6th, and at Hampton Court on the 15th, of December, 1568. The brief descriptions of the articles preserved in the minutes of these meetings are doubtless applicable, so far as they go, to the Hopetoun document; and it is acknowledged to be in a contemporary official hand—as some believe, in the hand of the clerk of the Scottish Privy Council. But it bears no endorsement or authentication of any kind to indicate that it was ever adopted or approved by the Scottish Commissioners who went to York and Westminster, or by any other body, or that it was ever laid before a court or conference of any description. For aught that is known, half a dozen different sets of articles may have been prepared before the Commissioners, who went to England against their Queen, found a set to satisfy them; and no one can tell whether that set corresponded exactly with, or differed materially from, the Hopetoun document. Mr Lang, who is profuse in theories, is convinced that Buchanan was the author of the Book of Articles, and also, he suspects, of Cecil's Diary; and he points out inconsistencies in the two documents. It is perhaps fortunate for Mr Lang that, as Buchanan is not now in the flesh, he is unable to retaliate either by denying the accuracy of the assumption, or by pointing out greater inconsistencies in the two editions of the 'Mystery of Mary Stuart.' So long as Cecil's Diary and the Hopetoun Book of Articles can only be regarded as unofficial and anonymous documents, it is neither wise nor warrantable to lay much stress on their statements or to hold the lords accountable for them.

Mr Lang has tried to show how the case against the Queen was constructed, and for this purpose he has utilised the Lennox Papers. On the 29th of November, 1568, Lennox appeared before Elizabeth's Commissioners at Westminster, as the father of the murdered man, and, as 'an humble sutor' for justice, put in a written statement, 'brefely and rudely' drawn, containing part of the matter, which he conceived to be true, for charging the Queen with the murder. This statement, or 'discourse,' was not a first draft, in Mr Lang's opinion, for he says that the Lennox Papers include 'several indictments,' drawn up between July and December 1568, in order to be shown to the English Commissioners. These indictments are undated; and Mr Lang tries to fix their date, or dates, by internal evidence and external circumstances. It is impossible to say how far he has been successful in this, or how much value can be attached to these papers, until they are printed collectively. In the meantime one only gets scattered scraps of them in Mr Lang's work.

The most important use which he has made of them is in his attempt to prove that the letter which Murray described to de Silva, in July 1567, was different from the long Glasgow letter, usually known as No. II. The draft discourse, or indictment, which Mr Lang regards as the earliest, refers to a letter written by Mary; and the summary which it gives of that letter agrees with Murray's on several points where it does not correspond with No. II. It must be borne in mind that, in July 1567, Murray only professed to know the purport of the letter from the report of a man who had read it; and we only know Murray's rehearsal of its substance from de Silva's report of his conversation. Though de Silva's report, does not agree in every particular with the summary by Lennox, yet the striking similarity suggests that they had a common origin. This common origin may be explained in two ways. Murray had no reason to be more reserved with Lennox than with de Silva on such a matter and at such a time. The natural inference is that Lennox, like de Silva, derived his knowledge of the letter from Murray. This theory at once explains the similarity of the two summaries; and, if allowance is made for unconscious exaggeration or colouring (due to the knowledge of events which had become notorious) on

the part of Murray or his informant, it also explains the discrepancies between these summaries and letter No. II. This seems to be the simplest theory, and the most satisfactory. Mr Lang prefers the other, which is that Murray and Lennox independently summarised the same letter—a letter differing from, and more poisonous than, No. II.

In support of his theory Mr Lang argues that Lennox did not prepare his earliest indictment until a year or thereby after Murray's conversation with de Silva, and by that time had access to the letter. His strongest reason for this delay on the part of Lennox is that there was no object in drawing up such discourses or indictments while the Queen was a prisoner in Loch Leven. The painting of the Darnley cenotaph, already alluded to, disposes of this reason. One of its inscriptions bears that Lennox and his wife caused it to be made in January 1567-8, in order that, if they did not live to see their infant grandson attain perfect age, he might have from them a memorial to prevent the foul slaughter of his father from falling out of his mind until he had avenged it. The feeling which prompted the painting of such a large and elaborate canvas for such a purpose, months before the Queen escaped from Loch Leven, would also incite Lennox to prepare written documents. In his first edition Mr Lang ventured to affirm that Lennox cited 'directly from the letter before him'; but in his second edition he has modified this by substituting 'perhaps' for 'directly.' There is no proof whatever that Lennox had the letter before him. Mr Lang also argues that this letter was not only different from No. II, but that it was forged and suppressed. The reason which he assigns for its suppression is rather remarkable. He says that it contradicted Bowton's confession as to the date when an explosion was first thought of. It does nothing of the kind; but, even if it did, that would not have been a sufficient reason for its suppression from his point of view. If the lords were unscrupulous enough to use a forged letter, they would never have hesitated to strike out an incongruous sentence. If, as he thinks the Cambridge MS. proves, they suppressed part of Bowton's deposition, they would not have shrunk from suppressing a little more of it.

After all, Mr Lang does not assert absolutely that there

was a forged version of letter No. II, but that there probably was. His long and elaborate discussion of the Casket documents is characterised from beginning to end by hesitancy and uncertainty. This is perhaps partly due to the extreme difficulty and complicated nature of the subject, but much more to the openmindedness with which he has approached it. To letter No. II he has devoted special attention, and instead of condemning it as Mr Cowan does, as a clumsy forgery, 'silly and vulgar, nonsensical and false,' having 'neither style nor structure,' he expresses the opinion that parts of it 'seem beyond the power of the genius of forgery to produce.' Of his almost countless theories and suggestions, perhaps the most notable and the most far-reaching in its consequences is the one by which he rids this infamous letter of the difficulty hitherto supposed to be inherent in its internal chronology. Instead of being the result of clumsy dovetailing by a forger, he suggests that the difficulty probably arose from the Queen having picked up and used as a clean sheet of paper one on the *verso* of which she had already written. Of the sonnets he says:

'Meanwhile, I am obliged to share the opinion of La Mothe Fénelon, that, as proof of Mary's passion for Bothwell, the sonnets are stronger evidence than the letters, and much less open to suspicion than some parts of the letters.'

And yet he comes to the deliberate conclusion that

'portions of letter II, and of some of the other letters, have all the air of authenticity, and suffice to compromise the Queen.'

In this discussion Mr Lang has carefully avoided some of the worst errors fallen into by M. Philippon and others, victims of obsolete and worn-out arguments, who are still convinced that the Casket Letters are proved unauthentic by the dates of one or two documents in the Register of the Privy Seal. The delusion will no doubt continue to find advocates for a long time to come, although Mr Hay Fleming's tabulation of all the Privy Seal entries, during the period of Mary's personal reign, ought to dispel it at once and for ever. While holding the lords responsible for the statements in Cecil's Diary, Mr Lang is too well up in local topography to condemn it, as M. Philippon has vigorously done, for placing Callender



House between Edinburgh and Glasgow. He has of course referred to the copies of the original French letters discovered in recent years, and frankly acknowledges that Mr T. F. Henderson has closed the controversy as to the language in which the letters were at first written. It may be pointed out, however, as an illustration of the dangers which beset the path of those who traverse this field, that he has erred somewhat seriously in trying to correct Froude for saying that the Casket Letters were long and minutely examined at Hampton Court on the 14th of December, 1568. He holds that there was not time for this, and, among other reasons, affirms that 'the whole voluminous proceedings at York and Westminster were read through.' He has been led into this error by his too implicit trust in Mr Bain's Calendar. Had he looked into Anderson or Goodall he would have found that the whole of those voluminous proceedings were not read through, but 'sommarely declared and repeated.' It is not without significance that Father Pollen, instead of giving an opinion on the authenticity of the Casket Letters, speaks of them as still *sub judice*. Unintentionally, perhaps, he corroborates one of Mr Lang's theories by pointing out that, in one of her undoubtedly genuine holograph letters, she misses a page, and after discovering her mistake, goes back without deleting the misplaced words. He is hardly justified in describing this long epistle to her uncle, the Duke of Guise, 'as an example of a genuine love-letter.'

If any proof were needed of the undying interest still excited by the Queen of Scots it may be found in the almost simultaneous issue of three such books as Father Pollen's, Mr Lang's, and Mr Cowan's, representing three types of mind, and three classes of work. Infinitely inferior to his rivals in literary power and mental grasp, Mr Cowan far excels in unswerving devotion and uncompromising loyalty to the fair and royal Mary. It is obvious, however, that Mr Lang's sympathies go with the Queen, though his judgment is against her; and even Father Pollen feels the spell of the woman described by Father Edmund as 'that sinner.'

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## Art. XII.—PERSIA AND THE PERSIAN GULF.

1. *Report on the Trade of the Persian Gulf, 1900.* Diplomatic and Consular Reports. Annual series. London, 1901. (C<sup>d</sup> 429 : 89.)
2. *Report on the Trade of Constantinople, 1899-1900.* Dipl. and Cons. Reports. London, 1901. (C<sup>d</sup> 429 : 108.)
3. *Report on the Trade of the Vilayets of Trebizond and Sivas, 1900.* Dipl. and Cons. Reports. (C<sup>d</sup> 429 : 46.)
4. *Report on the Trade of Bussorah, 1900.* Dipl. and Cons. Reports. London, 1901. (C<sup>d</sup> 429 : 16.)
5. *Report on the Trade of Baghdad, 1900.* Dipl. and Cons. Reports. London, 1901.

SOME of the most important and most pressing questions with which the British Empire is at the present time confronted have reference to our position in the Persian Gulf and the adjacent countries. They are important, not only from the magnitude of the commercial interests involved, and from the expansion of which those interests are capable, but also because the advent of any European Great Power into a sphere which has hitherto been exclusively British cannot fail to be of concern to the rulers of India. Our neighbours in India, upon the west, are two Mussulman States in a state of decline; the case would be very different if the vast territories of Persia and Asiatic Turkey were exploited and perhaps, at no very distant date, appropriated by one or more of our amiable neighbours in Europe. These questions are also urgent, though it may be an exaggeration to say that the danger is immediate. We cannot credit the supposition, that any British Government would consent, for instance, to the occupation by Russia in present circumstances of a port on the Persian Gulf. For the moment it is the shadows with which we have to deal; the events will follow if they be not anticipated. That their march has been rapid within the last few years, nobody acquainted with the subject will deny. It has been rapid, but it has been silent, scarcely ruffling the serenity of casual observers wholly absorbed in the problems of Africa.

The position of the British Government in relation to the Governments both of Turkey and of Persia can scarcely be described as enviable. Scarcely a day passes

but we lose ground. At a later stage of the present paper we shall examine in some detail the succession of events, so little known to the general public, to which are due the loss of our hold upon Persia. Our antagonist in this field—a watchful and adroit rival—is the Power which has recently given us more than one fall in China, to wit, the Empire of the Tsar. Persian finances have been placed under the influence of the great neighbour of the North. A substantial beginning has been made towards the Russification of the Persian army. The agreement preventing the construction of railways within the dominions of the Shah for a period of ten years, which was signed by Nasir-ed-Din Shah at the instance of Russia in 1890, will, if our diplomatists should be caught napping, probably be extended by his successor into an arrangement conferring exclusive rights upon our rival.

In regard to Turkey, the decline of our influence, and the stages by which it has proceeded, are in no need of recapitulation. There it is Germany that has stepped in to fill our former position of predominance; and she has accomplished more within a few years in the interests of German enterprise and industry than the British Government in a corresponding number of decades. In the case of both these Mussulman States our diplomacy has been on the defensive—sullen, sulky, feigning an indifference which is becoming real.

Such is the situation; and it is scarcely surprising that its dark side should have found some reflection in certain organs of the Press in England.\* We are invited—in spite of the bitterness of our experiences in China with similar overtures, both in the case of Germany and of Russia—to come to an ‘understanding’ with the statesmen on the Neva. In the opinion of some of these publicists, it is the German Empire that is our real rival, the Empire with the ‘future on the water.’ Germans are credited with the dream of an empire extending from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf, and embracing territories in the enjoyment of an excellent climate, to which would be

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\* See especially a letter by Sir R. Blennerhassett in the ‘Times’ of August 31st, two articles signed A. B. C., &c., in the ‘National Review’ for November and December 1901, a paper by ‘A Russian Diplomatist’ in the same journal, January 1902, and a recent series of articles by ‘Calchas’ in the ‘Fortnightly Review.’

directed the stream of German emigration now wasted in the cities of America. This dream is to be sternly dispelled. The German schemes in Asiatic Turkey are to be bereft of whatever support our Government is supposed—we do not know upon what evidence—to have extended to them. Russia is to be encouraged to overrun Armenia and Asia Minor; while Austria-Hungary, having undergone a process of slavification, is to be invited to advance to Salonika. The Balkan States are to be handed over to the exclusive tutelage of Russia; and, leaping across Asia, we are asked to welcome her on the Persian Gulf, where some among the advocates of this policy declare her objects to be purely commercial, others going farther and seeing in the regions bordering on the Gulf 'the industrial heart of the Russian Empire of the future.\*' Hatred and suspicion of Germany is the keynote of most of these writings—an excellent preparative for receiving the embraces of the giant in the North. We are asked why we sit quiet while Germans boast about their Anatolian railway, and its suggested terminus at Koweit on the Gulf, when the merest hint of the extension of the Transcaspian railway to Bunder Abbas sets all of us on the stir. The relative geographical positions of Germany and Russia are skillfully ignored. It is sought to prepare us for the spectacle of a greater Russian Empire, extending on the one side to the Bosphorus, and on the other to the Indian Ocean.

If any of us should be inclined to play the rôle of alarmists, we should certainly be twitted by these publicists with the futility—they might even say the proved futility—of setting limits to Russian ambitions. The attempt to lock up Russia within her own inclement territories would be branded by the evidence of history as a huge mistake. The Russian instinct to come down to the warm water would be cited against us as a natural phenomenon, comparable to the necessities of nature, which it would be folly to attempt to overrule. When Merv was menaced by Russia there was an outburst in this country of what was cleverly christened 'Mervousness.' Merv has been incorporated in the Russian dominions for a period of nearly twenty years; and the British Empire in India is quite as firmly seated as was

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\* Such is the expression of Sir R. Blennerhassett.

the case twenty years ago. What is overlooked by such writers, to whom we wish to do full justice, is the fact that every move on the part of our great rival in Asia has been followed, it may be in a less resolute manner or on a smaller scale, by a move on the part of the British Empire. At the present day the western limits of British India may be said to be immediately coterminous with those of South-eastern Persia. British Beluchistan extends along the coast almost to the threshold of the Persian Gulf; while, in a northerly direction, it stretches across the entire zone of mountainous country separating the tableland of Persia from her seaboard. It envelopes Persia on the east almost as far north as the city of Kerman, opposing a solid block of territory between Afghanistan and the sea, on which its port of Gwadar lies, due south of the city of Herat. The frontier of our Protectorate on the side of Persia is purely artificial; and any encroachment on the part of Russia upon northern Persia would naturally be followed by its extension through Kerman and Yezd.

The truth is that by natural processes, which on our part we endeavour to retard in the hopes of some sign of life on the part of our Mussulman neighbours, the British Empire is being brought into immediate contact with the Empire of the Tsars. Little by little the still vast intervening territories are being absorbed into one system or the other. The service done by such writers as those we have been quoting is that they force us to put our heads between our hands. They oblige us to contemplate a future, so regrettable from many points of view, when it may no longer be possible to uphold the independence of Persia, which is already showing symptoms of becoming a sham. We are invited to take stock of our existing interests in Western Asia, and endeavour to ascertain which are vital and which secondary. Any 'arrangement' with Russia in respect of these countries must be based on a frank recognition of those interests; and, as it is not proposed to ask Russian statesmen to bargain away any of their own vested interests, so it is quite unnecessary, as it would be criminal, to give away our own.

Many of our readers are probably only vaguely acquainted with the physical configuration of Western Asia.

Yet it constitutes such an important factor in the proper discussion of all such questions that no student of politics, let alone any responsible statesman, should be ignorant of its more general features. All the way from the gigantic knot of mountains on the north of India to the eastern or Ionian coast of the Mediterranean Sea, a succession of tablelands, or a zone of elevated land, extends from east to west across the continent. The average level of the plains upon the surface of the elevated area varies from 3000 to 6000 and 7000 feet above the sea. It is buttressed on the north as well as on the south by continuous mountain-belts of considerable average width, separating it on the one side from Transcaspia, the Caspian, the valley of the Kur, and the Black Sea; and on the other from the Indian Ocean, the Persian Gulf, and the lowlands of Mesopotamia. These belts of mountain are with difficulty penetrable on the side of the Black Sea to the north, and along the coast of the Persian Gulf and the lowlands of Mesopotamia to the south. The interval between the two belts includes all the great cities of Persia and Armenia, which, being situated upon the tableland, enjoy a moderate and bracing climate, totally different from the torrid conditions prevailing on the Persian Gulf seaboard and throughout the extension of the Mesopotamian lowlands.

At only one point, namely, in Northern Armenia, has Russia already crossed the northern mountains and placed her foot firmly upon the surface of the zone of tablelands. Herein lies the importance of Armenia as a factor in contemporary politics. Yet what immense regions still remain for her to conquer and assimilate before her empire can comprise the northern slopes of the ranges on the south and include all those populous cities! The prolongation of her Transcaspian railway across Persia to the Gulf, and the possession of a port on that seaboard, would doubtless facilitate their leisurely absorption. She would thus place herself by one stroke beyond the extreme limits of her natural sphere of influence.

British interests in Western Asia may be regarded from two standpoints. We may view them as the outcome of the network of commerce spread over these lands by our

countrymen during a period approaching a century; or they may concern us as the holders of India. Dealing first with the results already achieved by British enterprise, we may at the outset instance the three great trade-routes which we have opened up by laborious processes in the face of obstacles arising partly from the perversity of the native Governments and partly from the weakness of their rule in outlying provinces. The first of these avenues leads from the Black Sea at the port of Trebizond through Turkish Armenia to Northern Persia. It is mainly due to the labours of our famous ambassador, Stratford Canning, and his able subordinate, Consul Brant, for many years resident at Erzerum. It enables us to hold our own in many a bazaar of Iran from which our manufactures would be excluded by Russian products if it were to fall under Russian control. The value of this trade, including that of foreign countries which share in the advantages of the route, is about 700,000*l.* a year. The next highway is that by the valley of the Tigris, where British river-steamers, carrying the mails, maintain a regular weekly service between the port of Bussorah on the Persian Gulf and Baghdad.\* The goods which they convey supply the Mesopotamian markets and make their way into Central Persia by way of Kermanshah. This trade is worth to Great Britain and India alone about 1,000,000*l.* annually. Lastly, there are the various routes which ramify from ports on the Gulf, and whose objective is the cities of Southern and South-eastern Persia. To these—which we may group together under a single category—should be added the route by the Karun, founded in 1889, and the quite recent Quetta-Seistan route. The former has been newly developed by the construction of a caravan road with steel bridges extending from Ahwaz on the Karun river to Isfahan. It is the work of the British company navigating the Karun.

Whatever value may be attached—and we cannot well overrate this value—to the keeping of the Black Sea open to the trade of all nations, we are inclined to consider that this question may be safely left with the

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\* There is also a Turkish line of steamers, founded later, and not at present very well served.

Powers collectively, including, of course, Great Britain. The case is quite different with the various commercial enterprises starting from the base of the Persian Gulf. Our position in Southern Persia—by which we mean the southern zone of mountains with the great cities situated upon or near their northern slopes—must, in our view, be maintained at all hazards. In that field we are not only predominant but, as yet, practically alone. Nor is our commerce less supreme or less in need of vigilant defence in the valley of the Tigris. The entire region has been surveyed and mapped by the British Government in two costly expeditions (1835–37; 1837 and following years). The British Residency at Baghdad—though somewhat fallen from its high estate of former years—is still an institution which appeals to the imagination of the Arab tribes, and has accustomed them to respect, and even to regard with sympathy and affection, the peaceful mission of which the symbol is the British flag. The development of the navigation of the two great rivers, Euphrates and Tigris, is a measure which only the short-sightedness of the Central Government at Constantinople has hitherto succeeded in preventing. The former is capable of being navigated by large river-steamers from its junction with the Tigris at Gurna at least as far up as the point where its course approaches to within about a hundred miles of the Mediterranean. Certain works would be necessary for maintaining the banks of the river during the reaches that immediately precede the confluence with the Tigris. The navigation of the Tigris could be prolonged to Mosul, and even to Diarbekr, if works of a similar character were undertaken.

It has been remarked by the present Prime Minister that many popular errors in politics are due to the study of maps on a small scale. We might suggest that our statesmen themselves are not quite as strong as we might desire in matters of physical geography. How many of them are misled by the mere mileage between two such points as, let us say, Diarbekr and the Persian Gulf? But distance is of little account on the lowlands of Mesopotamia. They are flat as the sea, or undulating with the same billowy appearance; and the cool breezes wafted across them from their distant bulwark of gigantic mountains suggest the conditions of an ocean rather than of



land. They are intimately connected by essential character—climate, population, communications—with the great base of British power on the Persian Gulf. Were they dissociated from it, the entire fabric would sooner or later topple down. Their geographical limits are as well defined as their imperishable natural defences, separating them, as with a succession of *chevaux de frise*, from the series of great tablelands on the north. They are traversed from end to end by two majestic rivers—Euphrates and Tigris—which, with their broad reaches, increase the illusion of which we have spoken, and indicate to a sea-power capable of profiting by such lessons the true means of developing, and, if necessary, of defending the most important of her trade routes in these lands. When publicists, with bland indifference to the rights of the present possessors, whet their imagination with colonising schemes on a great scale; when Mesopotamia is apportioned to the Germans, and Persia to the Russians, we may put in a claim for the teeming millions of India, and with greater justice we may demand that this vast potential granary shall never be dissevered, by means of a foreign occupation, from the markets of India, which it is plainly destined to supply.

The advent of Germany into our old sphere of these Mesopotamian lowlands is at present merely matter of project and talk. But such a project will have to be carefully watched. Above all things we must be on our guard against permitting, on the Persian Gulf, a repetition of the seizures of Kiao-Chau and Port Arthur. Our policy in Northern China, which has already cost us more than our Government would be inclined to admit, may be capable of some palliation; but it could not be followed on the Persian Gulf with due regard either for the interests of which we have spoken, or for the safety of India. The German project—of which there is a good account in an able paper recently issued by the Foreign Office.\*—contemplates the extension of the German Anatolian railway from Konia, the present terminus in Asia Minor, by Adana and Marash to Birejik on the Euphrates. From that point—so close to the Mediterranean—it would reach across the lowlands to Diarbekr, and thence proceed by

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\* Report on the Trade of Constantinople, 1899–1900.

Mardin to Mosul. Beyond Mosul it is to follow the Tigris to the Gulf. Commercially, or even from the point of view of communications, it is about as unsound a scheme as could be devised. Railways following the course of navigable rivers are all very well in Europe. They are quite out of place in Western Asia in its present stage of development. The attitude which should be adopted by the British Government towards such projects is as clear as it is easily defensible. Our trade with Asiatic Turkey is far greater than that of any other Power, and many times as great as that of Germany. We should refuse to consent to the taxing of this trade—as by the raising of the import duties—in order to find the funds for a kilometric guarantee. No doubt the Germans would very much like to circumvent British statesmen, and build their railway, traversing the British sphere from one end to another, with funds to a great extent coming out of the pocket of British manufacturers.

Turning now to the Anglo-Indian aspect of the Persian Gulf question, our first endeavour will be to approach the consideration of the subject with a real desire to understand, we might also say to place ourselves in sympathy with, the alleged desire of Russia to come down to the Gulf. A Russian port on the Gulf would indeed be at the mercy of the British navy, so long as we hold the command of the sea; but it would entail on our part the maintenance in Indian waters of a costly fleet in place of a few cruisers and gunboats. A serious strain would thus be placed upon the finances of India as well as a fresh burden upon the British taxpayer.

Educated Russians explain the desire on the grounds of the increase of their population and of the growth of their industries. The time is not far distant when the reserves of land at present in the possession of Russia, vast as they are, will be filled up by the prolific Slav. The Russian colonies of the future are the ancient countries of Asia, fallen during the progress of the centuries into abject decrepitude. They will be joined into one empire by the iron road. Then, again, Russia is fast becoming an industrial as well as an agricultural country. Not only is her production increased, but the needs of her population for the products of other countries are increasing.

The tropical products of Asia must be brought to her markets ; and it is only natural that the patriotic Russian should desire to control, and ultimately to possess, the land avenues through which this traffic is capable of being introduced. It is all very well for us English to object that there are Russian ports on the Black Sea in direct railway communication with the great industrial centres, and nearer to the markets of Southern Asia than are those of Great Britain ; or to urge that the ports of the Persian Gulf are at present open, and are likely to remain open, to the trade of the whole world. Russians will not rest content until they obtain a port on the open ocean, and control the lands through which it will discharge its accumulated wares.

Let us allow that this great land-power—so young and vigorous and ambitious—has an instinctive thirst for the sea ; we must also in justice admit that the great sea-power, England, is drawn by an instinct not less powerful towards the land. Englishmen go to sea for the purpose of landing and trading ; they push inland, and, in the case of backward and ill-governed countries, make smooth the old ways and open up new to receive their trade. In Southern Persia and Mesopotamia they have settled and traded for a century past ; and at their base in the Persian Gulf—which has always been a kind of no-man's-land—they have, after two campaigns and many years of incessant vigilance, established order where before was strife. Piracy—the ancient scourge of those waters—has been successfully suppressed. Consulates have been established and telegraph wires laid ; the ports have been rendered accessible and safe for trade. Even if we concede the reasonableness of the desire on the part of Russia for a port on the Gulf, we cannot allow that she has any right to expect us to favour such a concession if it would conflict with our interests.

But, in truth, when we examine the reality of the Russian case, do not the supposed needs appear distant, even doubtful ? Russia has been in possession of Northern Armenia for about a century, and it is a country and climate exactly suited to Russian colonists. There are vast tracts of waste land awaiting the hand of the reclaimer ; but the Armenians are jealously excluded from exploiting them on the ground that the Russians them-

selves will settle there some day. When will they come? At present practically the only Russian settlers belong to a sect which has been driven out of Russia proper at the instance of the Russian hierarchy; and the majority, if not the whole of these, have recently emigrated to Canada, unable to endure the fresh persecutions with which they were visited. Their places have not yet been filled up. Even if Russian orthodox colonists can be found to replenish the vacancy, their seats will be one thousand miles distant from the coveted port on the Persian Gulf; and there will still remain the whole wide area of the tablelands of Armenia and Persia over which the tide must spread before reaching its shores.

What we observe in all these countries—Armenia and the Georgias—is not a rising tide of Russian immigration, but a handful of Russian officials, mostly of the military class, maintaining order and very imperfectly developing the resources of the land; while, if we consider the claims of her commerce, we may ask what steps Russia has taken to promote trade between India and her Central Asiatic possessions. She has done her best to suppress this trade. The products which she would import through a station on the Persian Gulf would be mainly those of India. As for exports, there are none that could hope to compete in the markets of India with native manufactures and British sea-borne goods.

Yet we are assured that, if we could see our way to admit Russia to the Persian Gulf, the grant on our part of this 'supremely valuable concession' would enable us hereafter to live on the happiest terms with our great rival, to discard all fear for the safety of India, and to devote ourselves to the congenial pursuit of piling up money. As if, forsooth, any concession we have ever made under similar circumstances had engendered gratitude and produced a friend! Bismarck has wisely remarked that from a sovereign one might, perhaps, expect some return, but from a nation never. The examples of Penjdeh, Port Hamilton, and Port Arthur—do they not stare us in the face? And are we ourselves, or are the Germans, anxious to be friends with Russia in virtue of any concessions which she has made? Does not such anxiety on our part and on theirs—and, indeed, on the part of all Europe—proceed from the facts that the

power of Russia is daily made manifest, not in extending but in exacting concessions, and that Russian statesmen steadfastly pursue a recognised policy? What people would bid for the friendship of a weak and vacillating nation? And could we expect to be so skilful in the arts of concession that the Russians—to say nothing of the millions of Asiatics over whom we rule—would really be persuaded that our standing aside while they occupied a port on the Gulf was not due to our inability to maintain the position which we have held for so many years?

Politicians, anxious to produce fresh combinations in Europe—in point of fact to isolate Germany as the common enemy—are pleased to regard the Persian Gulf as a substantial morsel in their scale of reciprocal bargainings. They hint but refrain from stating any adequate *quid pro quo*. That Russia is to recognise our position in Egypt! We stand in need of no such guarantee. For such unnecessary or shadowy advantages we are called upon to recede—for who would not construe it as a recession?—in favour of the spread of Russian influence over all Persia. Few of us are sufficiently guileless to credit the hypothesis that a Russian port on the Persian Gulf would be or remain a merely commercial port. We have not forgotten the example of Batum. It would soon be converted into a fortified naval base, carrying with it the control of the Hinterland. No matter what stipulations might be made on paper, the British would inevitably be elbowed out of Persia. As in Manchuria, Englishmen would not be permitted to travel in Persia unless in possession of Russian passports. They would not be employed on any railways that might be made, or in State offices such as the Customs. Inevitably the impression which has already been produced on the Chinese—that Russia is on the increase and Great Britain on the decline—would be repeated, under much more dangerous conditions, in the minds of the Indian populations. It is all very well for people in England to laugh at the word prestige, as though it connoted a certain bombast. But in Asia prestige may be said to occupy much the same place as sentiment in Europe. The more you weaken this feeling of confidence, the more you must add to defences and armaments; and there can be no doubt that every forward step on the part of Russia has entailed greater burdens upon India.

Surely there is a lack of candour, or else of understanding, when we are told that this concession is not of much value to us. Quite apart from all the weighty considerations above instanced, there is an overwhelming consensus of opinion on the military side against the proposal which has been so lightly made. Persia is not Manchuria, to be left to her fate with a sigh of regret, but without any recourse to other than peaceful weapons. The populations of British India are not comparable to the Chinese, nor do the conditions of Western Asia permit the same course of action as has been pursued in China with such regrettable results. The assertion, so boldly advanced, that the presence of Russia on the Persian Gulf would not constitute any menace to the holders of India, is in direct defiance of the declared opinion of the highest naval and military authorities. Not an Englishman merely, but an American, and he the most far-sighted of naval writers, has expressed himself in the sense that, if Russia were to obtain such a flanking position in relation to India, our communications with our great dependency would be seriously threatened and our hold upon it compromised. The views of Captain Mahan are shared by Colonel Mark Bell, the best informed British military authority in such questions. A former British Resident on the Persian Gulf, Colonel Prideaux, has expressed his full concurrence with the opinion of Captain Mahan, that the possession by Russia of a port in what are now essentially British waters, would constitute a perpetual menace in war.\*

Indeed we cannot call to mind a single Englishman who has travelled in Persia and expressed himself in a different sense. The views of Lord Curzon, and the vigour of the language with which he has clothed them, are sufficiently well known. Even if it be granted that Russia has no designs upon India, will there never occur occasions, after she has had her way in the Gulf, when our Russian friends may not be sorry to have the means of putting pressure on us? We have only to cast our eyes across the map of Europe and Asia to recognise the absurdity of such a proposed finality. Even ex-

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\* Letter to the 'Morning Post,' 10th December, 1901; cf. 'The Problem of Asia,' by Capt. Mahan, p. 119.

cluding the Ottoman Empire from the account, there remain Afghanistan, Chinese Turkestan, Tibet, and the thorny problems of the Far East.

But can it be conceded—as it appears to be assumed in some quarters—that Russia has not, and never will have, any idea of invading India? What is the warrant for such a sweeping assertion? The opinion of leading men in Russia! But nations, like individuals, do not always consciously make plans; they go on from day to day, and so they achieve. Possibly enlightened Russian statesmen and generals have no design of invading India; but deep down in the sub-conscious aspirations of the Russian people lies the Tartar impulse of rolling down upon the prizes of Asia. Distinguished Russian publicists have gone so far as to declare roundly that some day Russia must be supreme all over Asia. And are not the ambitions which thus find expression more in harmony with the popular instincts than the professions of statesmen, however sincere? No doubt, so long as any advance on the part of Russia is met by a corresponding movement on our own part, so long as the power of Great Britain is not less conspicuous in Asia than that of her great rival, we shall hear nothing—or very little—of an invasion of India. We have not heard much of Russian encroachments upon Afghanistan since we laid down the Afghan frontier, strengthened the rule of the Amir, and showed ourselves determined, if the need should arise, to defend his territories. But if, in pursuit of the vain illusion of some promised finality, we surrender one by one the outposts of our Indian Empire; if we allow Russia firmly to establish herself on the flank of India, menacing the line of our communications, sooner or later there will fall on our ears that low hum of the multitude in Russia, increasing in volume to an audible cry for an advance upon the prize of Asia.

We hold that the course of England in Western Asia is plainly indicated by the finger of Nature. Her influence must continue supreme, not only in the Persian Gulf, but also over the zone of mountains interposed between that seaboard and the table-land of Persia. These must continue to be threaded by the various commercial arteries introduced by the enterprise of her

sons. The cities upon or near the northern slopes of those mountains—Kerman, Yezd, Shiraz, and Isfahan—must be preserved at all hazards from the Muscovite net. The true boundary in these regions between the two predominant Powers, is that vast salt desert called the *Lut*, capable of engulfing a whole army, which may be said to extend all the way from the neighbourhood of Afghanistan almost to the threshold of the capital of Persia, Teheran. A relic of the Miocene sea which stretched across Western Asia, probably down to the period when the great succession of table-lands had already been raised above the adjacent levels, it is a phenomenon familiar to most travellers in Persia who have followed along its southern outskirts, with the mountains on their left hand, during the ride from Kashan to Kum. This natural division leaves to Russia the companion fertile zone on the north of Persia, the vast province and considerable cities of Khorasan.

In Asiatic Turkey the maintenance of our position in the valley of the Tigris follows as a natural corollary. That southern zone of mountains, of which we have spoken more than once, bends round in a clean half-circle, defined by peaks of gleaming snow, at the head of the alluvial plains of Mesopotamia. Turning southwards, it becomes submerged in the waves of the Mediterranean, sinking abruptly into the sea in the north of Syria. All these lowlands, watered by the great rivers Euphrates and Tigris, which issue in a single stream on the Persian Gulf, should never be permitted to fall into the hands of Russia. They are capable of defence by the armies of the Ottoman Empire, or, if the bravery of the troops of Turkey be inadequate to make good the breaches due to the growing paralysis of the civil arm, there are the countless tribes of Arabs who inhabit the country, and whose potential resources constitute a mine which has lain idle for hundreds of years.\* If it were ever necessary for Great Britain to join in the defence of these countries, our troops could be conveyed up the great rivers almost to the foot of the Tauric

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\* The importance of the Arabs as a factor in world-movements did not escape the keen eye of the first Napoleon. Thus he says: 'Arabia awaits a man. With the French in reserve and the Arabs as auxiliaries, I should have seized Judæa; I should have been master of the East.'



barrier. And the Ottoman Empire should be encouraged to fortify the few natural passes which lead across from the table-lands of Persia and Armenia into these low-lying plains. Even in present circumstances they constitute for Turkey an excellent second line of defence.

Such are the principles upon which, in our view, a far-seeing British policy should be based. An attack on the part of Russia upon India could then be met, if needs be, by a flanking movement upon the position which we are assured she is destined to occupy at no distant date in Southern Armenia and Northern Persia. In estimating such contingencies we would wish not to be misunderstood. We are not of those who would desire to thwart the legitimate ambitions of Russia. We hold that she has a great rôle to play in Asia, especially among the more backward races. But we consider that the true guarantee of peace between the two Powers lies in the equal chances of the attack and the defence.

No doubt it is conceivable that the two continental Governments chiefly concerned—Germany and Russia—may come to some such tacit or expressed understanding with regard to the Persian Gulf as appears to have preceded the seizures of Kiao-Chau and Port Arthur. We are told that, to anticipate such joint action, we must concede to one of these Powers—from our point of view, the most formidable of the two—the prize she covets, and that she will then join us in keeping the other Power out in the cold. It is somewhat astonishing to find so sentimental a delusion filling the minds of experienced persons, presumably acquainted with history and continental politics. How would such an understanding with Russia prevent the evil that we dread? Suppose the Russians at the mouth of the Gulf; what is to prevent the Germans being next week, or next year, at its head, whether in virtue of a secret understanding with Russia or not? Has Germany got nothing to give Russia for her neutrality in such a case? Or are we to suppose that Russia, once in possession of Bunder Abbas, would go to war with her ancient ally in order to drive her from Koweit? On the contrary, the one concession would inevitably lead to the other. Russia once accommodated, it would be impossible to resist the German plea of 'Me too.' On the other hand, to court Germany with

a view to obtaining her assistance against Russia—a line of action which, from several indications, especially in connexion with the proposed railway to Baghdad, appears to be favoured by the Foreign Office—would be equally futile. In opposing the policy of concessions to Russia, we have no intention of supporting a policy of not less dangerous concessions to Germany. Both schemes are foredoomed to failure. What we should do to obviate a combined assault on the Gulf by both Powers is another matter; but this danger will not be warded off by bribes and concessions to either.

If any one doubts what the aims of Russia really are, we advise him to study the remarks of 'A Russian Diplomatist' in the current number of the 'National Review,' in which the cloven hoof is clearly shown.

'The geographical position of Russia and of Persia have bound the essential interests of these two countries together for more than a century. . . . We therefore cannot see any serious possibility of England's preventing Russia from approaching towards the Persian Gulf. It is possible that this goal will not be reached to-morrow, but it certainly will be in the near future. In any event a partition of influence in Persia between Russia and England appears to be outside the range of practical politics. However, no impediments would be imposed upon the development of British commerce as protected by international rights and demanded by the needs of the Persian people.'

What the value of 'international rights' or national 'needs' amounts to in such conditions may be surmised from the Russian interpretation of the 'open door' in Manchuria and elsewhere. The dominant influence of Russia in Persia would inevitably mean the practical exclusion, by prohibitive duties, of British trade, besides the acquisition of great political and military advantages very damaging to our position in India. And what are we offered in exchange? The goodwill of Russia in the 'struggle against barbarism' in Central Asia—which is no concern of ours; 'an understanding with Japan about Corea'—which we are much more likely to obtain satisfactorily by open and friendly dealing with the Japanese; and a recognition of our commercial interests 'in China in general and in the valley of the Yangtse-Kiang in par-

ticular '—which would be worth just what the notorious Anglo-German agreement is worth, that is, nothing at all. Surely, in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird.

✓ Let us, by all means, have an understanding, so far as possible, with Russia. Let us endeavour to find out what she wants to have; and—what is more important—let us ★ give her clearly to understand what we mean to keep. Let us renounce, once for all, the futile impolicy of resistance without resolution, of protest without action, of advances followed by withdrawals, of anxiety to wound combined with fear to strike. Let us know and say what we mean, and adhere to it. On such a basis alone is an understanding possible. But to surrender or imperil national rights and assets in order to separate one great Power from another, to which it is naturally drawn by common interests and traditional policy; to barter away valuable consideration and to expose our Indian Empire to incalculable expense and danger for the sake of an empty promise of good behaviour, which no statesman would or could consider binding even on himself, much less on his successor, in new conditions—this surely is a policy worthy of Utopia or of Hanwell.

Before proceeding to a review of the diplomatic situation in Persia, a few reflections are suggested in connexion with the German schemes in Anatolia. The Germans have of late years had it all their own way at Constantinople and in Asia Minor. The hotels in the capital are filled with Germans, who have quite supplanted the Englishmen. The 'Times' and 'Punch' have vanished from the baize of the melancholy reading-rooms, and their place has been taken, but alas! not filled, by the 'Kölnische Zeitung' and 'Fliegende Blätter.' What is the cause of this transformation? Has Turkey been closed to British industrialists? In theory, not at all. But there is a very significant passage in the Report recently issued by the Foreign Office, to which reference has already been made. After citing the strenuous endeavours to promote the commerce of the United States made by the American Consul-General in the Ottoman capital, the writer goes on to say that 'official assistance to trade cannot be applied in the case of the United Kingdom.'

There lies the core of the whole matter. The Foreign Office may lecture merchants and manufacturers upon their want of enterprise—and the rebuke is often merited ; but a Government should first remove the beam that is in its own eye before endeavouring to extract the mote that may blur the vision of the mercantile community.

Official assistance, backed up, if needs be, by political pressure, has—however deeply we may deplore the fact—become as essential to British enterprise in the East as in old days it was a resource to be avoided. Not only have the large powers formerly exercised by the provincial governors become centralised, both in the case of Turkey and of Persia, in the capital of the empire ; but foreign Governments have been as quick to profit by the new conditions as our own Government has shown itself tardy. The only railway in Turkey that pays its way without any guarantee is a British railway—that from Smyrna to Aidin and the interior. It is even a creditor to the Turkish Government for large sums of money. The German Anatolian railway—a much later concern—not only succeeds in obtaining a kilometric guarantee from Turkey, but is also suffered to adopt a route that bars the advance of the rival enterprise, dependent solely upon its traffic returns and without official assistance from the capital. The theory of the ‘open door’ sounds very well ; obviously it has not worked out in the present instance. The truth is that, in the case of these weak Oriental Governments, it means ‘the door open to the strongest.’ In the lowlands of Mesopotamia, to which the German line is tending, there are only two railways that would pay. One would proceed from the Gulf of Alexandretta to the Euphrates, whence the traffic would be conveyed by steamer to the Persian Gulf. The other would connect the Euphrates with the Tigris at Baghdad, starting from Kerbela on the right bank of the Euphrates, and proceeding through the city of the caliphs by Kermanshah to Hamadan and even to the Persian capital. Let us hope that these railways will be built by British capital.

Notwithstanding the vital importance to British merchants and manufacturers of protecting, by all possible means, their interests in Persia against the vigorous and persistent attempts of Russia to get control of the Persian

market, we have quite recently allowed an opportunity to pass by that would have placed us in a strong position to retain our hold on the markets of the south. It was popularly believed that the late Shah left a large fortune in gold to his son and successor, with but few State debts; but upon his Majesty's death the palace treasury was not found to be so full as had been expected. It is probable that what counted as great riches to the frugal father (who had inherited no wealth, but whose personal characteristics and nomadic instincts induced him to lay by carefully against 'bad times'), seemed comparatively small in the estimation of the open-handed son, whose natural inclination was to scatter what his father had gathered.

Mozuffer-ed-Din Shah neither inherited his father's love of money nor his extreme disinclination to part with it; the accumulations soon disappeared among the considerable numbers of favourites who for many long years had clung to his miniature Court at Tabriz, in expectation of their reward at Teheran. Of a mild disposition, and liberal to a fault, his accession was accompanied by royal lavishness; the treasuries, both public and palatial, were soon emptied; and it was found that loans were urgently needed to help the Government out of its financial difficulties. Offers were received from two continental capitals, and contracts were drawn out; but, these proving unsatisfactory, London was finally asked for assistance, and every effort was made to obtain a loan on the security of the Customs of the Persian Gulf ports. But an unmerited want of confidence in the good faith of the Persian Government caused conditions to be demanded by the London financiers which could reasonably be required only in case of default—namely, the placing of Receivers in the various Custom-houses. This was actually done at Bushire and Kermanshah, in order to obtain a temporary advance while the negotiations were pending; and the result was a suggestion to the Shah that this was but the beginning of the surrender of his sovereign rights in the south to the British. The loan negotiations were completed; but the Shah, being alarmed, hesitated at the last moment, and finally declined to ratify. The security was undoubtedly a good one, and it is a pity that the British Government did not step in and

find the money at a low rate of interest, with provision for a sinking fund. A loan on these terms would have brought with it such an increase of British influence, political, commercial, and moral, as would have silenced any whispered demand for a Russian port in the Persian Gulf. A great opportunity—as in a similar case in China—was thus lost.

The suspicion of Persian credit and good faith in the London market is attributable to the fiasco connected with the Tobacco Régie and Lottery Concessions, which became objects of financial speculation and failure in 1890. It is noticeable that in both these cases British enterprise was engaged in establishing in Persia institutions and systems which are prohibited by law and public opinion in Great Britain and her colonies. Persian opinion, violently expressed throughout the country, compelled the withdrawal of the tobacco monopoly; but, as compensation, Persia was mulcted of half a million sterling—a very large amount for such a poor country to pay. This fiasco brought Persia for the first time in her history into the money market of Europe as a borrower, and saddled her with her first public loan (at six per cent. interest). It may be added that all the conditions of that loan were faithfully observed, from its commencement in 1892 until it was finally paid off at par in 1900 with funds obtained from a Russian five per cent. loan. The Lottery Concession was granted provisionally by the late Shah during his visit to England in 1889, but was cancelled a few months later, when, on his return to Persia, his Majesty discovered that it was opposed to the national religious policy and principles. In the meanwhile there had been dealings connected with the Concession in the London money market; complications arose which were fought out in the law courts and the public press; and the result of these various enterprises was an unmerited want of confidence in Persian credit when the proposals for a Persian loan, of which we have spoken, came before the London market in 1898. The moral which we deduce from these unhappy transactions is that the British Government would be well-advised to nip in the bud speculations in Persia, the character of which is quite likely to arouse legitimate opposition in that country. The means at their disposal are obvious.

The sequel of these regrettable—and, we hold, avoidable—events has been the acceptance by Persia in 1900 of a Russian loan of two and a quarter millions sterling secured on the revenue from the Customs generally, with the exception only of the southern ports. The right to put in Receivers does not accrue unless there should be default in payment of interest charges after expiry of a fixed period of grace. There has been no public issue of the loan, since—the conditions being most favourable, and the security, guaranteed by the two Governments, so unquestionably good—the required amount was soon forthcoming, it is said from Savings Bank and other public funds. While the Russian bank of issue (with the Government behind it) was obliged to accept the Persian refusal to include the Gulf-ports Customs in the general hypothecation, yet they balanced this loss by the Persian acceptance of the condition in the loan contract, that for a period of ten years no further loan or loans could be contracted except with or through the Russian bank. One of the effects of this condition is to render the Gulf-ports Customs valueless as a loan security for at least eight years to come.

The Persian Government probably received about one hundred thousand pounds less than two millions for this loan. Of this sum about half went to pay off the English gold loan of 1892 and the State indebtedness to the two banks at Teheran, British and Russian, leaving less than a million for treasury purposes and the partial settlement of arrears of pay and salaries in connexion with the civil and military administration. It is now understood that the treasury is again empty, and that the Government is seeking relief from severe financial pressure by means of another loan, which, under the terms of the previous contract, must come from or through the Russian bank. In the meanwhile the Customs receipts are improving under the good administration of the Belgian officials in Persian Government employ; and it is expected that under the proposed new commercial treaties (with a differential tariff on articles other than those for ordinary use and consumption) the annual revenue from the Customs will be raised to eight hundred thousand pounds sterling.

Russia has now a strong interest in developing the natural resources of Persia, Northern and Central, as well

for her own commercial and industrial advantage, as for the improvement and appreciation of her security under the present loan and the further loans that may follow. In justice to her advanced ideas of stimulating trade in Persia, it should be noticed that, before the loan prospects were opened up, she had given practical effect to her change of policy as to the economic development of the country by granting considerable financial assistance towards the completion of the good carriage-road, two hundred miles long, which now connects the capital with the Caspian Sea. Of late years Russian trade has made undoubted progress in Persia; and the figures and facts, collected and lately published by the Belgian Administration of the Customs, show that trade to be very considerably in advance of British trade (including that of British India) in Persia as a whole. The Russian sphere of political influence has become her sphere of commercial influence. Her traders are now extending what may be called their missionary work of commerce under the favourable conditions of bounties from their own Government, and the prompt consideration and settlement of their claims and complaints by the Persian Government; for there can be no doubt that Russian subjects in Persia meet with greater consideration than others when claims and complaints are made. Some explanation of this may be found in the fact that the present ruling dynasty, and almost all the ministers, notables, and courtiers, belong to the northern frontier districts, and their family and personal interests combine with State reasons to dictate deference to Persia's nearest powerful neighbour, who is within such easy striking distance of the capital. The power of England, as manifested by her cruisers and gunboats in the southern waters, is not in such strong evidence with the Government at the great distance of seven hundred miles from the capital. The Court has little or no personal acquaintance with the south; the people of the southern provinces can scarcely be expected to have much sympathy with their rulers; and it is a circumstance of which the Persian Government should take due note, that the familiar sight of British gunboats in the Persian Gulf constitutes a defence for Persian authority. The warlike alien Arab population of the coast and their brethren inland believe England to be Persia's ally for the



preservation of peace and order. The Persian navy consists of but one gunboat of an obsolete type.

The idea of a friendly understanding between Russia and England in relation to the future of Persia, which has lately come under discussion, is by no means new. Some twenty or more years ago negotiations were opened by England with the view of a mutual agreement to secure the independence and integrity of Persia. The result was unsatisfactory, Russia declaring that she saw no need for such an engagement, her own policy being to maintain the most friendly relations with that country; and there the negotiations ended. It is believed that the late Shah received practically the same reply in person from the late Tsar at an interview which took place at St Petersburg in 1889. An opportunity of acting in concert with England was offered two years ago, when the Persian Government applied to both Russia and England to help her with the loan of two and a quarter millions which was so pressingly required, the proposal being that each should give half, secured on the Customs of the north and south respectively. England referred to Russia, offering to give facilities for such a loan; but, in reply, the latter proposed conditions which could not be accepted, and, as Persia was in desperate straits, the whole loan fell to Russia.

Some light may be thrown on the idea of a good understanding with Russia by a remarkable occurrence which is reported from Teheran as having taken place there within the last three months. This is the dismissal of Mr Maclean from his post of administrator of the Persian mint on the demand of the Russian Minister, the reason given being that he is a British subject. The appointment had been made early in 1901 by the Finance Minister, who was also Master of the mint. The contract, which was confirmed by the Prime Minister, was for three years, at a salary of 1000*l.* a year. It is understood that, on the appointment being made, the Russian Minister demanded that a Russian subject should be appointed to the Customs, to preserve the balance of influence and prestige. This was objected to as unnecessary, for financial reasons; and the dispute which arose in consequence was finally settled by an assurance being given that no Russian, British or

Turkish subject should be employed by the Persian Government in superior administrative posts. It is obvious that this bridge over the difficulty caused by Russian persistence was made at Russian suggestion, for the next step was the demand for Mr Maclean's dismissal—a step which has now been taken by the Persian Government. If the circumstances be as reported, they constitute an expression of unfriendly feeling towards England, as well as a loss of Persian independence at the bidding of Russia.

The incident may be explained by the rumour that Persia is in pressing want of a fresh loan. Inasmuch as she is completely at the mercy of her northern neighbour under the binding contract of the late loan, her necessities set aside all ideas of prudence and pride, and compel submission to conditions which formerly she would have rejected. Time was, and that not so long ago, when a Grand Vizier of Persia, calmly smoking while he listened to some Russian would-be monitors, was roused to growing irritation under continual correction, until he burst out with the words: 'Are we Persians under your tutelage? Are we always to ask your permission to consider and act in these matters?' But Persia is now drifting towards a state of things in which she may experience this humiliation to the full.

It is significant that the Persian military service is not included in the agreement concerning the employment of the subjects of the three Powers by Persia. The Persian Cossack brigade at Teheran dates its existence under Russian officers from the year 1880. It is composed of six squadrons, with a horse-artillery battery of four Krupp guns, and is under a Russian general as commandant, assisted by three Russian captains and six non-commissioned officers. The contract of all of them with the Persian Government is for three years; and the readiness and regularity with which timely renewals have been made go to show that the Shah would now find it almost impossible to discontinue the practice without exposing himself to the suspicion, if not the actual charge, of unfriendliness towards Russia. Moreover, State reasons, and the public opinion of the European community in Teheran, would probably unite to urge retention of the present system of officering the corps. In the

dangerous riots of 1892, when little reliance could be placed on the ordinary Persian troops, owing to the hostile attitude of the priesthood, the Cossack brigade was regarded as a safe counterpoise. And again, upon the assassination of the Shah, Nasir-ed-Din, in 1896, this brigade came to the front as a trustworthy force at a most critical time. It has thus established a claim on the gratitude of the Shah. It had always been regarded as the most efficient body of troops in the capital, and, as such, it commands the confidence of the European colony, as well as of the Shah and his Government. It also occupies the proud position of being, it may be said, the only corps in the Persian army which punctually receives its pay. Under the powerful protection of the Russian Legation, should the pay not be forthcoming, the commandant is authorised to take his own measures for obtaining and issuing it to all ranks on the proper date. He borrows from the banks to fulfil his engagements to his men; and in the course of time the Persian Government is compelled to settle up the arrears, repaying both capital and interest. It can well be understood that this body of troops increases the prestige of Russia, and almost justifies the idea in the Persian mind that it is a detachment of the army of the Caucasus.

Some ten or twelve years ago there were several projects in the air at Teheran for the development of Persia by means of railways. Prominent among the promoters were two Russian gentlemen, unofficially, but most energetically, supported by their Legation, who pressed for the concession of a line to the Persian Gulf. Various rumours were current as to the exact direction to be taken by the line; but the most likely was that it would proceed from the Caucasian frontier through the rich northern districts to Kazvin (with a branch to Teheran), and thence south to Mohammera by way of Hamadan. An alternative line was mentioned, which was to pass from Hamadan to Khanikin on the Turkish frontier (pointing to Baghdad), instead of continuing south to the Gulf. There was also talk of an international railway from the Caspian to Mohammera (for the Persian Gulf). Russia had probably changed her aim in the meanwhile, and now desired to render the Shah anxious about rival claims and disputed preferential rights. This new attitude was

eventually disclosed in the Russian proposal to postpone all further discussion of railways in Persia for a period of ten years.\* This suited the Shah so well that no difficulty was experienced in obtaining for the disappointed Russian railway promoters a concession for a bank in Teheran, with power to establish branches in the provinces. A *crédit foncier*, or agricultural bank, was proposed in the first instance; but the scheme was reduced to an institution of less pretension, the Banque de Prêts de Perse, which in course of time was duly established in Teheran. It was not successful at first, and there was even a prospect of its succumbing to the difficulties which so often beset pioneers in business, when the Russian Government stepped in and, in view of the rivalry of the English bank, authorised the purchase of a large interest in the Russian institution. This assistance enabled the bank, not only to survive its early troubles, but to grow up so strong and healthy as to become the means of carrying through the late Russian loan to Persia. It has now established branches at Tabriz and Resht.

To go back to the railway projects—there was no idea in 1889-90 of a railway from the Khorasan frontier to Bunder Abbas on the Persian Gulf; nor is it likely that this idea has as yet been seriously entertained. It is probable that the first Russian railway in Persia will proceed from the Azerbaijan frontier to Teheran. It would be connected with the Russian railway system in Transcaucasia, and would pass through or near some

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\* In the Agreement made between Persia and Russia in November 1890, to prevent all railway construction in Persia for a period of ten years, Russia's object was to gain time to complete her railway systems up to the northern frontiers of Persia and Afghanistan. It was provided in that Agreement that, at the expiration of the period, the two Governments should come to an understanding as to what railways for commercial purposes, and in the interests of both countries, should be constructed. There was full cognisance then of the Shah's promise that no railway to the south would be allowed without the consent of England, and it was hoped that this promise would be stated in the Agreement. A request was made to have this done, but evidently it was not carried out. The Shah (Nasir-ed-Din) was no doubt quite sincere then in saying that when the time should come for dealing finally with the railway question, the advice of England, as the friend of Persia, would be invited in her own interests as well as in those of Persia. It was then considered that the Shah's promise regarding any railway to the south would continue to have full force during and after the ten years. Nothing has been heard of the subject since the term of the Agreement expired in November 1900.

of the richest and most important districts of Persia, districts in which Russian trade has largely developed of late years. Both commercially and for strategic purposes this line would be in every way superior to one connecting with the Transcaspian railway. It would start from Erivan, which is now being joined by rail with Alexandropol (for Kars) and Tiflis, and it would reach Tabriz by way of Khoi, where it would pick up the traffic of the Erzerum-Trebizond caravan route.

In favour of the curious *dénouement* of the Russo-Persian railway discussions of 1889-90, it may well be urged that Persia was not yet ready for railways. The more promising alternative of road-construction was next taken up, as more in keeping with the needs of the country. It may be said with some truth that, in the matter of internal communications, Persia was not much more advanced in 1889 than in the days of Marco Polo. Arterial roads for wheel-traffic from Tabriz and from Resht (on the Caspian) to Teheran, and thence to the Karun ports in the south, were proposed. Concessions for the roads from Resht to the capital, and from the capital to the Karun, were obtained by Russian and British establishments respectively. The Russian road, notwithstanding the immense physical difficulties presented by the great and sudden rise from the low level of the Caspian Sea to the tableland of Central Persia, was completed about two years ago; while the British road, which, unfortunately, owing to local circumstances, had to be commenced at the wrong end, viz. at Teheran, has only advanced one fourth of its projected length. It therefore serves merely as a prolongation of the Russian road, which, as far as Teheran, serves Russian trade only. Aided thus by reduced transport charges and in receipt of Government stimulus, that trade is enabled to compete successfully with British as far south as Isfahan, Yezd and Sultanabad. A Russian Consul was appointed to Isfahan two or three years ago, Yezd being included in his circle of observation.

In justice to the promoters of the British road—the Imperial Bank of Persia—it must be said that the road enterprise was thrust upon them, British capitalists being at the time ill-disposed towards Persia. They stepped in to fill the breach at an important juncture. But the

resources which they could spare were found insufficient to complete the task in hand; the Persian Government was without any available funds, and financial assistance could not be procured from either the British or the Indian Government. On the other hand, the Russian company—a syndicate of merchants in Moscow—upon whom the construction of the Russian road devolved, were helped out by their Government when they had come to the end of their capital, but not of their extremely onerous undertaking. The Russian Government took up debentures in the concern to the extent of the capital (100,000*l.*). When this was insufficient, a further sum of 50,000*l.* was forthcoming from the same source. As a result, we are now enabled to travel in comparative luxury all the way from London to the Persian capital. On the British side, we have already spoken of the caravan road from Ahwaz on the Karun to the tableland of Persia at Isfahan. It may be hoped that the Bank project is destined to be realised in the same manner; and that any obstacle may be removed which stands in the way of the extension of the northern road from the capital to the Karun ports.

This necessary development of our trade routes from the south should be accompanied, we venture to suggest, by a substantial increase in our Consular establishment. Englishmen, and not merely Persians acting as British agents, should be appointed to these posts. At the present time our Consular service in Persia is being starved by the British Treasury. For every shilling saved hundreds of pounds will either be lost or will have to be spent to regain our ascendancy. The Persians are keenly observant of the signs of the times; and any indifference on the part of our Government is at once perceived. The Consuls form centres for the spread of our influence as well as for the assistance of our commerce. It is important that their number should be sufficient to place them in evidence throughout Southern Persia, not only on the coast and in the valley of the Karun (where a Consul is urgently needed), but also on the tableland from Yezd and Kerman to Hamadan and Kermanshah.

## Art. XIII.—LADY SARAH LENNOX.

*The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745–1826.*

Edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale.

Two vols. London: John Murray, 1901.

THERE is a glamour about Holland House which it is difficult to define. It seems at first sight to be the outcome of a long tradition; but in reality it is due to the genius and charm of a single man, and to the talkative brilliance of a motley group who, without showing more than a family likeness to Agamemnon, succeeded to his merits. It is true that the ghost of Addison was brought into the family by a marriage that was little to his credit; but the greatest spirit of all that rise at the sound of the name is Charles James Fox, though even in his day the main stream of Whig policy did not flow through Holland House. The mention of Lord Rockingham calls up the figure of Burke. The Duke of Portland resided at Burlington House, the property of his kinsman, the Duke who came after 'the king of the Whigs'; while Sheridan was at home, if anywhere in London, with Fox's Duchess. The truth is that the great day of Holland House was a day of high talk, but, so far as the Whigs were concerned, of small things. Whiggery seems to have passed abruptly from the state of a grandiose ideal into that of a venerable tradition. There was no summer. The illusions of promise gave way without a break to the legends of memory. There is no gap and no link between Charles Fox, generous and full of faith, with the broad light of a great epoch upon him, retaining to the last the virtues of youth when its failings had deserted him, and Lord Holland, whom we figure as essentially and permanently elderly, monumental between the fuss of Lord John Russell and the flow of Macaulay, and ever ready to temper or to instruct the present with an example or a maxim of 'my uncle.'

In the standard compilations of Lord Holland himself and Lord John Russell we probably already possess the bulk of what Holland House has to contribute to history; but it seems that there are still flowers to be gathered in the by-paths, and we are grateful for the care with which Lady Ilchester and Lord Stavordale have put

together this 'friendship's garland,' still fragrant after the lapse of a hundred years. Lady Sarah Lennox, under whose guidance we can follow the events of almost the whole reign of George III, was the eleventh child of the second Duke of Richmond. Her father had been married, when still a boy, to Sarah, the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Cadogan. In the good old times marriage was often an affair more of prudence than of passion. If the demands of wisdom were satisfied, love, it was held, would come—as in point of fact it not infrequently did—climbing up some other way. In the present case, which is almost unique of its kind, the children were tied together to cancel a bond in the shape of a gambling debt between the parents. When the formalities had been gone through, the young Lord March—who had naturally taken an instinctive dislike to his wife, 'as per agreement'—betook himself to his tutor and his travels. On his return to England, some years afterwards, he happened one evening to go to the play, where his attention was arrested by the beauty of a young lady in the audience. He asked who she was, and was told 'the reigning toast, the beautiful Lady March.' So he enjoyed the uncommon, if not unique, experience of falling in love with his own wife inadvertently and at second sight. Lady Sarah's brother, the third Duke of Richmond, made less of a mark in politics than might have been expected from his vigour and violence. The King disliked him; and, in opposition to the great Earl of Chatham, he dared what few were equal to, calling the Thunderer 'an insolent minister' in the House of Lords. But he will always be remembered for the part he played in the most dramatic scene in all our parliamentary history. For it was in the course of the debate on the Duke of Richmond's motion for withdrawing the troops from America that Chatham, on rising to reply to the Duke's second speech, was struck down with the sonorous protest on his lips 'against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy.'

Lady Sarah's own romance will always ensure her a footnote, if not a paragraph, in serious history; but for literary purposes the hour of illusion passed all too soon. It is as with the opening *rhexis* of an Euripidean drama, when a tiresome messenger or a god, seeing things whole with Olympian detachment, lets us at once into the secret



of the best and the worst. There is this difference, that Euripides is sure to give us finished pieces of choral writing and sentences of humane wisdom that justify themselves, however little they may promote the action; whereas, after the opening chord, Lady Sarah's letters ring flat. They are full of sense; but her charm—and we know that it led to real results, lawful and unlawful—must have appeared in some other way. It seems that Lady Sarah had already taken the fancy of the young Prince of Wales, when in 1760 he succeeded to the throne. That he was no less susceptible to the charms of the female sex than the other princes of his house, appears from the legend of the fair Quakeress; but his behaviour in this case, if we may trust the report of one side, shows him to have been capable of a depth and fidelity of attachment to which his grandfather and his son were alike strangers.

'He is in love with her,' writes Lord Holland; 'and it is no less certain she loves him . . . It were impossible to write down so much discourse as the King held with her; nor was that so remarkable as the *language des yeux*. Among other things he desir'd his sister to dance "Betty Blue"; "A dance, Madam," says he to Lady Sarah, "that you are acquainted with. I am very fond of it because it was taught me by a lady"—looking very significantly. She really did not know who he meant. "A very pretty lady," says he, "that came from Ireland, November was a twelvemonth." She then knew, but did not then pretend to know. "I am talking to her now," says he; "she taught it me at the ball on Twelve night." "Indeed, Sir," says she, "I did not remember it." "That may be," says he; "but I have a very good memory for whatever relates to that lady. I had got a pretty new country dance of my own for the late King's Birth-day, if he had liv'd to it, & I named it, 'The 25th of February' (which is Lady Sarah's birthday)." She colour'd, & in this *pretty* way did these two lovers entertain one another & the eyes of the whole ball-room for an hour.'

The real obstacles in the course of what seemed true love to Lord Holland and Lady Sarah will probably never be known. The King was in the hands of a Scotch clique, whose power for mischief did not end with their fall. To such close observers of the main chance it would have seemed fatal to allow the King to set out by pleasing

himself in so important a matter as the choice of his Queen. An English lady of the highest rank would be far more difficult to manage than a stranger from Germany—lonely, ill-favoured, probably, and unpopular, and on that account all the more apt and willing to yield herself a prey to the interested flattery of parasites. Lady Sarah, it is true, was little more than a child; but then she had powerful friends, who would not be backward to push their advantages. In fact, in Bute's dread of the influence that would inevitably accrue to Lord Holland there is probably reason enough for the miscarriage, if a political reason must be found. But from the standpoint of a love-match pure and simple, Lady Sarah herself cannot be acquitted of blame. In the first place, her deportment may have thrown too much upon the other side, for it seems to have been correct to the point of coldness. As a go-between, her friend, Lady Susan Strangways, behaved with a tact and loyalty that are by no means invariable in that situation; but we feel that the result might possibly have been different if more had been left to the unspoken reciprocity of lovers—*φωνῶντα στυγέοισιν*.

But if the omissions were serious, what was committed was far worse. 'Il y en a toujours un autre'; and the other was Lord Newbattle, 'a vain, insignificant puppy, lively and not ugly, who made love to all the girls, but was much in love with Lady Caroline Russell, the Duke of Bedford's daughter.' Lady Sarah must needs endeavour, out of frolic and vanity more than for love, to detach him from Lady Caroline. Thanks to the intrigues of others, she succeeded to more purpose than she had meant. A meeting was arranged, of which it is said that, by Bute's contrivance, the King was a hidden spectator; and words were spoken. Lord Newbattle's parents refused their consent, and forced him to write a letter to that effect; but he plucked up sufficient courage to follow the lady and recant by word of mouth. Begun for a vain reason, the affair ended in nothing; but enough had happened in the process to unsettle the King, and, so far as she was concerned, the Crown. Oscillating giddily between the shadow of the one and the substantial comfort of the other, she missed both. 'The King' (writes Lord Holland) 'has undoubtedly heard of Lord Newbattle, and more than is true'; so, at this distance of time, we

are less surprised than was Lord Holland to learn that on the 8th July, 1761, the King announced his intended marriage with 'Miss Charlotte of Mecklenburgh.' It appeared then that Lady Sarah had never really loved him; and though she resented his 'duplicity,' of which she was a better judge than we have the means to be now, she sought and found distraction in the loss of a favourite squirrel which had providentially sickened to death about the same time. The outraged family showed their displeasure according to their means and station. It is written that the King quailed under the glance of Lord Holland's resentment; while, as for Lady Sarah, chance soon furnished her with an opportunity of 'confounding' the King 'with dignity and gravity and a cross look.'

One word more, and we shall have done with Lord Newbattle. He and Lady Sarah agreed, with mutual compliments, to part good friends; his lordship, who it seems was a philosopher, observing, 'After all, it is much better as it is, for I should have made a damned bad husband.' And now that the comedy has ended in a marriage, as Erasmus said of Luther's career outside the convent walls, even if it be only the marriage of some one else, the main interest of the piece ends. It is as if Hamlet had laid the ghost, killed the King, and buried Ophelia in the first act, with the remaining four to spare for meditation on the riddle of existence. Henceforth the historical interest of Lady Sarah and her letters is confined to the occasional flashes of light that they throw upon the main stream of events.

She did not remain long in the forlorn condition in which the King's duplicity and the peer's philosophy had left her, for the year after the coronation she was married to Thomas Charles Bunbury, Esq., who succeeded his father in the baronetcy in 1764. Considering the sequel of the marriage, it is a pity that we know so little of the preliminary stage of love, if there was any, and courtship. At the outset Lady Sarah threw herself with ardour into her husband's pursuits, which were those of a sportsman and country gentleman.

'I have been a-hunting with Mr Varny, and I hunted twelve miles one day, which tired me to such a degree that I

was as sick as a dog, and tho' I had eat not enough to keep life and soul together, for 'twas not a bit since 8 o'clock till 6 at night, I could not touch even a sausage, but went to bed.' . . . 'This d——l of a frost hinders me, and so Mr B. and I sit scolding and grumbling and growling, he because he can't course, and I because I can't hunt, and that I fear 'twill kill my dear cedars.'

In her next letter we learn that she had been to Court and encountered the King, whom she treated with monosyllabic politeness. 'The King asked me if I had not had fine weather all Summer. "Yes," said I, and that was all.'

Here is a passage which already has an ominous ring about it, for when happiness comes to be computed or debated, it is a sure sign that it is either going or gone.

'You have made a mighty pretty discovery, Miss, truly! "I can think there is happiness in the country with a person one loves." Pray, now, who the D——l would not be happy with a pretty place, a good house, good horses, greyhounds, &c., for hunting, so near Newmarket, what company we please in the house, and 2000*l.* a year to spend. . . . Pray, now, where is the great oddity of that, or the wretch that would not be happy?'

And yet in the long letter of advice to her friend Lady Susan, who had just shocked all Holland House by running away with Mr William O'Brien, 'an actor by profession,' she says that 'Mr Bunbury's love and attention would make me happy whatever happen'd to me.'

In 1765 Lady Sarah paid a visit to Paris. She found the people so genteel that it was 'a real amusement to drive about the streets.' The houses, on the contrary, were dirty and cold. Like most people of that time, accustomed to the Italian manner, she was not only disappointed, but disgusted by the French Opera. According to Dr Burney,

'When the French are obliged to allow the musical composition and singing to be inferior to that of Italy, they comfort themselves and humble their adversaries by observing that their Opera is at least a fine thing to see: "C'est au moins un beau spectacle qu'un Opéra en France."'

And so it proved here.

'The Opera is the most ridiculous music you can imagine 'tis most like to Mrs Clive, when she imitates an Italian singer, than to anything I know; but the dances & the scenery is beyond anything I ever saw.'

She was well received by the King and Queen, when her fatal fascination for monarchs could not help asserting itself once more.

'Oh! by the bye,' she writes to Lord Holland, 'I suppose my sister has told you how well we were received at Marli, & how we luckily saw the King and Royal Family, but she has not told you the Paris story, which says that he embrac'd me twice, and that one of the Seigneurs said, "En verité c'est trop, Sire." "Je ne sais si c'est trop, mais je sais que ça me plait," says the King.'

Here is a passage in which one form of folly in vogue is touched with a sprightlier hand than usual:—

'I told you the word "boar" is a fashionable expression for tiresome people & conversations, & is a very good one & *very* useful, for one may tell anybody (Ld G. Cavendish, for example), "I am sure this will be a boar, so I must leave you, Ld George." If it was not the fashion, it would be very rude, but I own I encourage the fashion vastly, for it's delightful, I think; one need only name a pig or pork, & nobody dares take it ill, but hold their tongues directly. To "grub up such a one" is also a new expression, which cannot be better illustrated to you, than by supposing you were talking to Mr Robinson, who diverted you very much, in comes the D. of York or Gloucester, & by sitting down by you "grubbs up" poor Mr Robinson, perhaps for the whole evening. The Dukes will either of them serve for an example of a boar too, also Ld Clanbrassil. When you know what "lending a tascusa" is, you are *au fait* of the *bon ton*. You have lent that puppy Major Walpole many a "tascusa," &, indeed, I think you have the knack of lending them better than anybody, so when you are *glumpty*, & that some puppy comes & talks to you, the snub that they will get from you is exactly a tascusa in its full force. Take notice the word, tho' it appears Italian, has no meaning of its own; it's like "chiquinno," which is used for any card under a 5 at quinze.'

In 1766 Jean Jacques visited London. Just as later the Ettrick Shepherd, when on a visit to London, was

advised by his publisher to parade the streets in a huge plaid, in order to appear as extravagantly Scotch and pastoral as possible, so it seems that the philosopher adopted a disguise and deportment in character which mightily offended the good sense of Lady Sarah.

‘By way of news, Mr Rousseau is all the talk ; all I can hear of him is that he wears a pellise & fur cap, that he was at the Play, & desired to be placed so that he might not see the King, which, as Mrs Greville says, is a “*pauvreté* worthy a philosopher.” His dressing, particularly, I think is very silly, & if, as the papers say, he told Garrick that he made him laugh & cry without understanding a word, in my humble opinion that was very silly too, for I am sure neither Lusignan or Lord Chalkstone are likely to do that if one don’t understand the language. He sees few people, and is to go and live at a farm in Wales, where he shall see nothing but mountains & wild goats. “*Autre pauvreté.*”’

In the case of Wilkes, her old fondness for the King softened for once the rudeness of Whig principles in Lady Sarah ; for though the spectacle of a King bullied by a demagogue ought to have pleased a Whig, she writes :

‘Are you still politician enough to be eager about the fuss they make with Mr Wilks? If you are, I wish you would write an anonymous letter to His M. to advise him not to skulk in his den like—I don’t know what, for I must not say what a *pauvre animal* I think him ; but it really provokes me to see him so bullied, but you know *we* always prophesied he would never make a figure when once he ceased being in our good graces, & *we* never were mistaken certainly. Do you know that he has made his brat the proudest little imp you ever saw. Just like himself.’

In 1769 Lady Sarah left her husband for reasons which do not appear from the letters.\* She went first to the house of Lord William Gordon, but in a few months rejoined her brother, the Duke of Richmond, at Goodwood. The divorce took place without opposition from Sir Charles Bunbury in 1776. Just as we shall never know what the King really meant, or what dissipated the early dream of the Crown into thin air, so here again we are left to conjecture what we are not told. It may be true that sports-

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\* See, however, the Preface, p. xl.

men, as a rule, do not wear well ; like the horses and dogs they cherish, their first charm soon passes, and time has a blunting instead of a refining and forming effect upon them. Sir Charles may have come to resemble the successful suitor of Locksley Hall, as he is portrayed for us by the trenchant hand of his rival :

‘He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse’;

still there may also have been difficulties on the other side. Nothing is more awkward to cope with, more depressing to some moods, and more irritating to others, than good sense—unaccommodating and inexhaustible—in other people ; and a lady who, to the advance of old age, opposed so serene a front of philosophy and principle, must have been hard to live up to.

‘As to my phiz, it is grown to look older, I have less colour, & my nose is grown long, so you may guess I am not much improved, indeed, few people are with growing old ; but I flatter myself I have one advantage over many people, & that is, that I tell myself every day, “I am not old, but I am passed the age of a girl, it is time for me to check my vanity, & to remember that if I don’t make myself agreeable, I have no right to any attention from my acquaintance.”’

At this time men’s thoughts were distracted by the struggle with the American colonies. Lady Sarah’s point of view is interesting, and, for the sister of the Duke of Richmond, notably original ; for though, as a Whig, she was with the prophets of evil as against the King and his measures, she seems to have had no fanciful fondness for a rebel as such, and no tendency to idealise the colonists, after the manner of Walpole, as a kind of virtuous Arcadians goaded by tyranny into making swords of their ploughshares, just as later we have seen the Boers transformed for political purposes into a pastoral folk of simple manners under the benevolent *régime* of a psalm-singing patriarch. Her shrewd sense of the relation between rebellion and dissent is quite in the manner of Dr Johnson.

‘Only 2 things, I think, won’t bear dispute ; 1st, that those who cause most lives to be lost are the worst people ; 2ndly,

that the Bostonians, being chiefly Presbyterians, & from the north of Ireland, are daily proved to be very bad people, being quarrelsome, discontented, hypocritical, enthusiastical, lying people. Tho' they have money, lands and employment sufficient for them, they are discontented and rebellious, and whoever has such bad principles for the foundation of their character are not likely to make a good set of people in general.'

Her thought of the King in his tremendous situation calls up for an instant the memory of early dreams and ambitions, and her conclusion is that the disappointment was a deliverance.

'You talk of the time when we used to *fancy great things*; I am sure I can thank God very sincerely I am not Queen, for in the first place, I should have quarrell'd with His Majesty long before this, & my head would have been off probably. But if I had loved & liked him, & not had interest enough to prevent this war, I should certainly go mad to think a person I loved was the cause of such a shameful war.'

*Semel insanivimus omnes*, and Lady Sarah warned her correspondent that, if she ever tempted fortune a second time, it would be a sign, not only that she had run mad herself, but that she had found another in the same plight.

'Your answer to me about Sir Charles made me laugh, indeed, I would give you leave to laugh if I was to marry him again, but that will never be, I assure you; first, because Sir Charles, who never liked the life of a married man, enjoys his liberty too much to resign it without *some temptation*, & secondly, because I hope I shall never be idiot enough to marry *avec toutes mes années et tous mes défauts*; but if ever I do, you may certainly consider me as *mad*, & that I've met with a man as mad as myself. Now, as Sir Charles *n'est rien moins que fou*, we shall, I hope, be *friends* & no more as long as we live.'

But it happened—experience and prudence notwithstanding. In 1781 she was married to the Hon. George Napier, a son of the fifth Lord Napier of Merchiston; and at this point we are glad to exchange the atmosphere of horses for that of heroes. Her husband was himself a distinguished soldier, while of her five sons, Charles was the future conqueror of Sind, George became governor



of the Cape of Good Hope, and William was to write the history of the Peninsular War, in which he took a glorious part. Subsequently Lady Sarah removed to Ireland with her husband, who had been made comptroller of army accounts there. Here they remained until 1804, when ill-health compelled Colonel Napier to seek the climate of Bath. Her letters of this period, written as they were at a distance from the main current of events, contribute little to knowledge or amusement.

The apparition of the great Napoleon profoundly moved her; and her enthusiasm opened her eyes to what has been hidden from voluminous and precise historians, namely, that in him, not a *condottiere*, but a Roman Emperor had come again.

‘Is not Cæsar returned in the shape of Buonaparte? The same genius, the same promptitude to concert, to execute great plans! One is lost in guesses of what is to follow, so I never think about it, but give way to a pleasing presentiment that a *great* man is always more likely to do good than a poor pitiful character who keeps his head above water by subterfuge, falseness, & swindling tricks, or than those who reign by the help of terror.’

On the other hand, she was inclined, at the outset, to be hard on Lord Wellington. ‘I heard to-day what Lord Wellington’s ideas were of what was to be done in Spain, and to my humble conception they are a bubble-making, a plausible-sounding appearance, and must break and vanish into air.’

In 1809 the jubilee of George III was celebrated; and, as we began with illusion, so we are not sorry to end with legend. The King, when disease had robbed him of that ‘infernal power’ which the resounding Whig orators used to assail, becomes invested with an aureole of dignity and pathos:

‘Dark in light, exposed  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong;  
In power of others, never in his own.’

We forget his tyranny, even his ‘duplicity’; he has become the ‘good King.’

Henceforth Lady Sarah’s letters are few and far between, owing more to the advance of blindness than to

the decay of old age. To the last she continued thoughtful and observant, and, unlike Mrs Thrale, who lived through much the same span, she did not find the world at the close of life so very different from what it had seemed at the beginning.

‘I see a good many people & do not perceive any alterations in the ways of London since almost our younger days, except in hours, in dress, & in the sanction given to unmarried women to take lead even in their parents’ houses, for in many they are supposed to make the list of persons invited to dinner; thus the older people seem more in the background than they are used to be, but the same objects in society seem going on.’

On looking back over the same period through the medium of these letters, we are conscious of a feeling of disappointment. When so much is said, it is surprising how little is shown. For the fact is that Lady Sarah’s hearsay is not much better than that of many another would have been, less fortunately connected and placed. Not a single fresh and living touch is added to any one of the great historical portraits, except perhaps that of Charles Fox, to whom we shall return immediately. Lady Sarah seems to have set a high value on Garrick, both as an artist and as a man; but we do not see him the better for anything she says. Of Johnson, Reynolds, Sheridan, Hastings, Junius, there is not a word, and of Burke’s thunder only such echoes as ring in handbooks. Even when public events are judged or discussed, we never feel that we are admitted behind the scenes. We get the gossip of a circle with opportunities, it is true; but gossip that has lost weight and point in its passage from mouth to mouth. As the record of a high character and consistent life, the book has a real value, but more, we think, for the family than for the public. To place the letters anywhere within view of the classical masterpieces of Walpole and Miss Burney, would be manifestly unfair; but, to take a more obvious comparison, for grace of style, range and vision of events, wit, and what Sir Joshua called ‘knack at characters,’ they are vastly below the letters of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, written likewise within the Whig circle and under much the same conditions of intimacy and freedom.

To the rule of vagueness and commonplace, Fox is almost the solitary exception; for Lady Sarah watched the Rake's Progress with motherly care and interest, so much so that it would be possible to work up her scattered notices into an original and living sketch. We first hear of Fox at Eton, writing verses to his love, Lady Susan, which were sent up for good. They were then prettily translated by another boy, and duly forwarded to the lady whom they concerned. He early developed and cultivated a pretty wit, for, when Mr Bunbury went on a visit to Woburn, leaving his wife behind at Holland House, Mr Fox was facetious at the expense of the 'widow,' as she was called. He then falls violently in love with the Duchess of Hamilton, who was one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings, and conquers his indolence so far as to ride out to see her. But the effect of it all seems to have been sobering and improving, for 'he is now quite manly, and is very much liked. He is a sweet boy, and I hope will continue as amiable as he is.' In Paris, where we next hear of him, he had made up his mind to fall in love with a noted beauty, Mademoiselle Coislin; but, being actually captivated by some one else, he conducted the business on the generous principle of share and share alike. To Lady Sarah it seemed as if the double enterprise would tax the resources of a beginner. 'I told him he was too young for such schemes & would fail in both, but he trusted to the ladies' characters, & I believe he may succeed.' Passing over an intercalary passion for a 'Mrs Burrer'd,' for whom he appears to have sighed at a distance, we come to the sad case of Lady Holland's will. By that harsh instrument Charles Fox's natural expectations were cruelly disappointed; but it seems that, though he afterwards called himself a very painstaking man, Lady Holland might have treated him better, if he, for once, had taken more pains.

'I make no doubt but that if Charles had shewn her that attention he *ought* to have had, her affection for him would have remained as great as ever, but can one expect any mortal to excuse his intollerable negligence? I don't love him a bit the less for it because I know it's *the nature of the beast*, as my poor sister used to say, & I know him to be as capable of friendship & to have as good a heart as it's possible, but I can never wonder at anybody who is angry with him.'

In 1780 Fox, in consequence of a parliamentary dispute, fought a duel with a Scotsman named Adam. The affair made a great noise at the time, for there were many who suspected and asserted that the fervour of his antagonist was more like that of an assassin than that of a gentleman privileged and accustomed to wear a sword. However, Lady Sarah's unfailing good sense kept her in a moderate course.

'I accuse you of violence in what you said of Charles Fox's duel, for I really think that the word assassination is not just, & does Charles harm; that Mr Adams is a fool, a weak, unsteady man, who knew not what his honour required or did not require, is certain, & surely Charles' generous treatment of him would lose much of its merit if one looks on the man as an assassin, or that Charles' friends call him so, for the generosity ceases if he gives him his life and takes away his character.'

In 1782 Lord Rockingham died, and the King appointed Lord Shelburne first Lord of the Treasury. 'Charles Fox flew out into a violent passion and resigned.' For this he was, and has been since, much blamed; but we believe that whatever side-currents of influence may have played upon him, he had taken the true measure of the man with whom he ever afterwards resolutely declined to co-operate. For there was a sort of radical duplicity of temperament about Malagrida, 'not made occasionally but as intended first.' Whatever is proposed, such a man knows of a more excellent way, but on somewhat higher ground; and, if it can only be followed behind the backs of his colleagues, so much the better. For example:

'Ld George Cavendish told me that Lord Shelburne used to say to Lord F. Cavendish & Charles, "I have been with the King & I am not at liberty to tell the particulars, but you will find everything settled in the most satisfactory manner." This he said on all occasions.'

As he begins with superiority, so he ends with impunity, that is, he contrives to evade his share of the hard knocks with which fortune occasionally visits mere average endeavour. If revolution, for example, comes to the point of killing the King, it was a higher and innocuous kind of revolution that was talked about and recommended. If the abolition of Christianity is proposed

or attempted, it was Deism without drawbacks that was always really meant, or freethought in fruitful union with superstition. Malagrida belonged, in fact, to a type with which we have nowadays grown more familiar in other phases, the type of the parliamentary umpire, who invariably gives his own side 'out,' earning thereby a settled reputation for 'righteousness' with the opposite party. When Goldsmith, with that amiable *naïveté* which so inimitably distinguished him, said to Lord Shelburne, 'I wonder they should call your lordship Malagrida, for Malagrida was a very good man,' he came to the point more closely than he knew, for there precisely lies the humour of it. Green the historian, writing to Freeman, said, 'Sir Henry Vane was a good man, but it seems to me that it is good men who mostly bring about the evil of the world.'

A statesman often betrays his character by what he turns to out of office. One wrote novels, another fortified the already impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture, while a third has been known to find comfort in the solitude and peace of bucolic pursuits. Charles Fox certainly made a free use of his enforced leisure and liberty. In fact his behaviour was so marked as to provoke Lady Sarah to one of the few sallies of wit that are here written for our learning.

'I hear that Charles saunters about the streets, & brags that he has not taken a pen in hand since he was out of place. *Pour se désennuyer* he *lives* with Mrs Robinson, goes to Sadler's Wells with her, & is all day figuring away with her. I long to tell him he does it to show that he is superior to Alcibiades, for *his* courtesan forsook him when he was unfortunate, and Mrs Robinson takes *him* up.'

We assist at the short-lived triumph of the India Bill, which preluded twenty years' exile of Opposition. Lady Sarah called Fox 'the greatest minister this country is likely to produce,' while Princess Amélie declared in the same strain, 'This country is ruined, unless such a great man governs it.'

In the heat of the struggle for Catholic Emancipation in Ireland, he is shown to us 'resisting from his noble height of principle all temptation to fall into mean power and adulation.' Lady Sarah implies that his principles

were too large and lofty for him to succeed as a mere minister. She might have added that, with him as minister, they were large and lofty enough to ruin his country. This was indeed the weak point of Whiggery. Rhetorically meant for mankind, in practice it was apt to profit the enemy.

Later we hear of the promotion of Mrs Armistead to the state of matrimony, with the remark of Lord Fitzwilliam :

‘Charles Fox’s marriage was just then *sur le tapis*, and Lord Fitzwilliam said to my sister that all things considered he was glad of it, for that it would be much *less* disadvantage to Charles to be seen with his *wife* than his mistress.’

When he at length emerged from his retreat, to sacrifice, as some of his friends thought, a part of his fame to a changed King, party, and country, the hand of death was already upon him. The last scene at Chiswick is described in a few touching pages from the diary of Mrs Fox, which form a valuable supplement to the classical account of Trotter.

It is unfortunate that we have only one of Lady Susan’s replies to Lady Sarah’s letters, but the former has left on record an interesting comparison of social manners and customs at the middle of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. The difference shows a greater change than can be said to have taken place in the last fifty or sixty years.

Far more valuable, as a contribution to political history, than anything in the letters themselves, is the memoir of the first Lord Holland describing the circumstances of the death of George II and the accession of George III. On the death of the old King it was at once plain to all concerned that the new *régime* portended sweeping changes ; the old servants and the new order had to take stock of one another. On the one hand, a young King in the shadow of a favourite whose influence was all the more dreaded in that it was personal and irregular ; on the other, a ministry of middling men, cowed, even when unconvinced, by a superb dictator. At this juncture Lord Holland writes :

‘All sorts of people, great and little, friends and enemys, conspired in saying and insisting that the D. of Newcastle’s  
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remaining where he was was absolutely necessary. Strange, that unless a worthless and a silly and an ignorant man is at the head of the state it cannot flourish.'

It seems, however, from a memoir of the Duke of Devonshire, that the first impulse to retain the Duke of Newcastle came from the King himself and Bute.

'The Duke of Newcastle told me he had had a long conference with him [Lord Bute], the purport of which was that the King thought him to be the properest person to be at the Head of the Treasury, and wished that he would continue there, and he, Lord Bute, made great professions of supporting him and acting in consort with him. The Duke replied that he was much obliged to H. M<sup>r</sup> and to his Lordship, that he was now very old, that it was high time for him to retire from Business, and that he begged to be excused, and said the same to the King, who replied, "That must not be." He asked my opinion: I said that as a friend merely to the Duke of Newcastle, I should advise him to adhere to that opinion; at the same time as a Friend to the public I should certainly advise him to continue, that I thought he owed it to his Friends and the Whig Party who would be broken to pieces and turned adrift.' (Devonshire House MSS.)

The Duke of Devonshire feared that if the Duke of Newcastle were dismissed the party might break up, for Pitt's sense of the difference between Whig and Tory was by no means acute; while Pitt felt that his measures would be safer if Newcastle, accustomed to the demands and methods of a war policy, remained at the Treasury.

The great day of the opening of Parliament approached; and a Committee, called by Lord Holland a *conciliabulum*, met to frame the text of the King's speech.

'The first [meeting] for making the speech consisted (Ld Holderness being ill and absent, which does not much signify to any *conciliabulum*) of four only, Duke of Newcastle, E. of Bute, E. of Hardwicke, and Mr Secy Pitt. They went through, and settled it. When Mr Pitt said there must be some mention made of Militia, D. of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke oppos'd it: Lord Bute declared on Pitt's side. When this was known, D. of Devonshire was violent, & said he would protest against it & oppose the address, & it was hard to make a man give up his opinion, which he could not do, or appear against the first address to the King.'

This is the Duke of Devonshire's own account of the matter :—

‘The Duke of Newcastle sent to me to give me an account of what passed the night before. There met Lords Hardwicke, Bute, Mr Pitt & himself. It was agreed that the first should draw up the speech. They went through all the different parts that were to compose it without any difference of opinion, till at the close, Mr Pitt said that the Militia must be included in the speech. Lord Bute agreed with him, and the other two opposed it. Pitt was very calm in what he said, but remained firm, and they parted without coming to any agreement. I told the Duke of Newcastle that I thought it very ill-judged in anybody to desire it, that for my part everybody knew I was against the Militia in my opinion, and therefore I should, if I was called to counsel when the King's speech was read, enter my protest against it. Mr Pitt spoke to me afterwards. I told him it was very wrong to mention any subject in his speech that was a point of controversy, that it was even begging a debate upon a day that every man who wished well must desire should pass with unanimity, and was putting those that were against the Militia under a cruel dilemma, that I had taken as much pains, and gone as far to keep things quiet as any man could do, but convinced as I was of the danger of perpetuating the Militia, I could neither in honour or conscience come into a measure of this sort. He said that though he differed with me upon the utility of the measure, yet he should be very desirous of accommodation; that he had proposed the inserting it in the speech with a view to keep things quiet, and as a means to prevent more being asked on the point than he thought those who were against it could be brought to consent to; that he had declared that the expressions should be measured carefully; that surely I could not be against thanking the gentlemen that had served, as I would not deny the utility they had been of. I answered “no,” but why take that day to do it and spoil the unanimity? I added that probably, as there was a new reign, some notice must be taken of keeping it out, if so, let there be a message, and then it might fairly be debated.’ (Devonshire House MSS.)

The Militia clause, drafted in the large handwriting of the great Commoner, is still preserved at Devonshire House; but Lord Hardwicke induced him to lower the tone, and the subject was finally disposed of in the corner of a paragraph. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note that,



as appears from another passage in the Duke of Devonshire's memoir, the King, if left to himself, would have gone at least as far as Pitt. 'Pitt told me that when he showed the King the words in the speech about the Militia, he said he wished they had been stronger, but saw the necessity of acquiescing.'

Lord Holland continues :

'On Tuesday, Novr 18, the King open'd the Parliament. He was much admired, but thought to have too much studied action, & it was observed that he laid the accent on the first syllable of *állys* and *révenues*, which is after the Scotch pronunciation.'

The King's peculiarities of pronunciation, which are here ascribed to the strong contagion of the Scotch, were more probably caught from Quin the actor, whose method of declamation is known to have been peculiar, and who boasted on this very occasion that he 'taught the boy to speak.'

Lord Holland's account of his peerage, and of the difficulties that beset the uphill path of his ambition, is a frank display of character. It shows him on the same level as Bubb Doddington—*tout pour la trippe*. Equally frank is his handling of the question of those monstrous gains at the Pay Office, which were afterwards brought up in judgment against both father and son.

'The sudden and great rise of stocks has made me richer than ever I intended or desir'd to be. Obloquy generally attends money so got, but with how much reason in all cases let this simple account of my gains shew. The Government borrows money at 20 per cent. disc't. I am not consulted or concern'd in making the bargain. I have as Pay Master great sums in my hands, which, not applicable to any present use, must either lye dead in the Bk, or be employ'd by me. I lend this to the Government in 1761. A peace is thought certain. I am not in the least consulted, but my very bad opinion of Mr Pitt makes me think it will not be concluded; I sell out, & gain greatly. In 1762 I lend again; a peace comes, in which again I am not consulted, & I again gain greatly.'

The best of these pages is the light they throw upon that animosity, unbridled and indiscriminate, against Pitt which Lord Holland bequeathed to his son as a

ready-made weapon against another Pitt. Some years after the date of this memoir, the Duke of Grafton, in allusion to a speech made by Lord Chatham at a Cabinet Council, said, 'It made us all feel how small we were.' Henry Fox, on the contrary, felt in no sense diminished by the side of Pitt. That he resented his genius and mistook his aims, goes without saying; what is more remarkable is his attitude as a Whig towards the popular basis of Pitt's influence.

'Pitt . . . attends to that nonsensical thing, undeserv'd popularity with the dregs of the people; & is afraid lest his health should not be drank on Ormond Key & Smock Alley by popish feagues and beggars.'

Lastly, when Pitt fell, Lord Holland—who was of those who took short views of things—opined that he would never rise again, and predicted, with that confidence in posterity which the small share with the great, that when his own memoir came to be read, it would be 'an allowed truth that Mr Pitt, who has made so great a figure these four years, was what Lord Winchilsea four years ago said he was, a very silly fellow.'

It is obvious, on the other hand, that Pitt must have sorely tried the temper, both of the King and of his colleagues. A genuine dictator, able, as Johnson put it, to set the State in motion, he exalted power above prestige, and treated middling men, even of the highest rank, with no more than a moderate share of deference and consideration. Though many, like the Duke of Devonshire, were convinced that neither war nor peace could be made without him, Pitt's wavering attitude on the subject of Lord Bute was another cause of perplexity. At one time, as we see from the following passage, Pitt drew a sharp distinction between the function of a favourite and that of a minister:

'The Duke of Newcastle saw Mr Pitt the day before, [who] told him that he was unacquainted with what was doing, and didn't imagine His Grace was much more informed, that there had been often favourites, but that the nation would never suffer them to be both favourites and ministers, instanc'd King William, as great a Prince as ever fill'd the throne, had favourites, D. Portland and Lord Albemarle, but then they confined themselves within the circle of the court, and

didn't interfere as ministers; but in the present case, not to lay any stress on the country he belongs to, it would never be borne, and he for one would never consent to lend a helping hand to make him one.' (Devonshire House MSS.)

But when it was proposed that Bute should be drawn out into the open as a responsible minister, then it turned out that Pitt 'would never have anything to do with Lord Bute as a minister, and that he would not go on if he could have no access to the King but through Lord Bute.'

The thanks of the reader, and of all students, are specially due to Lord Stavordale, whose knowledge and pains have cleared an easy way through the allusions with which the letters are thickly set. At one point only—and that a small one—he seems to go astray. Lord Stavordale accuses Walpole—who relates that Lady Sarah used to appear in the garden at Holland House 'in a fancied habit making hay,' in order to be seen by the King as he rode by—of a love of gossip and a disposition to be smart. This is almost as if one were to complain that Socrates had a tiresome habit of asking questions; for all those—and they are most readers of English—who love Walpole's gossip, will exclaim, *felix culpa*; while to say that he had a 'disposition to be smart' is to admit the least of the truth. Walpole undoubtedly aimed at being witty, but it is also true that he generally hits. Among those that sparkle deliberately and by profession, he draws a blank as rarely as any; and we only regret that his awful example should so effectually have deterred Lord Stavordale from sharing the risks of the same attempt. Pending a denial from those who should know, we see nothing unlikely in the incident, and we confess that the lengths to which Leigh Hunt's disposition carried him seem to us far more outrageous; for he did not scruple to suggest that Lady Sarah was the original Lass of Richmond Hill, and that George III wrote the ballad.

The two volumes have been lavishly adorned with photogravures, most of them, it is true, from familiar pictures; but of the company of Sir Joshua's ladies, with their old-world air of breeding and grace, we never tire.

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## Art. XIV.—THE WAR AND ITS LESSONS.

1. *South Africa Despatches* (1901). (March 8, May 8, July 8, August 8, September 8, October 8.) London: Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1901.
2. *The Great Boer War*. New edition, completed to October 11, 1901. By A. Conan Doyle. London: Smith Elder, 1901.
3. *Impressions of a Doctor in Khaki*. By Francis E. Fremantle. London: John Murray, 1901.
4. *A Retrospect on the South African War*. By Lieut.-Col. E. S. May. London: Sampson Low, 1901.
5. *Words by an Eye-witness*. By 'Linesman.' Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1901.
6. *Notes and Reflections on the Boer War*. By Maj.-Gen. H. M. Bengough. London: Clowes, 1900.

IF the South African War be not the most important conflict in the history of England, it is assuredly the one which has produced by far the largest literature. To the flow of books dealing with it there is seemingly no end. Nor is this anything but an unmixed good. Much of the war literature possesses high merit, and, studied with discretion, it should enable the nation to obtain an intelligent idea of the task which its soldiers have been called upon to accomplish, and to pronounce a discriminating verdict on the army's performance. Not that we can look for the inner history of the campaign as yet, or that any of the presentations of events now before us can be regarded as final. The war cannot be fully understood, nor the obstacles to British success thoroughly comprehended, until more light has been shed upon the political direction at home, and until the relations of War Ministers and Cabinets to the various Commanders-in-Chief have been accurately detailed.

The groundwork of any history of the war in its later phase must be the despatches from the Commander-in-Chief. In his 'Great Boer War,' Dr Doyle has made use of this material, supplementing it from the letters of newspaper correspondents and officers. The merit of the earlier editions of his work has been generally recognised; and the enlarged edition gives an outline of events up to a recent date, which is as accurate as such an outline can

be made with such material as exists, and which is at the same time written with picturesqueness and spirit. If we want psychological details of the conduct of our troops in the face of danger and death, Dr Fremantle and 'Linesman' can supply them. The Doctor's work in the hospitals and ambulances enables him to give evidence with authority as to the good behaviour of the private soldier, and incidentally to lay bare certain flagrant defects in the Army Medical Corps, while to his own profession it will prove of the highest value as a record of a surgeon's experiences in the field. 'Linesman's' work is of a different character; it deals almost entirely with the soldier in battle, in bivouac or on the march, and that mostly in Natal, during the earlier period of the campaign. But it is written with admirable fire and spirit, and from the purely literary point of view is one of the most striking works which the conflict has produced.

The beginning of a new year affords a good opportunity to take stock, as it were, of the progress which has been accomplished since the date when, in November 1900, Lord Roberts laid down his command and returned home, in the full belief, which he did not hesitate publicly to express, that the war was over. It is with the events of the thirteen months which have elapsed since that date that we shall have principally to deal, and our endeavour will be to ascertain, if possible, the reasons why the struggle has been continued so far beyond the anticipations of our ablest British general. The period in question may be divided into the following sections, viz. (1) the South African summer, from Lord Roberts' departure (November 1900) to the failure of the peace negotiations (February 1901); (2) the winter, to September 15, the end of the period of grace fixed by the proclamation of August; (3) the recrudescence of Boer activity, from that date to the present time.

Before the date of Lord Roberts' departure, a considerable number of troops had been allowed to return. Among these were the City Imperial Volunteers, the Household Cavalry, a battery of horse artillery, and several of the colonial contingents. As the strength of the units remaining had not been fully maintained by constant strong drafts, the efficiency of the force had greatly

declined, while the want of remounts fit for hard work in that climate, which, though healthy to man, is unhealthy to horseflesh, had reduced its mobility to vanishing point. Nominally the strength of the British army was about 240,000 by official returns and assurances. Actually the force efficient did not in all probability exceed 150,000. The enemy's strength at this date was very variously computed. Optimists on the British side reckoned it at 15,000 to 17,000 men. The Boers themselves stated it at 20,000 to 25,000 men; and on the whole it is probable that their figures were not far from the mark. To this force has been added, during the year, an indefinite number of recruits from Europe and Cape Colony.

The month of October 1900 had witnessed a revival of the war in the south of the Orange River Colony. Small commandoes of the enemy appeared in this region and were at once joined by the paroled farmers. 'In a few weeks or months,' says Lord Milner, 'the very men whom we had spared and treated with exceptional leniency were up in arms again, justifying their breach of faith in many cases by the extraordinary argument that we had not preserved them from the temptation to commit it.' Jacobsdal, Fauresmith, Jagersfontein, and Koffyfontein were all attacked; districts which had been steadily settling down were unsettled; and, to find men to meet the bands of Boers who seemed to spring from the earth, the British headquarters were compelled to evacuate garrison after garrison. These withdrawals cannot but have fostered the idea—which we know from many sources was generally entertained by the Boers—that a great part of the army was being shipped to China. Concurrently with this recrudescence of the war in the Orange Colony came fierce fighting in the western Transvaal, proving that there also the pacification had been apparent only. Even in the eastern Transvaal, where a large British force was being employed, General French had encountered stubborn opposition on a march from Machadodorp to Heidelberg, and had found himself unable to make any real impression on the enemy. Meanwhile in all directions the railways were being cut and trains held up and destroyed. The losses of rolling stock and supplies must have greatly embarrassed the British commissariat.

Of the leading Boer generals, Botha at this date was in the east, holding the country near Ermelo with the pick of the burghers; De la Rey was in the Magaliesberg region with a formidable force; and to the south of the Vaal De Wet had just lost most of his guns and a number of his best men to Colonel Le Gallais, but was as full of fight as ever. Reports had reached the British intelligence department to the effect that the enemy intended a general invasion of Cape Colony, in which De Wet and De la Rey were to play a part, while Botha, it was rumoured, would attempt to carry out a diversion on the Natal frontier. There was general fermentation among the Dutch of Cape Colony, accompanied by what Lord Milner has justly described as a 'carnival of mendacity,' in the shape of abominable charges against the British troops. The signs, then, at the end of November 1900, were threatening; and there seemed little ground for supposing that the war was even 'virtually over.' From Capetown came urgent appeals to England to despatch strong reinforcements—appeals which met with no adequate response. It is true that the new Commander-in-Chief does not appear to have pressed for more men, but he scarcely could do so with decency immediately after Lord Roberts' pronouncements in Natal and Cape Colony. But in December it was realised that further reinforcements were absolutely necessary, and a small number of mounted regulars were sent out.

The first problem with which Lord Kitchener had to deal was De Wet's threatened invasion of Cape Colony. After his action with Le Gallais at Bothaville on November 6, the Boer general had retired to Lindley. There he seems to have had hidden stores of ammunition and buried guns. The next thing heard of him was that he was moving swiftly south towards the Orange. On November 17 he appeared at Dewetsdorp, which was held by a small British force, and attacked the place. Dewetsdorp lies only forty-five miles distant by road from Bloemfontein. Nevertheless no relief came to the garrison. After a week's siege, on the morning of the 23rd the white flag was hoisted, owing, it is said—for no official report of the affair has yet been published—to the failure of the water supply. Nearly five hundred men and two guns, neither of which had been disabled, with a large

quantity of ammunition and supplies were captured by the Boers. After the fall of the place British columns arrived, but they could do nothing to retrieve a disaster which had a great moral effect both in the south of the Orange Colony and in Cape Colony.

De Wet now headed for the Orange River, but found that his purpose had been foreseen, and that General C. Knox with a strong column was between him and the river. Reinforcements had been hurried from all quarters to Aliwal North and the neighbourhood, and the fact that the river was running high was a further obstacle to his progress. After much marching and counter-marching De Wet was compelled to abandon his purpose and to retreat north. It was hoped that he might be caught between the Caledon and the Orange, but this hope was frustrated by his activity and resource. He succeeded in passing the Caledon, notwithstanding the heavy floods, and then broke away to the north, forcing his way with the greatest ease through a British cordon which extended from Bloemfontein to Ladybrand. Obviously some one blundered, but who it was we do not know.

The escape of De Wet was all the more mortifying as General Knox was close behind him, urging his men to the utmost; and, if the cordon had only managed to delay the Boers for an hour or two, the whole Boer force should have been captured. As it was, the British claim to have taken the whole baggage of the column and two guns. The pursuit of De Wet was continued, but near Reitz the enemy turned sharply on Lord Kitchener's bodyguard and inflicted upon it a sharp defeat before it could be reinforced, killing, wounding, or taking prisoners 160 men. This affair illustrated the risks attendant upon pursuit of an enemy so mobile and so well informed as to the British movements. If the pursuers press forward in advance of their supports, they are liable to be suddenly attacked and heavily punished by the pursued. If they take every precaution and halt for the supports to come up at the first indication of resistance, they may be held off by a mere rear-guard, and the enemy are certain to escape. Those who blame the British column-leaders for their excessive caution should in common fairness remember incidents such as this. At Reitz the British pursuit seems to have ended, and De Wet dismissed his men on furlough,



himself proceeding westwards, probably for the purpose of consulting De la Rey and of obtaining ammunition. He assigned the Doornberg range in the north-eastern Orange Colony as the rendezvous for his forces at the end of January.

While the British were chasing De Wet, two distinct Boer commandoes had entered Cape Colony. Hertzog crossed the Orange near Philipstown, and Kritzinger forded it to the east near Aliwal North. The river, it should be said, is, except during freshets, easily passed at almost any point; and therefore, though on the map it looks a defensible line, it is really in no sense a serious military obstacle. Hertzog at once moved towards Lambert's Bay, where, according to his instructions, a ship-load of guns, ammunition, and foreign mercenaries awaited him. The British navy, however, maintained too good a watch for this vessel to land her cargo at this point, though it is just possible that it was placed ashore at some other haven on this wild and desolate littoral. Several columns were directed against the Boer leader, yet his mobility was such that he was able to show his pursuers a clean pair of heels; and in February he retired north-eastwards, with the intention of forming a junction with De Wet, leaving small parties of burghers and rebels who had joined his force behind him. Kritzinger pushed south through the Graaf Reinet and Jansenville districts to Uitenhage and Willowmore, where his force seems to have split up into a number of small bands.

The general effect of this invasion was disastrous to the welfare of Cape Colony. Business was disorganised, the loyalists were harried, the disloyal or doubtful were unsettled, and many of them joined the hostile commandoes when they saw that the Boers seemed able to do what they liked with impunity. Fresh bands appeared in the wake of the invaders, all pushing south; the railways were continually threatened; and, though a strong force was raised in the Colony itself from the loyal population, it became necessary to withdraw large numbers of troops from the Orange Colony and the Transvaal. Column after column was despatched against the enemy, but scarcely ever with a satisfactory result. The commandoes were neither captured nor severely handled, but 'dislodged from strong positions,' 'dispersed,' or

'hustled,' words which bitter experience proved to mean very little. It would be tedious to follow in detail the uneventful progress of the campaign south of the Orange. All that need be said is that for months the enemy kept Cape Colony in confusion, and from time to time captured towns and villages which were weakly held. Their object, as stated by their leaders, Kritzinger and Scheepers, was to harass and annoy, to divert the attention of Lord Kitchener from the north, to obtain horses and supplies; and, we may add, to punish the hesitant among the Dutch, who, they thought, should long before the invasion have come to the assistance of their kinsmen in the Transvaal and Orange Colony.

In accordance with his arrangements, De Wet, towards the end of January, concentrated at the Doornberg and began his movement south, exactly one day before the date fixed by the British column-leaders for a combined attack on his force. General C. Knox gave chase; but on the 29th an affair occurred in the Tabaksberg, to the north of Thaban'chu, in which one of the British columns, seven hundred strong, was severely punished, and lost a gun, because it attacked, expecting to be supported by another column. The action illustrated once more the difficulty of concerting operations between several columns on a vast terrain. It is hinted, but with what truth we do not know, that the other column failed to give support because it had received no order to that effect from superior authority. And here it may be remarked that at every turn these operations against De Wet seem to indicate an excessive centralisation of command, in accordance with English traditions. Vigorous efforts were made to bar the way south in front of De Wet; but, mainly because of the defective mobility of the British, they failed. De Wet out-distanced his pursuers and reached the Orange, which he crossed on February 10, near Philipstown. To deal with him, General Plumer, one of the best of the British leaders, and the one who, by the judgment of all, was the least afraid to accept responsibility, was brought down from the Transvaal with his command by rail. Though Plumer's force was by no means strong, he pressed so closely upon the enemy that he succeeded on the 13th in striking their rearguard, and, after skirmishing with it all the 14th,

drove it over the Kimberley railway. This line was weakly held; and, though armoured trains inflicted some damage on the Boer force, the bulk of the enemy escaped. Owing to the failure of the commander of the Hope-town district, in which De Wet now found himself, to lay hands upon the horses, the Boer leader was able to obtain what he most wanted—remounts—and thus to increase his mobility.

He had now been forced into the quadrilateral bounded on three sides by the Orange and Brak Rivers, which were running high in flood, and on the fourth by the railway. His destruction should have been assured, but unhappily there were errors in the British dispositions, and the forces available were not sufficient to form an effective cordon round the area in which he had taken refuge. Colonel Bethune's cavalry brigade, by some oversight, was 'kept marching uselessly up and down dusty roads pursuing a phantom enemy,' far to the rear. General Plumer's exertions had crippled his columns. Yet on February 23, a Boer camp and two guns were captured, the enemy bolting east in scattered order. Fresh attempts were made to surround them in the Colesberg country, to which they were returning; and half a dozen columns were disposed so as to converge upon them. Unfortunately proper methods of maintaining communications between the columns had not been arranged; there was, for example, no signal-post on Coleskop; and, when Colonel Hickman made contact with the enemy and attempted to call up his fellow-commanders, he failed to communicate with them. On the 27th the last chance was lost. Colonel Byng was close on the enemy, when a mistaken order from a superior directed him to march to the south-east, whereas the Boers were to the west of him. He obeyed. De Wet crossed the Orange, which had now again fallen, and though fresh attempts were made to catch him in the Orange Colony, he escaped to the north, and once more furloughed his fighting burghers. Though his escape cannot be considered creditable to the army, his invasion, from the Boer point of view, was by no means a success. He lost about 250 men, two guns, much ammunition, and most of his baggage.

In the meanwhile matters had not been going well with the British to the north of the Vaal. The Magalies-

berg has been throughout this period of the war a gathering-point for the western commandoes in the Transvaal. In the caves and kloofs of that broken range De la Rey's burghers had hidden depots of ammunition and stores. Whenever a British general entered this region he was certain to meet with plenty of hard fighting. As convoys proceeding from Pretoria to Rustenburg were regularly attacked, Lord Kitchener, in the early part of December, directed General Clements with a small column to 'clear' the country—that is to say, to remove from it the non-combatant population and all supplies. This policy had been adopted towards the close of Lord Roberts' command, in consequence of the failure of the policy of conciliation.

General Clements, who had had previous experience in this district, protested in vain that his force was much too weak. He marched to Nooitgedacht, and there, on the morning of December 13, was attacked by a greatly superior force under De la Rey and Beyers, the latter commandant having unexpectedly come down from the Pietersburg district. The result was that the British lost their camp, most of their baggage, and 600 men. It was a reverse the importance of which could not be disguised; and, though General Clements was reinforced as soon as the melancholy news reached Pretoria, the victorious Boers gave him no chance of retrieving his defeat.

Nor was this the only mishap to be recorded in this unlucky month. Early in the morning of December 29 a post at Helvetia was rushed and a 4·7-inch gun captured. A whole series of attempts was made a few days later upon posts along the Delagoa Bay railway; and the energies of the Boer train-wreckers were redoubled in all directions. No doubt the enemy counted upon being able to strike with the more effect owing to the fact that large reinforcements had been sent south to Cape Colony and the Orange Colony. There was even talk of an attempt to recapture Johannesburg, which was to have taken place at Christmas. The Boers, however, if they had seriously entertained the idea, thought better of it, and no such attack was delivered.

In January a concentration of the enemy in the south-eastern Transvaal was reported, and as this seemed to point to the invasion of Natal, which was known to have

been long purposed by Botha, it became important to break up the gathering commandoes. Unfortunately, as in most of the great sweeping movements, the British force available was insufficient to secure great results. The army had been depleted, as we have seen, by the demands made upon it in all directions, as well as by the inevitable attrition of a prolonged campaign. Numerous columns were indeed placed in the field, under the direction of General French, on a wide semicircle from Belfast to Greylingstad, but they were deficient in mobility, being composed largely of infantry with enormous trains of waggons. Moreover the dispositions adopted were imperfect, because of the want of men; and a gap was left to the north, from Barberton to Belfast. Through this gap the bulk of the enemy's fighting men appear to have passed, after a fierce attack upon General Smith-Dorrien at Bothwell farm, near Lake Chrissie, on February 6. General French, though much delayed by the badness of the weather, pushed east to the Swazi frontier in February and early March, and accounted for 1342 burghers, 11 guns, and 2281 waggons and vehicles, besides an immense quantity of cattle and sheep; but of these there is reason to fear that a considerable number eventually found their way back into the enemy's hands. He completely broke up the Boer concentration, but he failed to capture Botha, Meyer, and Viljoen, who were the centres of resistance in this quarter. Had his force been larger and more mobile he might have obtained a greater measure of success.

While this sweeping movement was in progress there had been more trouble in the western Transvaal. A post at Modderfontein was attacked by Smuts and captured; and Lord Methuen had a sharp but indecisive action with De la Rey at Hartebeestefontein. It was at this moment, when affairs were going by no means well for the British, that the mistake was made of opening negotiations with the Boers. After a series of British victories, overtures on our part might have had some result. But the enemy in February last were in no mood for submission; and a conference between Lord Kitchener and Botha at Middelburg on February 28 had no result. The terms offered by the British Commander-in-Chief, even after they had been modified and rendered more stringent by the British

Government, were extraordinarily generous. An amnesty was promised for all acts of war, and this was to cover rebels from the Cape and Natal who did not return to those colonies. Self-government, after an era of administration as a Crown colony, was guaranteed; the Dutch language was to be taught and used in the schools and courts; the sum of one million sterling was to be set apart by the British Government to pay for goods commandeered by the enemy's generals—one of the most astounding propositions ever included in a treaty by a victorious power. There were also to be loans to the enemy's farmers to make good losses during the war; and burghers, by a clause which spread general consternation among the Uitlanders, were to be allowed to possess rifles for self-defence.

The best test of the generosity of these terms is to be found in the alarm and dismay which their publication caused among the Uitlanders. 'Any peace concluded upon the conditions offered would have been but a signal for a period of trouble and unrest,' wrote a prominent man among them. The effect on the Uitlanders was disastrous, as it at once chilled their zeal and led them to imagine that, after all, a second betrayal to the enemy was not out of the question. On the Boers the terms appear to have produced the impression that the British were endeavouring to coax them into surrender, which again suggested that the British army must be in an evil plight. They therefore rejected the terms, and protested their resolve to accept nothing short of independence. In the light of subsequent events it was a tactical error ever to make these offers, though there is this much to be said for them—that they proved England to be ready to submit to great sacrifices for peace, and closed for a moment the clamorous mouths of the anti-nationalist section at home.

After this fiasco it was determined by Lord Kitchener to press the advance northwards, towards Pietersburg and the country as yet unvisited by British troops to the north of the Delagoa Bay line. Reinforcements had arrived from England, and yet more were to come, so that it was now possible to find sufficient troops for such a move. Moreover remounts had been shipped in large

numbers; and the mobility of the army, though far below the ideal, was greater than it had been. The general plan of the operations was this: General Plumer was first of all to move to Pietersburg, and then was to place his men along the upper Olifant. This done, a number of columns, directed by Sir Bindon Blood, an officer whose record on the Indian frontier had led to his being summoned from India, were to start from Lydenburg and the stations on the Delagoa Bay line, and sweep the scattered forces of the enemy into General Plumer's arms. The first part of the operations was carried out with skill and rapidity. The British entered Pietersburg without so much as a skirmish, on April 8, and ten days later were upon the Olifant. But in the instructions given to General Plumer, one point had been overlooked. This was the stretch of river between Commissie Drift, the most southerly ford held by General Plumer's men, and the drifts held by General Blood's columns. Thus there was the usual gap in the British cordon, and through it, as a matter of course, Viljoen passed with from 600 to 1000 men. In spite of this grave oversight, General Blood's troops did excellent work, visiting Roosenekal, and there capturing the Boer archives. In all, 1081 Boers were captured or made their surrender, while seven guns were taken from the enemy or were destroyed by them to prevent their falling into our hands. The results might have been even more important than they actually were, had it not been necessary to recall General Blood to meet a Boer concentration in another direction, when he had driven the last commandoes north of the Delagoa Bay line into the mountains, where they could not have maintained themselves and must have surrendered if the British had continued to hold the valleys. The Boers were coming in in numbers when he marched off, leaving his work half done.

This sweeping movement ended in early May. In it, as in other similar movements, we find failure to effect wholesale captures due in part to the inadequacy of the force engaged—General Blood had only 10,000 men, of whom about half were mounted—and to the employment of infantry, who could not move with the swiftness of the Boer. These two causes will explain most of our failures. Yet it would be unjust to deny that a measure of success was attained.

Before the sweeping movement in the eastern Transvaal, the army had been reorganised, the object being to reduce the number of men employed in garrison work, and to strengthen the hold upon the lines of communications. For this purpose most of the posts off the railway were abandoned—a retrograde step which was unfortunately necessitated by the insufficient strength of the force in the field. Thus the total of men available for active operations against the enemy was increased. The earlier organisation of the field-force in divisions was changed, brigades being substituted as the largest units; and these were numbered from 1 to 38. But even brigades had to be split up in order to deal with the small bands of Boers; and, by the middle of 1901, there were sixty-nine mobile columns of varying strength in the field-force. These were the troops engaged in offensive work. The bulk of the infantry were employed in garrison duty in the towns and along the lines of blockhouses which were springing up in all directions, and of which more will be said presently.

During the sweeping movements in the east and north, De la Rey had again been showing activity. On March 3 he delivered a desperate assault upon Lichtenburg, but was repulsed with heavy loss after a hard fight. Documents since captured from the enemy prove that at this time their forces were undergoing a reorganisation which bore fruit later. The system of small commandoes, each clinging to its own district, was abandoned, and the burghers were concentrated in larger units, in which the discipline and gradation of ranks were modelled after the British army. How far this system was a success we do not as yet know, but it may have contributed to the greater readiness of the enemy to assume the offensive which marked the closing months of the year. De la Rey was compelled, by the scarcity of remounts in his force, in March to abandon all idea of invading Cape Colony; and his attention was speedily engrossed in his own country by the vigorous operations of a number of columns under General Babington. On March 22 he cut up a scouting party of British troops, but two days later Babington had his revenge. He came upon De la Rey just as his force was entertaining itself with the fancy that it had surprised the British; drove it before him



in complete rout, capturing 140 prisoners, 3 guns, and 77 waggons; and killed or wounded 54 burghers who were afterwards found upon the field. Throughout April operations against the western commandoes continued, in which numerous small British columns played a part, and more guns were taken from the Boers. But though the enemy were hard hit, they were in no sense crippled; nor could the Magaliesberg region be regarded as pacified.

At the end of May a small column under General Dixon was sent into this dangerous country to search for buried guns and ammunition. It was unquestionably too weak for its work, mustering no more than 1400 combatants, whereas experience showed that De la Rey could, with great ease and rapidity, concentrate 3000 men. On May 28 the British were suddenly attacked by the Boer leader, Kemp, who was now generally placed in charge by De la Rey when there was to be fighting. Under cover of a veldt fire the enemy came to close quarters with the British rearguard, and for a time succeeded in gaining possession of two guns. Only by the most desperate courage on the part of the regular infantry was a great disaster averted, and the two guns retaken. The losses on both sides were heavy, and the enemy (according to the official report) murdered a considerable number of the British wounded as they lay on the ground.

In the eastern Transvaal a fresh sweeping movement began in May, under the direction of Sir B. Blood. Many columns were employed; and the area which lies between the Delagoa Bay and Natal railways on the north and south, and to the east is bounded by the Swaziland frontier, was once more traversed by our troops. But again there was failure to achieve great results. It is stated by a correspondent, though this is a point upon which the published despatches shed no light, that the operations failed because General Bullock, who was to have held the line from Ermelo to Lake Chrissie, against which the enemy were to be driven, had not been placed under the orders of General Blood, nor been informed of the strategic object of his mission. He is said to have run short of supplies, and to have been compelled to fall back, thus leaving the usual gap for the enemy's passage. Nor can it be said that opportunities which did arise were promptly seized. The waggons containing the peripatetic

paraphernalia of the Boer Government were sighted more than once, and might, by the determined use of the mounted men, have been captured. Yet twice they were allowed to escape. No information is forthcoming as to the reason. The operations were marked by a serious reverse to a British detachment 350 strong at Wilmansrust on the night of June 12. The force was surprised owing, if the reports of officers with it can be trusted, to a faulty system of placing outposts in accordance with the column-commander's orders. The detachment was captured and two guns were taken by the enemy. The affair caused great friction between the Australian troops composing the detachment and their commander, who accused them of cowardice. There were, indeed, acts of open mutiny which resulted in three of the Australians being sentenced to death; but the sentence was not carried out, and the men were ultimately pardoned. There can be little doubt, by their own showing, that the discipline of the Australians was not such as was to be desired. They displayed a contempt for the British imperial officer, treating him with open derision. Yet it should be noted in their favour that other commanders—for example, such men as General Plumer—managed to handle them so as to win their respect.

Summing up these operations, Lord Kitchener's despatch remarks: 'A few prisoners were captured . . . but the results obtained were disappointing, as the enemy displayed their usual ingenuity in avoiding contact with our troops, and took full advantage of the opportunities of escape afforded by the wide extent of the country traversed.' It is plain that the force employed was insufficient in numbers, and far from being mobile, while the dispositions were still faulty.

Meantime the Orange Colony had been swept and re-swept, until it might have been thought that no Boers could find subsistence within its limits. Nevertheless a number of small bands of Boers continued to hold the country off the main lines of communication, avoiding decisive engagements with the British columns which from time to time moved hither and thither, but hanging upon their flanks and rear and causing no little loss and annoyance. Practically the situation was this: the enemy maintained a blockade of the towns occupied by the

British, watching them closely with small patrols, which effectually prevented any but considerable forces moving to and fro, since the enemy's patrols were in touch with the camps and laagers, where the bulk of the burghers remained, just out of reach of the British, and could at any moment call up a formidable muster of men. When sweeping movements were carried out, the general procedure was as follows. Five or six columns, each from 700 to 1500 strong, about half of them mounted, and encumbered with guns, sometimes even with 5-inch position artillery, and with a train of waggons carrying food and forage for a fortnight, would be turned loose in an area which had no natural frontiers and no strategic points, but which, from its vast size and physical capacity of being traversed in every direction by wheeled vehicles, was as open to the passage of mounted men as the sea is to ships. The columns would then proceed to march through this area, at a distance apart of about ten miles. As each column could not well cover a front of more than three or four miles, it followed that there were always gaps between through which small bodies of the enemy could slip unseen by day, and large bodies with absolute impunity by night. If any large force of Boers was sighted, the heavy loads on the backs of the British horses prevented any effective chase. Animals burdened with twenty stone, and imperfectly inured to the climate, could not be expected to catch animals loaded with twelve or fifteen stone, and thoroughly acclimatised. The real wonder is that so many captures were made by our columns, not that the total of prisoners in the weekly accounts which Lord Kitchener rendered was so small.

These sweeping movements in the Orange Colony continued all through the year 1901, and were of no great interest. When one has been described all are described. The only incident of any importance in connexion with them took place in July, when General Elliot's columns all but captured Mr Steyn at Reitz. The ex-President of the Free State would have been made a prisoner but for the loss of touch by a connecting file during the night. This produced a gap through which the quarry escaped, but not without leaving behind him important papers and most of his belongings.

In Cape Colony the state of affairs continued to be

unsatisfactory during April and May, and the 'hot pursuits,' of which press-censured messages told the British public, generally ended without the smallest result. Scheepers, Kritzingen, Lotter, and Fouché managed to keep the Colony in a condition of uneasiness, they stopped trade and to some extent interfered with the railways, while they occasionally captured small detachments of our troops. They burned the farms of loyalists, murdered natives, sjamboked those who gave information to our columns, and set at naught the laws of war. On the British side greater sternness was now being displayed towards the rebels; martial law had been generally proclaimed, except in the seaports, and the trial of rebels was being conducted by court-martial, the sentence of death being occasionally carried out in flagrant instances of treachery. A little more severity at an earlier date might well have prevented the enemy from ever becoming formidable in Cape Colony; but now such measures came too late to impress the Dutch.

In June 1901 General French took over the chief command within the Colony, and he at once set to work to expel the invaders; but it was not till September that his efforts were rewarded with any appreciable success. On September 5 a force of Colonial troops, guided by a Colonial officer, Captain Purcell, who has scarcely received the credit which he deserves, attacked and captured Lotter's commando in Cape Colony. The Boers made a fierce resistance, for their necks were in danger if they surrendered, the commando having committed numberless atrocities. It should be observed that this capture was effected by a British force, which marched without baggage, covering an enormous distance in one night, and so taking the enemy completely by surprise.

Towards the end of the South African winter, which generally coincides with the British summer, there was a lull in the enemy's activity, and the opportunity was seized to issue a proclamation, on August-6, declaring that all the Boer leaders, who should not have surrendered before September-15, would be 'permanently banished' from South Africa. Further, all burghers who kept the field after that date, and whose families were being maintained in the concentration-camps, would be held answerable for the cost of maintenance. The penal-

ties threatened were ridiculous; yet no real attempt seems to have been made to levy upon the recalcitrant burghers' property when the proclamation failed to cause surrender. This proclamation produced but little result, though there was a slight increase in the surrenders during the weeks of grace.

It would seem as if the enemy had determined to signalise the expiration of the period of grace by striking a number of heavy blows, with two objects in view, namely, to show that they still maintained in the field organised forces capable of defeating the British, and to support the agitation for intervention which was being revived on the Continent by their agents. The result was a series of British reverses. On September 17 Botha, who had suddenly appeared on the Natal frontier, captured 400 men and three guns under Major Gough, a dashing officer, near Vryheid. Touch was lost of the Boers, and they were reported to be going north. The next incident showed that they had moved south. On the 26th they attacked Forts Itala and Prospect, in Zululand, and were beaten off after a desperate fight. Absurd reports of their losses were circulated, but it is now believed that these were not heavy. British cordons were supposed to have been drawn across Botha's line of retreat; but by this time little faith was placed by any one in such cordons. On the 29th and 30th Botha captured two convoys; and again there is great doubt as to what exactly happened. Then, and not till then, he retired north in the most leisurely manner, passing without the slightest difficulty through the real or imaginary British cordon, and proceeding at the not excessive rate of eight or ten miles a day. On October 30, when he was supposed to be near Lake Chrissie, he fell upon a British column under Colonel Benson, at Bakenlaagte, ninety miles from his presumed position, killed Colonel Benson, captured two guns, and inflicted a loss in killed and wounded of 227 upon the British. After this exploit he again disappeared, and for two months little has been heard of him or his force.

While he was dealing these heavy blows in the east, the enemy in the west had been busy. On September 30 De la Rey attacked Colonel Kekewich at Moedwill and inflicted upon him severe loss, though repulsed after

a two hours' fight. It was, as usual, conjectured that the enemy had lost heavily. A few weeks later they attacked, with equal spirit and resolution, a column under Colonel Von Donop near Zeerust, when they were again repulsed after stiff fighting. In the Orange Colony, close to Bloemfontein, and in one of the cleared areas, a Boer force, commanded by Joubert, on September 19, fell upon a small British detachment and captured it, taking two guns. To complete the long string of mishaps, in Cape Colony a squadron of Lancers was cut up by Smuts, and Lovat's Scouts were surprised and very severely punished by Kritzinger.

Such was the course of events down to the opening of December—a long string of minor reverses to British arms. But the influence of the extension of the blockhouse chains in the eastern Transvaal, which has been, during the past six months, the base of the most formidable and best disciplined force of Boers, that commanded by General Botha, was beginning to tell, and in December was at last reflected in the news of important captures made by General Bruce Hamilton in the Bethel and Ermelo districts. Between December 4 and 12 he accounted for no less than 343 Boers, as the result of a series of brilliant night-marches, in which his troops showed that they were able to move as fast as, or faster than, the enemy. More recently he has accounted for another 100, though this success was balanced by the capture of 200 mounted infantry near Ermelo. Lord Kitchener has been able to announce that the eastern area had been restricted to more manageable proportions, and that for the first time he was undertaking 'systematic and continuous operations in the vicinity of Ermelo, Carolina, and Bethel.' These operations are still in progress.

Unfortunately a serious reverse befell the British troops in the Orange Colony on Christmas Day. To prevent the construction of the blockhouse lines, De Wet had concentrated a force of 1500 men. Apparently he had not been closely watched, and with his superior mobility he was able to attack the British in detail. On December 18 and 20 his force was engaged with the columns under General Dartnell and Colonels Damant and Rimington. The British had, on the whole, the best of matters in these affairs. On December 25, however, De Wet surprised

a column of 500 men at Tweefontein, rushed its camp, captured two guns, and killed, wounded, or took prisoners, 350 men. It has still to be explained how it was that so small a force was in close proximity to a dangerous enemy, and why it maintained so inadequate a watch—for that the watch was inadequate seems clear from all accounts of the mishap. The affair was the more regrettable that it occurred at a time when the Boers were apparently losing heart, and it has undoubtedly infused fresh courage into their resistance.

At the opening of January a proclamation issued by Botha to his men illustrated the close connexion between the Boer resistance in the field, and the pro-Boer agitation in England. Just as, in the words of Pollard, the Confederate historian, 'the calculation at Richmond in 1864 was that, if military matters could even be held in a negative condition, the Democratic party in the North would have the opportunity of appealing to the popular impatience of the war,' so we find Botha calling upon the burghers at least to fight on till the opening of the British Parliament, on the ground that the demand for further supplies will be rejected, and the Government be forced to make peace. His forecast is, doubtless, erroneous, and probably he himself hardly believes what he says. But we may call to mind the opinion of General Grant in just such a situation as exists to-day :

'Prompt action' (he said) 'in filling up our armies will have more effect upon the enemy than a victory. . . . Deserters come into our lines daily who tell us that the men are nearly universally tired of the war, and that desertions would be much more frequent, but that they believe peace will be negotiated after the elections.' (Badeau.)

With the arrival of General Sir Ian Hamilton, who is to act as Lord Kitchener's Chief-of-the-Staff, one serious defect in the organisation of our South African army should be removed. Before this appointment was made, Lord Kitchener had no Chief-of-the-Staff; and the want of an 'Operations-Bureau,' to use the German term, has been visible at every turn. It will now be possible for Lord Kitchener to take personal control of important movements, and by his presence to eliminate the deplorable friction between subordinate commanders which, if report

can be trusted, has often in the past robbed the British troops of success. It is not, perhaps, a mere accident that he was at Standerton during General Bruce Hamilton's victories in the east; his presence had an undoubted effect upon the issue of the movements.

While the operations of the mobile columns are being prosecuted with fair results, in other directions real progress has been and is being made. In the first place, the railways are now practically safe from attack. There were thirty cases of derailment of trains in the last month of Lord Roberts' command. There were two in the two months of September and October 1901. The meaning of this is that one of the most difficult problems which can confront the general has been successfully solved. Armoured trains, working in conjunction with the chain of blockhouses which now runs along every line, are the means by which the security of the railways has been assured. In the second place, these lines of blockhouses have been carried in all directions, thus dividing the tract of territory to be swept by our columns. As there were no natural obstacles to prevent the Boers' free movement in any direction, artificial obstacles have had to be created. The lines are composed of chains of small forts, each garrisoned by from seven to fifteen men. They are placed at intervals of about a mile, or sometimes less, and they are connected by telephone with the nearest point at which a mobile force is stationed. They do not prevent the passage of Boers across the line, but they render it difficult for any considerable number of men to cross unobserved and without suffering loss. In some instances the forts are connected for many miles by barbed wire fences, which cannot be cut without making a noise and giving the alarm. The satisfactory manner in which they have been designed for South African work is shown by the fact that they have rarely been captured.

The most important lines in existence at the close of 1901 will be found upon the accompanying map. In some cases the lines are not yet complete; for example, the commencement of the chain running eastwards from Kroonstad was only notified by Lord Kitchener late in November, while the chains along the Vaal eastwards from Zand Drift, and those in the eastern Transvaal, were in progress at that date. Some of the projected lines



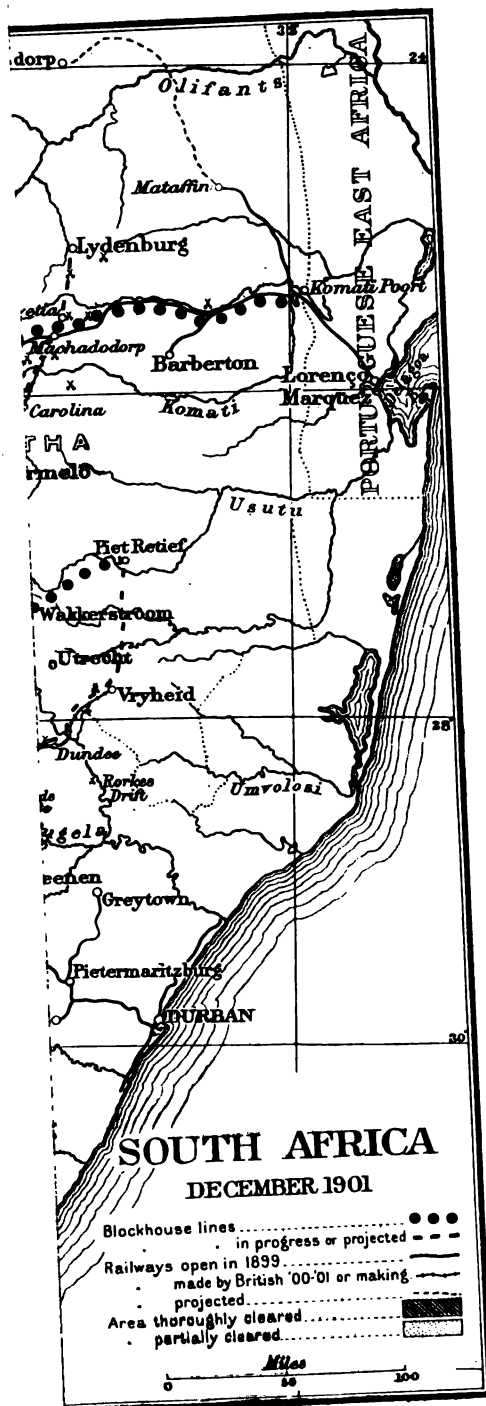
cannot be made and held until more troops are available. It will be noticed that several areas of considerable extent are now completely shut in by these chains of posts. One such area is that surrounding Johannesburg, enclosed on the west by the line from Frederikstad to Breedts Nek and Rustenburg; on the north, by the line along the Magaliesberg and the Delagoa Bay railway; on the east by the line from Greylingstad to Brugspruit, and on the south by the chain along the Vaal and from Kopjes to Klerksdorp. The area is further bisected by a chain along the railway from Vereeniging to Pretoria. In the Orange Colony the country is cut up into four polygons; but of these the north-western one is open on one side. When the Kroonstad-Bethlehem and Heilbron-Frankfort lines are completed, the most difficult of the areas will be trisected. The south-eastern polygon has been almost cleared, though fighting with Ackerman near Reddersburg, the capture of two British guns south of Sanna's Post in September, and the surprise of the Boer commandant, Joubert, there in November, show that there are still Boers in some number within it.

In conjunction with the blockhouse lines, moreover, railways are being energetically pushed forward. The Romans conquered by building roads; and Lord Kitchener's experience in the Sudan has shown him the influence which railways can exert upon the issue of a campaign. In the eastern Transvaal a line is being carried south from Machadodorp to Ermelo, and, as it advances, blockhouses follow it. In the Orange Colony lines are being completed from Harrismith to Bethlehem, and from Ladybrand to Bloemfontein.\* These new railways will be of great strategic importance, while their moral effect on the enemy must not be left out of sight. They are a standing evidence that Britain is in the Boer territories 'for good,' and that her conquests are to be held and consolidated.

In the third place, it is allowed by even the pessimistic, that great progress has been achieved in Cape Colony. The enemy's forces within the Colony have been reduced to a few weak and insignificant bands, and the

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\* These three lines were in progress in 1899, but the bridges were not in place or the rails laid.



[To face p. 316.]



great bulk of them have been driven over the Orange or captured. Lotter, Scheepers, and Kritzinger have all been disposed of. For this achievement, in the face of stupendous difficulties, General French deserves the highest praise, though the extension of martial law to Capetown and the seaports, which took place on October 9, has, by stopping the illicit trade in ammunition, greatly aided his efforts. Whatever danger there was of a formidable Dutch rising has passed; and it is doubtful if many recruits are now passing to the north from the discontented in the Colony. In fact, the situation to the south of the Orange has improved so much, that in the near future it may be possible to send some of the troops, hitherto fully occupied with the predatory bands in the Colony, northwards to the Transvaal.

Of no less moral importance is the progress which is being made in the direction of restoring the activity of the Rand. The output of gold has risen from 7478 oz. in May 1901, to 39,075 oz. for November; and, as stamps are now being dropped at the rate of 100 a week, by the opening of February the mines may be expected to be producing about 120,000 oz. a month, or about one-fourth their normal output. The Johannesburg Stock Exchange has reopened, and the great hive of industry on the Rand is by degrees regaining its wonted activity. Four hundred return-permits a week are being issued to refugees on the coast; and confidence in the town itself is growing to such a degree that property of every kind is rising immensely in value. After the prolonged depression of the past two years this is a welcome sign. The production of gold will relieve the strain upon our resources; while nothing can be better calculated to dishearten the enemy than the sight of the batteries on the reef in full blast.

The enemy's force, moreover, has been steadily reduced during the year. No weekly returns were published until May 1901, but from that date up to the end of 1901, 14,887 Boers were accounted for in the weekly returns. Various returns, though by no means of an exhaustive nature, showed that during February, March, and April, 2501 Boers were placed *hors de combat*. If a similar allowance is made for the months of December and January, the army must have accounted for at least 18,000 men in the

thirteen months of Lord Kitchener's command—from the end of November 1900 to the end of December 1901. But, in studying these figures, the awkward question crops up, whether many who are not fighting Boers are not included by the military authorities. The number of rifles captured certainly seems to lend some colour to such a view, as from May to the end of December only 5838 were taken, or little more than one-third of the number of Boers accounted for. Either, then, our prisoners include many who are not fighting men, or the enemy have been burying their rifles with the intention of causing further trouble after the pacification. Both solutions are unpleasant, but only those on the spot know which is correct.

According to Mr Brodrick's speech of November 13 dealing with the military situation, the total strength of the Boer forces was 10,000 at that date. He added that 42,000 Boers were prisoners in the concentration camps or in the various prisons, while 11,000 had been killed, wounded,\* and paroled. This would give a total of 63,000 of the enemy, not including recruits. The report of the Intelligence Department showed 53,500 fighting men in the Boer ranks at the opening of the war. The difference of ten thousand between the earlier and the later estimate is striking, but both guesses may be wrong. It is at least worth notice that Sir C. Warren, in an article in the 'National Review,' thinks that the enemy have had 81,000 combatants upon whom to draw.† This would allow for a total of 20,000 Boers still under arms; and the Boer headquarters in Europe profess that the present available strength is exactly that figure. But the British Intelligence Department is now well informed as to the enemy's force, and we see no reason to quarrel with its estimate.

The disquieting feature in the situation is that, even if the Boers have only ten thousand men still in the field, it must take, at the present rate of capture, from one to two years more before they are disposed of. The more the enemy's total force shrinks, the more difficult it will be to make captures. Hitherto, few of our columns have

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\* Presumably he only counts the Boer wounded in our hospitals.

† A letter from Mr Munnik, the late Transvaal State Mining Engineer, to Commandant C. Emmett, which has been captured, states that in September 1899 there were 80,000 'dienstbaare burghers,' according to the secret muster rolls of the two republics.

been able to strike decisive blows; most of the sixty-nine separate commands in the field account for from four to five Boers apiece per week. That is not a showing of which to be proud, though it may now be greatly improved by the better organisation of the staff. No doubt if time and money were of no importance—if it were not the case that British interests throughout the world are suffering, because, with the whole of our available fighting force in South Africa, we dare not risk such a disaster as befell the Athenian expedition to Syracuse—we might be content with a policy of leisurely but sure attrition. But this policy is costing the nation directly one and a quarter millions a week; the indirect loss is incalculable. It is wearing down our army, as well as reducing the Boers; it is giving our rivals and enemies all over the world opportunities of injuring us; and, last but not least, in the eyes of the people of Europe and America, it is destroying our prestige.

But there is no real reason why the defects which have marked the conduct of the campaign in the past two years should not be removed and the rate of progress accelerated. To remove those defects we must find their causes. The first and most natural question to ask is whether the British force employed has been sufficient.

Ministers assure the country that all that could be expected on their part has been done; that the army has been maintained at full strength, and that all Lord Kitchener's demands have been met. But Lord Kitchener does not always, it would seem, ask directly. When, at the end of 1900, he intimated to the Australian colonies that he would be able to employ any able-bodied man in the field, was not that an indirect appeal for men? When, on July 18, he replied to a question of the Queensland Government that he would be glad of more mounted troops, was his meaning obscure? When the press-censors allowed statements to pass that vigorous offensive work was not to be expected from 'stale' troops, was not that a fresh call to the nation? Again and again we have seen in the brief summary of the operations which has already been given that the Boers escaped from our sweeping movements because the force employed was not sufficiently strong to close all the avenues of

escape. It may have been indifferently handled, and the dispositions in many instances were unquestionably faulty; but no one can study the despatches without arriving at the conclusion that *at no date within the period under review was the field-force sufficiently large for its work.*

Another cause of the failure to obtain decisive results rapidly is the staleness of a large number of the troops. Men who have been 'on trek' and in battle week after week for more than a year cannot be expected to display the dash and vigour of men who are new to the war. In the case of the Philippines, systematic reliefs have been sent; but in South Africa, though the various irregular units have been from time to time replaced, the regulars have not been thus considered. For this omission the home Government must be blamed. Now at last a sort of 'general post' is taking place, to meet 'a sort of warfare,' units being drawn from India and replaced by the regiments which have done the hardest work in the war. This should add to the general efficiency.

The third cause of our lack of success is the defective organisation of command, which influences the operations in many ways. Mr Spenser Wilkinson has truly said that the curse of the army has been the principle—'Theirs not to reason why.' Subordinate commanders, the very men upon whom, in such a war as this, everything depends, have been expected rigidly to obey orders coming from above. In some cases the purpose of the movements in which they themselves are taking part has not been explained to them, and they have not even been informed what columns are co-operating with them.\* In other cases the opposite extreme has marked the organisation of command. There are instances of columns turned loose, with no objective, marching aimlessly over the veldt till their provisions were exhausted.

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\* Nowhere, perhaps, are the ideal relations of general-in-chief and subordinates better illustrated than in the case of General Grant and General Sherman. 'Grant,' says his historian, 'believed invariably that interference with the movements of commanders on the spot by one at a distance, unable to see or know the fluctuating emergencies of battle, or a campaign, until after they had occurred, was fatal to military success.' (Badeau, II, 445.) Sherman, the ideal subordinate, writes to Grant: 'My opinions on all matters are very strong, but if I am possessed properly of the views and orders of my superiors, I make them my study, and conform my conduct to them as though they were my own.'

Between these two extremes it should be possible to find a middle course. To tie the officer rigidly down is fatal to great results; it is absolutely destructive of initiative and the readiness to assume responsibility, the two most valuable qualities an officer can possess. It has for that reason been rejected in every continental army, since the French in 1870 suffered so terribly for the mistakes which it inevitably brings. 'If the superior officer,' says the Russian General Woyde,\* in his study of the war of 1870, 'binds the hands of his subordinates and treats them like the pawns on a chess-board, he must not be surprised if, at the decisive moment, he finds that he has blocks of wood and not men to deal with.' Here, in a word, is one of the chief causes of the failures of our sweeping movements.

The defective organisation of command necessarily leads to the Commander-in-Chief and his district generals attempting to do too much. He and they must 'run' the movements from a distance, and interfere at every turn, with such a result as we have seen in the case of the pursuit of De Wet. It is of course not the men, but the system—which Lord Kitchener did not create—which is to blame. But it is surprising that, while only too eager to copy the German territorial system, the heads of our army have failed to adopt the really valuable features of German discipline.

Another great difficulty throughout the later stage of the campaign has been to find men fit to command. This was a constant source of anxiety with Lord Roberts, who knew perfectly the faults of his various subordinates as well as their good points, but was not always able to remove the weak and incompetent, for the simple reason that he had no one to put in their places. Many will be inclined to assert that throughout the campaign promotion for the able has gone too slowly. There have been no instances of such rapid advance in rank as occurred in the Northern army during the American Civil War, by which alone the young, fearless, and capable were brought to the

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\* 'Causes des Succès et des Revers dans la Guerre de 1870,' ii, 502. Badeau's 'Military History of U. S. Grant' is invaluable as being one of the best books in our language to illustrate the methods of command. Wilkinson's 'Brain of an Army' explains with perfect accuracy and lucidity the German staff organisation.



position their talents merited.\* Fettered with traditions of long standing, with the fatal question of seniority always in the background, the elimination of the unfit has been exceedingly slow. Progress is now being made, but at no very startling rate. The best men in the army have not risen swiftly, and the complaint is heard that no great reputations have been made. But is it credible that in a force of 350,000 men, who from start to finish have been employed in the field, there are no men of commanding capacity? Is it not possible that the right steps have not been taken to discover the capable?

Lastly, there is the ever present question of mobility. After two years of practice the British columns should be able to move as fast as the Boers. Yet the plain fact is that most of them cannot. If we take the returns of the various columns published in the despatch of July 8, we find that there are very few which are not in part composed of infantry, and that not a single mounted unit has two horses per man; while the remounts supplied are too often of miserable quality. The infantry are employed to hold the camp and guard the convoy, usually of enormous size, while the mounted men scour the country; but the mere fact of the infantry being there, coupled with the troublesome and cumbrous adjunct of ox-waggon, renders rapid movement out of the question. We still have to look in vain for the organisation of such a counter-guerilla as the French employed in Mexico, with the best results. Complaints from numberless sources also indicate that the amount of baggage taken into the field by the officers is fatal to swift action. The feelings of the private, who has often to go with insufficient food while the train is laden with delicacies for his superiors, may be imagined. The bitterest complaints on this head reach this country, and as to their substantial truth there can be no doubt.

Allied with this question of mobility, for failing to secure which the staff, or want of staff, must be blamed, is the question of remounts, though here the home authorities are primarily responsible for a want of foresight which has greatly prolonged the war. From

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\* Grant removed eight major-generals and thirty-three brigadiers on November 23, 1864—some of them his own personal friends—to make room for men who had won promotion on the field. (Badeau, iii, 197.)

the very first, the supply of remounts, like that of men, has been insufficient; and even now it is doubtful whether it is satisfactory. In the 'great horse question' Dr Conan Doyle finds 'the most amazingly inexplicable point in the whole of this strange campaign.' 'Even up to the end,' he says, 'in the Colony the obvious lesson had not yet been learnt that it is better to give 1000 men two horses each, and so let them reach the enemy, than to give 2000 men one horse each, with which they can never attain their object.'

Among the mistakes of the home Government must probably be placed the policy pursued towards the Boer population and the Dutch of Cape Colony. Here it cannot be denied that grave errors have been committed, though it is not perfectly certain who is at fault. The Government protests that Lord Kitchener has had a free hand. On the other hand, it is hinted that he has been fettered by political instructions, directing him to show leniency. Whoever is to blame, the fact is clear that the result has been deplorable. Impunity has encouraged the enemy to venture upon the most indefensible proceedings—the treacherous use of the British uniform, the murder or ill-treatment of the wounded, wholesale executions of 'friendly' Boers, terrible atrocities to the Kaffirs, and an unparalleled readiness to violate parole. In Cape Colony treason has been made a venial offence, and the initial impression of weakness thus caused can never be effaced by belated measures of severity.

An even more disastrous error, of which the home administration has been guilty, is the failure to maintain a steady flow of reinforcements. Again and again were the Government importuned in the earlier months of 1900 to prepare a force of mounted men, at least 50,000 strong, ready for service in South Africa, over and above the ordinary requirements in the shape of drafts. No attention was paid to these importunities, while the supply of drafts during the later months of 1900 left much to be desired. In December of that year, with the enemy once more in Cape Colony, reinforcements were so urgently required that, with or without an appeal from Lord Kitchener, it was decided that men must be sent. But to the general consternation the discovery was made that

there were only 520 mounted infantry, and these trained in the obsolete tactics of the days before the war, as a number of separate and independent companies. These mounted infantry were made up by drafts to 800, and with two cavalry regiments, which had never been exercised with the rifle, were despatched to the Cape. Then followed an interval in which nothing whatever was attempted until, in mid-January, it was resolved to enrol a fresh force of Yeomanry. How that force was raised is now notorious; an excessive wage was paid for very indifferent material; and 16,000 raw untrained men were shipped to the front.

So late were they sent out, so unprepared were they for work in the field, that it was not till the South African winter of 1901 was well advanced that the great bulk of them were ready to take the field. As Lord Kitchener's despatch of July 8 states drily, 'it was not to be expected that these untrained men, however willing, would be able to fill the gap left by the departure of so many seasoned and experienced soldiers.' Then came another long period in which no attempt was made to organise or train reinforcements, and in which, with surprising levity, an offer of a mounted regiment from Canada was refused. It is as certain as certain can be that early this year Lord Kitchener will want more troops, whether he asks for them or not. Again the fiasco of 1901 will be repeated, and untrained men will be sent out to him, with the probable consequence that the campaign will be protracted through another South African winter.

The needs of the army can be foreseen by any intelligent student of military history. Why then is it that the War Office cannot see what is required? The answer is to be found in the system which requires that the management of the army at home shall be entrusted to a Secretary of State, selected upon these principles:—

1. That no person whatever who has devoted his life to the study of war, and has acquired a thorough knowledge of war, shall be eligible.

2. That only a rich man can hold the post.

3. That the candidate must accept and support the general political programme of the party which has the majority in the House of Commons.

These conditions exclude the trained soldier or strategist. The Secretary has been shown, by the practical experience of two years of war, to possess the supreme and final authority over the army, both at home and in the field, subject only to an indefinite influence exercised over him from time to time by his colleagues. Consequently everything depends upon him. We have seen that he cannot be an expert in the true sense of the word; and the net result is that a highly technical business is controlled and directed by a man who has no special qualification for his function. The Commander-in-Chief, under various Orders in Council, is little more than a puppet in the hands of the Secretary of State, and may always be overruled. Lord Wolseley was not permitted to possess authority over his own staff; Lord Roberts has no direct authority over the Quartermaster-General, who is concerned with the movement of troops, and who reports direct to the Secretary.

It has been said by Lord Salisbury that the British Constitution is not a good instrument for war; and, if this special feature of the management of war by the inexperienced is vital to it, then most rational beings will agree with him. But surely, if the Constitution as it stands, or is supposed to stand, involves defeat and 'muddle' in war for the British nation, it is high time that it were changed, unless England is prepared to follow in the steps of Poland, and to fall because she will not reform an institution fatal to efficiency. 'The ignorance of the Secretary of State, which is regarded as the foundation of the Constitution,' says the most competent of British military critics, 'is the direct cause of three quarters of the troubles of the war, and the indirect cause of the remaining troubles.'

How seriously such a principle must militate against far-reaching reform is obvious. Unless the Minister of War has practical and theoretical knowledge of war, it is impossible for him to know what army the Empire requires. There are no books which can give him the knowledge, for military literature scarcely exists in our language, and the problems which have to be solved by this country are not those with which Germany and France are confronted. The scheme drawn up by Mr Brodrick displays, as we should naturally expect under

such conditions, grave defects. It fails to provide a sufficient force for foreign service, while it provides an excessive force for home defence. The features which were pronounced best by its critics, and which secured its adoption by the House of Commons, have been practically abandoned.

The fact is that in this matter of government, as in not a few others, we are still dominated by the ideas of two centuries ago. When our standing army first came into existence, and when we first began again, after a lapse of nearly two hundred years, to carry on war on a large scale abroad, the tyranny of Cromwell's army was fresh in men's minds; and the nation was in a perpetual panic lest the later Stewarts and, after them, William III and Marlborough, should revive a military despotism. The one thing indispensable seemed to be to prevent the recurrence of that gigantic evil. Hence such precautions as the annual Militia Bill, the yearly budget, the control of the army by a civil minister. The encroachments of the Crown were to be guarded against at all costs. And now, when this ghost has been laid for at least a century, when all the conditions are changed, and when an empire has to be defended, which was not so much as dreamt of in 1688, our military establishment is still regulated, in some most important respects, according to the principles of the seventeenth century. The forces which sufficed to defend England, and even to fight her battles abroad, in 1700 are insufficient to defend the Empire in 1900. A citizen army might have been dangerous to public liberty then; it may be necessary to public safety now. It is no longer the Crown that we have to fear, but the inefficiency of the parliamentary machine, the mischief of the party system, and the lethargy of ministers who are the outcome of that system. Until we get rid of obsolete ideas in regard to the institutions on which the very existence of the nation depends, we can hardly hope to see the introduction of those far-reaching reforms without which all the devotion and courage of our soldiers—never shown more strikingly than in the last two years—may be again wasted on a yet greater and more disastrous field.

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## Art. I.—THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST.

*The Sacred Books of the East.* Translated by various Oriental scholars and edited by F. Max Müller. Series I and II. Forty-nine vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1879-1902.

THERE are few things more interesting in the history of nineteenth-century scholarship than the career of Professor Max Müller. The first mention of his name by an English writer of repute which we remember to have seen, occurs in the 'Boyle Lectures' of Frederick Denison Maurice on the 'Religions of the World'—a volume accounted, not unjustly, when it appeared in 1846, a very significant sign of the times. In the passage to which we refer, Maurice indicates 'the chief helps'—very scanty ones—'which the Western student possesses for a knowledge of the earliest Hindu faith,' and goes on to welcome the addition to them which might be expected from 'a young German, now in London, whose knowledge of Sanskrit is profound, and his industry *plus quam Germanica*, and who has it in contemplation to publish and translate all the Vedas.' That young German was Max Müller, who soon made full proof of the endowments with which Maurice credited him. He did not, indeed, 'publish and translate all the Vedas,' but he gave to the world a complete edition of the Rig-Veda, together with the gloss of Sāyana, by far the most authoritative of the commentators; and in the series of the 'Sacred Books of the East,' now before us, we have English versions from his pen of some of the more striking and valuable portions of Vedic literature. But this is only a small part of the world's debt to what Maurice aptly called 'his industry

surpassing even that of Germans.' For more than half a century from the time when Maurice wrote, Max Müller laboured with 'an ardent unquenchable zeal,' not only in the fields of Oriental scholarship and comparative philology, but in the contiguous domains of the science and philosophy of religion; reaping those abundant harvests which are garnered in his many precious volumes, and all the time 'wearing his wisdom lightly,' and ever ready, with gracious and winning kindness, to impart from his ample stores to less richly endowed scholars. Well did Dean Church describe him as 'one who moves with ease under an accumulation and weight of the most varied and minute knowledge, sufficient to crush most minds, but who brings to it a power and versatility of genius and interpreting imagination, which invests his learning with the grace of poetry, and who, a German, has gained a command over the resources of English, which an Englishman might envy.'

But it is not our intention, upon the present occasion, to review and estimate Max Müller's life-work, or to dwell further upon 'the memory of a man unstained,' whose religious and ethical character was upon the same high level as his intellectual. A more fitting occasion for doing that, will, perhaps, present itself when the pious labour is accomplished upon which his widow is understood to be engaged, and his biography is given to the world. Our immediate concern is with the translations of the 'Sacred Books of the East,' planned by him more than a quarter of a century ago, and carried on, amid difficulties and discouragements of all kinds, with signal success. An 'invaluable series,' Sir Henry Maine rightly called it; and a very competent German scholar, writing in the 'Literarisches Centralblatt' for April 1891, expressed the opinion that it had done more than anything else to open Sanskrit literature to the world. To speak of it in any detail would, of course, be impossible within the narrow bounds of this article. All that we can do is to indicate in the briefest outline, and as if by a few strokes of a pencil, what the forty-nine volumes of the 'Sacred Books' contain, and then to point to some of the more striking aspects of their practical value.

Now the religions of the world may be divided into two great classes—those which possess authoritative

Sacred Books and those which possess them not. Max Müller's object in the two series before us, was to present English renderings of the most important documents of the six great book-religions, besides Christianity, which are found among men, three of them, Brahminism, Buddhism, and Zoroastrianism, being Aryan; two, Confucianism and Taoism, Turanian—if the word be still admissible; and one, Mohammedanism, Semitic. But on this subject it will be well to let Max Müller speak for himself. The following is a quotation from the Programme which he put forward in October 1876:—

‘There are not many nations that have preserved sacred writings; and many of those that have been preserved have but lately become accessible to us in their original form through the rapid advance of Oriental scholarship in Europe. Neither Greeks, nor Romans, nor Germans, nor Celts, nor Slaves have left us anything that deserves the name of Sacred Books. The Homeric Poems are national Epics, like the Rāmāyana and the Nibelunge; and the Homeric Hymns have never received that general recognition or sanction which alone can impart to the poetical effusions of personal piety the sacred or canonical character which is the distinguishing feature of the Vedic Hymns. The sacred literature of the early inhabitants of Italy seems to have been of a liturgical rather than of a purely religious kind; and whatever the Celts, the Germans, the Slaves may have possessed of sacred traditions about their gods and heroes, having been handed down by oral tradition chiefly, has perished beyond all hope of recovery. Some portions of the Eddas alone give us an idea of what the religious and heroic poetry of the Scandinavians may have been. The Egyptians possessed Sacred Books; and some of them, such as the Book of the Dead, have come down to us in various forms. . . . In Babylon and Assyria, too, important fragments of what may be called a Sacred Literature have lately come to light. The interpretation, however, of these Hieroglyphic and Cuneiform texts is as yet so difficult that, for the present, they are of interest to the scholar only, and hardly available for historical purposes. Leaving out of consideration the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, it appears that the only great and original religions which profess to be founded on Sacred Books, and have preserved them in manuscript, are:—

1. The religion of the Brahmans.
2. The religion of the followers of Buddha.



3. The religion of the followers of Zarathustra (Zoroaster).
4. The religion of the followers of Khung-fū-zze (Confucius).
5. The religion of the followers of Lāo-zze (Lāotze).
6. The religion of the followers of Mohammed.

... It will be my endeavour to divide the twenty-four volumes, which are contemplated in this Series, as equally as possible among the six religions.'

The number of the volumes of the 'Sacred Books' has more than doubled Max Müller's estimate. Instead of twenty-four volumes, there are forty-nine. We will proceed to point out what is done in them for the better knowledge of each of the six religions above mentioned. We will indicate, as precisely as may be, the actual extent of the canonical Scriptures (so to speak) of each, and then we will show how far those Scriptures have been translated by Max Müller and his associates.

First, then, as to Brahminism. We use the term with reluctance, for it is too narrow, but, upon the whole, it is preferable to Hinduism, which is too wide; no one can say what Hinduism is, where it begins or where it ends. The religious literature of Brahminism is of vast extent, and is divided into two classes—*Sruti*,\* or revelation, and *Smṛiti*, or tradition. Both classes are held sacred, but the authority of *Smṛiti* is only secondary or derivative. The word *Sruti* signifies 'that which is heard directly'; *Smṛiti*, that which is remembered and handed down. The *Sruti* literature consists of the Vedas. The term 'veda' means knowledge—the supreme knowledge issuing, like breath, from the self-existing Being, and, like him, self-existent. This was heard, or even seen, by ancient sages called Rishis, and, thus supernaturally received by them, was, for long generations, transmitted directly through Brahmins, the depositaries of the divine word. Hindu theologians vie with one another in celebrating its transcendent authority. Here it must suffice to quote the dictum of Manu: 'The Veda is beyond the power and beyond the reason of man; that is certain. The imperishable Veda supports all creatures, and is the highest means of salvation for this creature man.'

There are, as perhaps we need hardly say, four Vedas,

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\* In this article the only diacritical mark employed is the long mark over vowels.

the oldest and most authoritative of which is the *Rig-Veda*; and we know no better account of them than that given by Professor Sayce in his 'Introduction to the Science of Language':—

'The *Rig-Veda*,' he writes, 'is a collection of hymns and poems of various dates, some of which go back to the earliest days of the Aryan invasion of north-western India; the whole collection, however, may be roughly ascribed to at least the fourteenth or fifteenth century B.C. In course of time it came to assume a sacred character, and the theory of inspiration, invented to support this, goes much beyond the most extreme theory of verbal inspiration ever held in the Jewish or the Christian Church. The *Rig-Veda* was divided into ten *mandalas*, or books, each *mandala* being assigned to some old family; and out of these were formed three new *Vedas*—the *Yajur*, the *Sāma*, and the *Atharva*. The *Yajur* and the *Sāma* may be described as prayer-books compiled from the *Rig* for the use of the choristers and the ministers of the priests, and contain little besides what is found in the earliest and most sacred *Veda*. . . . The *Ātharvāna* may be described as a collection of poems mixed up with popular sayings, medical advice, magical formulæ, and the like.'

So much concerning *Sruti*. As to the second and inferior class of Hindu Sacred Books, which, though founded on the Vedic revelation, are thought to have been delivered by human authors, we shall cite the clear and compendious description given by Sir Monier Williams in his work on 'Hinduism':—

'In its widest acceptation *Smṛiti* may be said to denote almost the whole of post-Vedic literature under four heads: (a) the six *Vedāṅgas* (viz., 1. the *Kalpa*, or *Srauta-sūtras*, which are rules for applying the Mantra and Brāhmaṇa to Vedic sacrifices; 2. *Sikṣā*, or the science of pronunciation; 3. *Chandas*, or metre; 4. *Nirukta*, or exposition of the Veda; 5. *Vyākaraṇa*, or grammar; 6. *Jyotiṣa*, or astronomy); (b) the *Smārta-sūtras*, under the two divisions of *Grihya-sūtras*, or rules relating to domestic rites, and *Samayācārika-sūtras*, relating to conventional usages; (c) the *Dhārma-sāstras*, or "Law-books," especially the laws of Manu, Yājñavalkya, and other so-called inspired lawgivers, supposed to have grown out of the *Smārta-sūtras*; (d) the *Bhakti-sāstras*, including the *Itihāsas*, or "legendary poems," viz., the great epic poem called *Mahābhārata*, and the other great epic called *Rāmāyana* (though the latter is rather a *Kāvya* by a known human

author than an Itihāsa attributed to superhuman authorship); and including also the eighteen *Purānas*, or ancient legendary histories, with their train of eighteen Inferior *Purānas* (*Upapurānas*), and subsequent *Tantras*.'

Such are the Sacred Books of Brahminism. Of course Professor Max Müller and his learned associates by no means contemplated a translation of all of them—an enterprise for which the forty-nine volumes of the two series before us would have been utterly insufficient. To *Śruti* they devote ten volumes, in which they present versions of some of the most striking and characteristic portions of Vedic literature. To post-Vedic literature, *Smṛiti*, eleven volumes have been assigned; and these contain translations of the Vedānta-Sūtras, the Grihya-Sūtras, the Institutes of Manu and Vishnu, the Aphorisms of Āpastamba, Vasishtha, and Baudhāyana, and certain minor law-books, the Bhagavad-Gīta and two other Gītas. Let us glance first at the *Śruti* literature presented to us in the 'Sacred Books,' and then at the *Smṛiti*.

The Veda consists of three parts which are known as Mantras, Brāhmanas, and Upanishads—Hymns, Ritual Rules, and Philosophical Treatises, we may roughly say. The Hymns of the Rig-Veda are of course the oldest part of these, and are of unique interest and importance in the history of religion. Translations of some of the principal of them are given in vols. xxxii and xlvi of the 'Sacred Books,' those in the first-mentioned volume being by Max Müller, and those in the second-mentioned by Dr Oldenberg. We need hardly say how admirably both these distinguished scholars have executed their task—a task the arduousness of which it is not easy for those unversed in Oriental studies to appreciate. But on this point we will quote the words of Max Müller:—

'It is difficult,' he writes in his Preface to his translation of the Hymns, 'to explain to those who have not themselves worked at the Veda, how it is that, though we may understand almost every word, yet we find it so difficult to lay hold of a whole chain of connected thought, and to discover expressions that will not throw a wrong shade on the original features of the ancient words of the Veda. We have, on the one hand, to avoid giving to our translations too modern a character, or paraphrasing instead of translating;

while, on the other, we cannot retain expressions which, if literally rendered in English, or any modern tongue, would have an air of quaintness or absurdity totally foreign to the intention of the ancient poets. There are, as all Vedic scholars know, whole verses which, as yet, yield no sense whatever. There are words the meaning of which we can only guess.'

In volume xlii we have a translation by Professor Maurice Bloomfield of the most characteristic Hymns of the Atharva-Veda, comprising but one third of the entire work. Professor Bloomfield, like Professor Max Müller and Dr Oldenberg, does not merely translate, but supplies a learned introduction and a copious commentary.

Singularly interesting are these specimens of the earliest religious conceptions and aspirations of the Indian branch of the Aryan race. There is an incommunicable charm, as of the breath of spring, or the prattle of childhood, about this literature, which appealed strongly, as might have been expected, to the delicate and sensitive intellect of Dean Church. He speaks tenderly of 'its natural freshness and comparative simplicity in its apparent effort really to recognise and express the mystery of what is seen in nature and believed beyond it'; and he acknowledges warmly 'our great debt to the scholars who have opened to us a glimpse of that primeval and mysterious world.' 'The common and prominent element in these Hymns,' he adds, 'is their sense of the greatness and wonder and mystery of external nature. The composers of them were profoundly impressed by the conviction that in its familiar but overpowering magnificence, and behind its screen, there was a living presence and power greater than itself, and its master, to which, though out of sight and beyond reach, men could have access . . . and what they so keenly felt, and so awfully acknowledged, they had attained an adequate instrument to body forth in words.' We can find room here for only one of these compositions—it is a very characteristic one—a Hymn to the Dawn, as translated by Max Müller:—

'She shines on us like a young wife, rousing every living being to go to his work. The fire had to be kindled by men; she brought light by striking down darkness.

'She rose up, spreading far and wide, and moving towards every one. She grew in brightness, wearing her brilliant gar-

ment. The mother of the cows (of the morning clouds), the leader of the days, she shone gold-coloured, lovely to behold.

'She, the fortunate, who brings the eye of the gods, who leads the white and lovely steed (of the sun), the Dawn, was seen, revealed by her rays, with brilliant treasures she follows every one.

'Thou who art a blessing where thou art near, drive far away the unfriendly; make the pastures wide, give us safety! Remove the haters, bring treasures! Raise up wealth to the worshipper, thou mighty Dawn.

'Shine for us with thy best rays, thou bright Dawn, thou who lengthenest our life, thou the love of all, who givest us food, who givest us wealth in cows, horses and chariots.

'Thou, daughter of the Sky, thou high-born Dawn, whom the Vasishthas magnify with songs, give us riches high and wide: all ye gods, protect us always with your blessings.'

The second division of the Veda, representing a later stratum of religious thought than the Mantras, is the Brāhmanas, a translation of one of which, the Satapatha-Brāhmana, fills volumes xii, xxvi, xli, xliii, and xliv of the 'Sacred Books.' The Brāhmanas are ritualistic precepts and illustrations, written in prose by Brahmins, chiefly as Directories in conducting the complicated sacrificial services which prevailed at the time of their composition. Unlike the Mantras, they are of no general interest. Professor Eggeling, to whom we owe the translation of the Satapatha-Brāhmana before us, plaintively remarks: 'For wearisome prolixity of exposition, characterised by dogmatic assertions and a flimsy symbolism, rather than by serious reasoning, these works are perhaps not equalled anywhere.' Still they are of extreme value to the student as throwing a flood of light upon the religious condition of India, from, say, 800 B.C. to 500 B.C. How numerous sacrifices then were, is indicated by the fact that in no other language is there so large a proportion of words relating to them as in Sanskrit. Of course in the modern phase of Hinduism they have disappeared, except in the temples of the sanguinary goddess Kāli.

But the division of Vedic literature possessing widest and deepest interest is the Upanishads, some of the most important of which have been translated by Max Müller in volumes i and xv of the 'Sacred Books'—a far more arduous task, we may observe, than the translation of

the Vedic Hymns, on account of the remoteness of Oriental metaphysics from European thought. Western philosophy—all that is worthy of the name of philosophy as distinguished from speculative physics—is essentially Hellenic. We are the intellectual offspring of Plato and Aristotle. But Hindu philosophy is cast in quite another mould. It is *sui generis*. Hence the extreme difficulty of translating certain of its technical terms into the tongues of the modern world. Take the word *ātman*, for example. No equivalent for it can be found in French. The only course for a translator of the Upanishads into that language is to retain the original, with an explanatory note. In English 'self' most nearly represents it, and has, very properly, been employed by Max Müller to translate it.

These singular treatises deserve far more than the passing mention which we can give them here. What the word 'upanishad' means has been much discussed. Some Hindu philosophers derive it from the root 'sad,' in the sense of destruction, because these holy writings destroy ignorance and passion; or in the sense of approaching, which the word also bears, because they bring a man near to Brahman. European scholars, more scientifically, if less picturesquely, take the word to mean 'session,' particularly a session of pupils at a respectful distance from their teacher; for the root 'sad' means also to sit.

The controversy is both interesting and significant.\* Whatever may be the end of it, there can be no question that Max Müller is well warranted in saying, 'The Hindus in the Upanishads reached the loftiest heights of philosophy.' Schopenhauer—who, for a knowledge of them, was obliged to have recourse to the not always very intelligible Latin version made by Anquetil Duperron from a Persian translation—goes a great deal further in his admiration. He writes—we compress him a little—'How is every one who, by diligent study, has become familiar with that incomparable work, stirred to the very depth of his soul! From every sentence deep, original, and sublime thoughts arise, and the whole is pervaded by a high and holy and

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\* Professor Hopkins, in his learned work, 'The Great Epic of India' (p. 10), remarks that in the Mahābhārata 'the word has two distinct meanings: it means, on the one hand, mystery, secret wisdom, essential truth, essence. . . . But in other cases Upanishad is clearly a literary work, even standing in antithesis to the mysteries with which it is sometimes identical.

earnest spirit. How thoroughly is the mind here washed clean of all early engrafted Jewish superstitions, and of all philosophy that cringes before those superstitions! In the whole world there is no study so beneficial and so elevating. It has been the solace of my life; it will be the solace of my death.' And he predicts that 'Indian wisdom will flow back upon Europe and produce a thorough change in our knowing and thinking.' Whether or no that prediction will be accomplished, remains to be seen. But before we pass away from this subject there is one remark which we should like to make. It is sometimes claimed for Kant that he has laid bare the whole apparatus of our thought; that he has revealed for us the *how* of our knowledge; although, indeed, his doctrine on this matter was anticipated by Aquinas. He has shown that everything is represented to the senses through the mind, in what are called 'Vorstellungen'—intellectual representations—under those conditions of time and space which we cannot think away. Thus do we know things phenomenally. Now phenomena are pretty much what the Upanishads, or rather, a later school of philosophers, founding themselves on the Upanishads, call *māyā*—illusion. They are the appearances of things, not things in themselves. Can we get beyond phenomena? Can we penetrate the veil of *māyā*? How Kant answered that question we need not here consider. The Hindu philosophers undertake to indicate the way in which man may find his true self (*ātman*), independent of all, and identical with the highest Self. And here we may fitly cite a few sentences from Max Müller:—

'There is not what could be called a philosophical system in these Upanishads. They are, in the true sense of the word, guesses at truth, frequently contradicting each other, yet all tending in one direction. The keynote of the old Upanishads is "Know thy Self," but with a much deeper meaning than that of the ἴσθι σεαυτόν of the Delphic oracle. The "Know thy Self" of the Upanishads means, know thy true Self, that which underlies thine Ego, and find it and know it in the highest, the eternal Self, the One without a Second, which underlies the whole world. This was the final solution of the search after the Infinite, the Invisible, the Unknown, the Divine, a search begun in the simplest hymns of the Veda,

and ended in the Upanishads, or, as they were afterwards called, the Vedānta, the end or the highest object of the Veda.'

The kernel of the Vedānta philosophy—'the great sentence,' it is called—is 'tat tvam asi,' 'that art thou.' Thou, O neophyte, art thyself the Brahman whom thou seekest to know; thou thyself art a part of the All!

And now let us glance at the post-Vedic and less sacred literature (Smṛiti) translated in volumes ii, vii, viii, xiv, xxv, xxix, xxx, xxxiii, xxxiv, xxxviii, and xlviii. The last three mentioned volumes are from the pen of M. Thibaut, and contain the Vedānta-Sūtras—the word 'sūtra' means a string—short aphorisms embodying, in their totality, a complete body of Vedānta philosophy, and presenting, to quote a dictum of Edgar Quinet, 'the most lofty and solemn affirmation of the rights of absolute being ever made in the world.' Volume viii contains a translation by a learned Hindu, Mr Telang, of the well-known Bhagavad-Gīta, a poem characterised by Wilhelm von Humboldt as 'the most beautiful, perhaps the only true philosophical song existing in any known tongue'; and of two other Gītas. In volumes xxix and xxx Dr Oldenberg translates the Grihya-Sūtras, a manual of domestic religious rites. The rest of the volumes above enumerated are devoted to the law-books, of which unquestionably the most important—though the others are far from unimportant—is the compilation known as 'The Laws of Manu,' contained in volume xxv. To this we must devote a few lines.

'The Laws of Manu' is perhaps the work of highest authority in Smṛiti literature. It is a manual not merely of law but of religion and philosophy, and although, doubtless, at first merely a local collection, is now regarded throughout India with a reverence second only to that given to the Veda, upon which it is professedly based. 'The root of the law,' its supposed author declares, 'is the Veda and the traditions and customs of those who know the Veda.' We need hardly observe that the demarcation now generally prevailing between jurisprudence and religion was unknown to the antique world. Primitive law was a branch of primitive religion; or, if we like so to put the matter, religion was law in its highest



expression. And thus, to quote a classic instance, we find Plato in 'The Republic' describing 'the erection of temples and the appointment of sacrifices and other ceremonies in honour of the gods,' and 'all the observances which we must adopt in order to propitiate the inhabitants of the other world,' as 'the most momentous, the most august, and the highest acts of legislation.' Who Manu was, and when he lived, we know not; nor shall we ever pierce 'the mists of fabling time' which hide that knowledge from us. His name is generally derived from 'man,' 'to know'—to know the meaning of the Veda, that is. He is regarded as the mouthpiece of Brahma, the real giver of the precepts which he delivered—'God spake these words and said.' We may account of him as a sort of Hindu Moses; nor will his laws suffer by comparison with the code ascribed to the Hebrew legislator.

But 'The Laws of Manu,' as we have them, are not wholly the primitive legislation which they profess to be. They are a recast, by a sage called Bhrigu, of a more ancient Dharma. This has been established by Max Müller's weighty and ingenious arguments, now accepted as conclusive by all competent scholars. But there can be little doubt that Max Müller was in error in ascribing so late a date as the fourth century of our era to our present Manu-Smriti, and that Sir Henry Maine, following Max Müller too implicitly, and indeed going beyond him, was led to undervalue it.\* Dr Bühler, whose untimely death it is not too much to call an irreparable loss to Sanskrit scholarship, has shown in the Introduction to volume xxv that the Manu-Smriti, as we have it, is regarded as a law-book 'claiming the allegiance of all Aryans, and generally acknowledged by them,' but that it must be considered as merely a new edition of the original text. Dr Bühler is of opinion that 'it certainly existed in the second century A.D., and seems to have been composed between that date and the second century B.C.'; and in this opinion Professor Cowell and Mr Talboys Wheeler concur. For a full discussion of the point we must refer our readers to Bühler's masterly pages. We cannot pass away from them without observing that this edition of his—framed, as he modestly says, on the

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\* See chap. i of his 'Early Law and Custom.'

translation of Sir William Jones—seems to us to approach as near as possible to perfection. Accurate and ample scholarship is displayed in every line of it. The Introduction is a model of lucid and ingenious criticism; the appendix of quotations from Manu found in other Hindu law-books represents a vast amount of learned labour; and the synopsis of parallel passages from the Dharma-Sūtras and Śmritis, as well as of the wholly or partially identical verses in the Mahābhārata, Parā-sara, Mānava Srāddhakalpa, the Upanishads, and other works, is a masterpiece of erudition.

So much must suffice as to the Brahminical literature translated in the two series of the 'Sacred Books.' We will now go on to Buddhism. And here we shall put ourselves chiefly under the guidance of that most accomplished and indefatigable scholar, Professor Rhys Davids, who has done more than any one else to reveal to us the secrets of this great religion—the religion for more than two thousand years of half mankind, and still the most widely diffused of the world's creeds. Buddhism, of course, like Christianity, has undergone endless transformations. Of all religions the dictum of Aquinas holds good: '*Quidquid recipitur secundum modum recipientis recipitur.*' They are received according to the measure of the recipient; their development varies with the soil into which they are cast. The Buddhism of Thibet is as far removed from the Buddhism of Sākya-Muni as, let us say, the Christianity of Abyssinia from the Christianity of Jesus Christ. The Buddhism of China is very far from identical with the Buddhism of Ceylon. The Buddhism of Japan differs in many very important particulars from the Buddhism of Siam. It is customary, indeed, to speak of two great divisions in Buddhism: to oppose the Buddhism of the Southern Church to the Buddhism of the Northern. But, as Professor Rhys Davids has pointed out, in his 'Hibbert Lectures,' this way of speaking is incorrect. 'There was,' he writes, 'a unity in Southern Buddhism, but there has been no such unity in Northern Buddhism. We may talk, indeed, of Northern Buddhisms, but it would be better to keep the Buddhism of each of the northern countries, in which it has been adopted, separate and distinct, both in our thoughts and in our language.'

One reason of the unity once existing—and, indeed, not wholly lost—in Southern Buddhism is that it possesses an authoritative Scripture canon which the North Buddhist churches do not possess.\* ‘There is every reason to believe,’ writes Mr Rhys Davids in his ‘Manual,’ ‘that the Pāli-Pitakas, now extant in Ceylon, are substantially identical with the books of the Southern canon as settled at the Council of Patna about the year 250 B.C.’ It is, unquestionably, to these Pitakas that we must go for what is, at all events, the nearest approximation to the teaching of Sākya-Muni and his earliest followers. They are three in number: the Vinaya-Pitaka—Discipline for the Order of Buddhist Monks—which contains five treatises; the Sutta-Pitaka†—Discourses for the Laity—which contains thirteen treatises; and the Abhidhamma, hitherto rendered ‘Metaphysics,’ a translation to which Professor Rhys Davids objects on the ground that, as Buddhism does not recognise a soul, it can have no metaphysics. The Abhidhamma-Pitaka contains seven treatises. We should here observe that the word ‘pitakas,’ which means baskets, is not used, Mr Rhys Davids tells us, in the Sacred Books of the Buddhist canon, and that when it first came into use is unknown. He adds: ‘The *tertium quid* of the comparison is not the basket, or the box, as a receptacle for preservation, but as a means of handing on; as Eastern navvies removing earth put it into baskets and pass them from hand to hand. So the expression “the Three Baskets” does not mean “the three collections,” but the three bodies of oral tradition handed down from teacher to teacher.’ The three Pāli-Pitakas, exclusive of the repetitions in them, which are frequent and long, would occupy about double the space of the English Bible. One tenth of them (speaking roughly) has been translated in ‘the Sacred Books.’ Volume x contains Max Müller’s

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\* The mistake is often made that a Sanskrit Buddhist canon was settled at Kanishka’s Council in the first century of our era. See Mr Rhys Davids’ remarks, ‘Sacred Books,’ vol. xxxvi, Int. pp. 15, 16: ‘Since that time,’ he observes, ‘the rulers of China, Japan, and Tibet have from time to time published collections of Buddhist books; but none of these collections even purports to be a canon of the Scriptures.’

† ‘Sutta’ is the Pāli equivalent of the Sanskrit ‘sūtra.’ ‘The word,’ writes Mr Rhys Davids, ‘was adopted by the Buddhists, and used by them in the sense of a discourse, a chapter, a small portion of a sacred book in which, for the most part, some one point is raised and more or less disposed of.’

version of the *Dhammapada*, sometimes called 'The Paths of Religion,' a most interesting collection of verses, chiefly culled from the Buddhist Scriptures—a sort of hymn-book, Professor Rhys Davids calls it—unquestionably setting forth the fundamentals of the Buddha's doctrine. In this volume is also included Professor Fausbøll's translation of the *Sutta-Nipāta*, discourses attributed to the Buddha, which, the Professor remarks, 'no doubt contains some remnants of primitive Buddhism.' In volume xi Professor Rhys Davids gives us seven Suttas, selected by him as containing 'the most essential, the most original, and the most attractive part of Gotama's teaching'; while, in conjunction with Dr Oldenberg, he also gives us, in volumes xiii, xvii, and xx, a translation of the *Vinaya* Texts. We further owe to Mr Rhys Davids a translation of 'The Questions of King Milinda,' filling volumes xxxv and xxxvi. This work purports to be a series of conversations between Nāgasena, a famous Buddhist sage, and the Bactrian monarch Menander, resulting in that sovereign's conversion. It is not reckoned among the canonical Scriptures of the Southern Church, but we are extremely glad that it has been included in the 'Sacred Books.' The learned translator goes so far as to call it 'the masterpiece of Indian prose, and, indeed, the best book of its class, from a literary point of view, that has been produced in any country.'

Unquestionably, the discovery of this Pāli literature, of which we have been writing, must be ranked among the most considerable achievements of nineteenth-century scholarship. It places before us what Professor Rhys Davids well calls 'a rounded and complete picture of a new and strange religious movement,' destined, as we have seen, very deeply to affect vast numbers of the human race. How dense was the darkness which shrouded that movement not much more than half a century ago, may be seen from the view of Buddhism taken by the late Mr Maurice in those 'Boyle Lectures' of his to which we have already referred. Struck by its vast extent, he devoted himself, with his usual conscientiousness, to the task of ascertaining the chief facts about it, using the best authorities within his reach. The two chief conclusions to which he was led were that 'Buddhism is Theism in its highest form and conception,' and that

'Thibet must be regarded as its proper centre and home. It was the fate of this memorable man, as Matthew Arnold once observed with gentle banter, 'to spend his life beating the bush with deep emotion, but never starting the hare.' We know now that the hierarchical Buddhism of Thibet is a most extraordinary travesty of the doctrine of the Buddha, and that Theism is the last word which should be employed to describe that doctrine. To say, indeed, as some accomplished scholars have said, that it is atheistic, seems to us inaccurate. Gotama, a Hindu of the Hindus, recognised all the innumerable deities of the Brahminical Pantheon; and his followers adopted, or, at all events, respected, the gods of the countries which they evangelised. Buddhism certainly does not possess the conception of the personal creative God of monotheism, which is the corner-stone of Christianity and of Islām. The idea of creation is foreign to it. 'A perfect Creator,' one of its most accomplished Japanese clergy once observed to the present writer, 'could never have called into being so imperfect a world.' How the world came to be, he regarded as a question *ultra vires*. If we must find in the terminology of the Western world a label for a system based on conceptions very far removed from our ways of thought, we might call Buddhism pantheistic with a tendency to acosmism. The impermanency of all that constitutes one of its fundamental positions—*peî ra pávra*, in a deeper sense than the words bore for the old Hellenic philosopher. Nor is there any way of escaping from 'the whirlpool of existence,' 'the yawning gulf of continual birth and death,' save by rooting out desire, the very source of being. In those who have thus attained to the supreme state of Arahatsip—the crown of Buddhist saintship—Karma is extinguished and Nirvāna, the peace which passeth all understanding, is reached. And these even the gods envy.

This doctrine of Karma, the thought dominating the teaching of the Buddha, is not theological at all, but ethical. As, perhaps, we need hardly explain, it means in substance this—that a man is the outcome of what he has done in his actual or previous existences; that the real man is the net result of his merits and demerits; and that upon his deeds in this life, together with his past, depends his destiny in the future life to which he will be reborn,

whether as a god, a man, or a beast ; for there is no essential difference between living beings. The character of his deeds is determined by his intention. 'All that we are,' the Buddha insists, in a text the genuineness of which seems not open to doubt, 'depends upon what we have thought.' Of course this doctrine was nothing new. It was deeply rooted in the Hindu mind when Gotama began to preach and to teach. The new element in the Buddha's teaching was his conception of knowledge. He placed it, not—like earlier Hindu sages—in apprehension of an Absolute, but in a clear conception of the facts of the three worlds, earth, heaven, and hell ; or, in other words, in discernment of the true character of the universal law of righteousness ruling throughout those three worlds and supreme over all beings, animal, human, and divine. It is by conformity to this law—sometimes emphatically called the Truth—that deliverance, whether partial or entire, from the evil inseparable from individual existence is to be gained. And so in the priceless book of 'Jātaka Tales'—the oldest collection of folk-lore in the world, and the most fascinating—we read that upon one occasion 'the Blessed One, opening his lotus mouth, as if he were opening a jewel-casket, scented with heavenly perfume and full of sweet-smelling odours, sending forth his pleasant tones,' spake thus : 'Life according to the Truth confers the three happy conditions of existence here below, and the six joys of the Brahmaloкас in the heaven of delight, and finally leads to the attainment of Arahats hip ; but life according to the Untruth leads to rebirth in the four hells, and among the five lowest grades of man.' This is the central thought of the Buddha's teaching. 'For the first time in the history of the world,' Mr Rhys Davids observes, 'Buddhism proclaimed a salvation which each man could gain for himself, and by himself, in this world, during this life, without having the least reference to God or gods, either great or small.'

For two centuries and a half after the death of the Buddha, which event Mr Rhys Davids places within a few years of 500 B.C., his religion, which was regarded merely as a sect of Hinduism, was confined to a portion of the valley of the Ganges. Then an event took place which transformed it into a world-religion—the conversion of the great King Asoka. The consequences of that event

became apparent at once. In India, where stately monasteries arose on all sides, Buddhism became the fashionable religion; and missionaries were sent by the king to all the countries not under his sway between Kashmir and Ceylon, a son and daughter of his own being among them. As time went on, the new faith penetrated to Nepal, Thibet, China, Japan, and Mongolia; and as it spread, it underwent those transformations above referred to, upon which we cannot here enter, in the various lands where it was naturalised. In the two series of the 'Sacred Books' before us, the Northern Buddhism is represented by Dr Kern's translation from the Sanskrit of the Saddharma Pundarika, 'The Lotus of the True Law' (volume xxi); by Mr Beal's translation from the Chinese of the Fo-sho-hing-tsan King (volume xix), the Chinese text being itself a translation from the Sanskrit, executed in A.D. 420; and by versions from the Sanskrit of certain philosophical treatises of an extremely Pyrrhonist character (volume xlix) contributed by Professor Max Müller, Professor Cowell, and Mr Takakusu. All these works belong to the school of the Mahāyāna, or Greater Vehicle, a school which—to speak merely of its fundamental characteristic—holds up Buddhahood instead of Arahantship as the goal at which every good Buddhist should aim. It is in Thibet that this new doctrine has obtained its fullest and most fantastic development, so that there (to quote once more from Mr Rhys Davids) 'Buddhism, or rather Llamaism, has come to be the exact contrary of the earlier Buddhism.'

Closely akin to Buddhism is Jainism: indeed some scholars—among them Lassen—have held it to be merely a form or transformation of Buddhism, so much have the two religions in common. But this opinion is warmly controverted by Herr Jacobi in his Introduction to volume xxii of the 'Sacred Books,' which, together with volume xlv, contain his translation from the Prākṛit of certain Gāṇa-Sūtras. This learned man thinks 'the origin of the extant Gāṇa literature cannot be placed earlier than 300 B.C.,' or two centuries after the date which he assigns to the rise of the sect. It is a somewhat extensive literature, being comprised, as Rajendralala Mitra tells us, in fifty different works, partly in Sanskrit, partly in Māghadī Prākṛit. The Jains do not now number

more than a million and a half, but among them are some of the wealthiest and most cultivated natives of India. Their cities of temples at Palitāna and Girnar, in Gujerat and at Mount Abū, are among the choicest gems of Indian architecture; and some magnificent fanes have recently been erected by them in Calcutta.

It is curious that the age of Sākya-Muni should have been also the age of three other great religious teachers whose importance in the history of the world is second only to his—Zoroaster,\* Confucius, and Lāotze—and also of the sage whom we must account the founder of Hellenic philosophy and the intellectual father of the Western world, Pythagoras. We will proceed to speak briefly of the contribution made by the 'Sacred Books' to the religion of the first-named of these illustrious men, the great religion of the Magi, once the dominant creed of a vast empire, now almost extinct in its primitive home and represented chiefly by the handful of Parsis—they number only some 100,000—resident, for the most part, in the Bombay Presidency; a creed which, if the issue of the battle of Marathon had been different, might have been the creed of modern Europe.

The rediscovery of Zoroastrianism, as of Buddhism, is a conquest of the modern mind, belonging, however, not to the nineteenth century, but to the eighteenth. So far ago as the year 1700 Thomas Hyde, an Oxford professor, esteemed the greatest Orientalist of his time, made an attempt, in his learned work, '*Veterum Persarum et Parthorum et Medorum Religionis Historia*,' to restore the history of the old faith of Iran. His method—an excellent one in itself—was 'to combine the accounts of the Mohammedan writers with the true and genuine monuments of ancient Persia.' Unfortunately, he did not so much as know—such knowledge was not possible then—what 'the true and genuine monuments of ancient Persia' are. In the place of them he employed recent compilations relating to the last stage of Parsiism. The thickness of the darkness in which he painfully groped his devious way may be inferred from the chief conclusions at which

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\* Many widely differing dates have been assigned to Zoroaster, but this seems the most probable of them.



he arrived. They were these—that the Persians must have been converted from idolatry by Abraham; that their fire-altars were imitations of the altar in the Jewish temple; that Magism was a Sabæan corruption of the primeval faith; that Zoroaster was a disciple of the exiled Jews in Babylon. It is easy now to expose these absurdities: it is not easy to overrate the debt of sound learning to the indefatigable pioneer who fell into them. Dr Darmesteter justly observes that Hyde's book was the first true and complete picture of modern Parsiism, and that 'it made inquiry into its history the order of the day.'

But it was not until half a century later that the real founder of Zend scholarship appeared.

'In 1754,' writes Dr Darmesteter, 'a young man, twenty years old, Anquetil Duperron, a scholar of the *École des Langues Orientales* in Paris, happened to see a facsimile of four leaves of the Oxford *Vendidad*, which had been sent from England, a few years before, to Étienne Fourmont, the Orientalist. He determined at once to give to France both the books of Zoroaster and the first European translation of them. Impatient to set off, without waiting for a mission from the government which had been promised to him, he enlisted as a private soldier in the service of the French East India Company. He embarked at Lorient on the 24th of February, 1755, and after three years of endless adventures and dangers through the whole breadth of Hindustan, at the very time when war was raging between France and England, he arrived at last in Surat, where he stayed among the Parsis for three years more. Here began another struggle, not less hard, but more decisive, against that mistrust and ill-will among the Parsis which had disheartened Fraser; but he came out of it victorious, and succeeded at last in winning from the Parsis both their books and their knowledge. He came back to Paris on the 14th of March, 1764, and deposited, on the following day, at the *Bibliothèque Royale* the whole of the *Zend-Avesta*, and copies of most of the traditional books. He spent ten years in studying the material he had collected, and published in 1771 the first European translation of the *Zend-Avesta*.'

Anquetil Duperron's translation was received by Oriental scholars generally with incredulity of a kind by no means polite. The Persian lexicographer, Richardson, a plodding and ponderous scholar, thought that he had

been imposed upon by Parsi priests, who had palmed off upon his simplicity documents which were manifest forgeries. Meiners and Tychsen, whose opinions carried great weight, at first judged likewise. Sir William Jones overwhelmed the translator and his work with *persiflage* of a Voltairean kind, expressed in French which would not have disgraced Voltaire. But

‘Time that solves all doubt  
By bringing Truth, his glorious daughter, out,’

has amply vindicated Anquetil Duperron. The documents which he translated are undoubtedly genuine, though his translation is often far from expressing their true sense; which is not surprising, seeing that he possessed neither grammar nor dictionary of the Zend language. The real founder of Zend philology was the illustrious Eugène Burnouf; but, as Dr Haug justly observes, ‘he could never have succeeded in laying the foundation without Anquetil’s labours.’

The term, ‘religion of Zoroaster,’ is, we should note, misleading. Its accredited teachers, of course, desire to place it before us as a complete system revealed by Ahuramazda to that prophet, just as—to quote some remarks of Max Müller’s in his ‘Hibbert Lectures’—‘most of the writers on the Old Testament . . . wish to place the religion of the Jews before us as ready-made from the beginning, as perfect in all its parts, because revealed by God, and, if liable to corruption, at all events incapable of improvement. But,’ he continues, ‘that the Jewish monotheism was preceded by a polytheism “on the other side of the flood and in Egypt,” is now admitted by most scholars; nor would it be easy to find in the same sacred code two more opposite sentiments than the rules and regulations for burnt offerings in Leviticus, and the words of the Psalmist (li, 16): “For thou delightest not in sacrifice, else would I give it thee; thou delightest not in burnt offerings. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.” . . . There is growth here, as evident as can be, however difficult it may seem to some students of religion to reconcile the idea of growth with the character of a revealed religion. . . . Minute scholarship only has been able to discover some older elements in the Gāthas; but

with that exception, we find in the Avesta, too, but few acknowledged traces of real growth.'

The sacred literature of Zoroastrianism—or, to use a more correct word, Mazdaism—which we now possess, is a very small part of what once existed. But here let us quote, in a compressed form, the remarks of Dr Darmesteter, from his Introduction to vol. iv of the 'Sacred Books':—

'The collection of Zend fragments known as the Zend Avesta,\* he observes, 'is divided, in its usual form, into two parts. The first part, or the Avesta, properly so called, contains the Vendīdād, the Vispērad, and the Yasna. The Vendīdād is a compilation of religious laws and of mythical tales; the Vispērad is a collection of litanies for the sacrifice; and the Yasna is composed of litanies of the same kind, and of five hymns or Gāthas written in a special dialect, older than the general language of the Avesta. . . . The second part, generally known as the Khorda Avesta, or "Small Avesta," is composed of short prayers . . . these prayers are the five Gāh, the thirty formulas of the Srōzah, the three Āfrigān, and the six Nyāyis. But it is also usual to include in the Khorda Avesta, although forming no real part of it, the Yasts, or hymns of praise and glorification to the several Izads, and a number of fragments, the most important of which is the Hadhōkht Nosk.'

In addition to the Avesta there is another collection of writings known as the Pahlavi Texts, which also the Parsis hold sacred. It is somewhat extensive, and, if translated in its entirety, would fill about thirty-six volumes of the 'Sacred Books.' Concerning it we will cite a few words from Dr West's Introduction to his translations from it, given in vol. v, merely premising that the term 'Pahlavi,' in its widest extent, is applicable to all the varying forms of the medieval Persian language.

'Though we must look to the Avesta for information regarding the main outlines of the Parsi religion, it is to Pahlavi writings we must refer for most of the details relating

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\* 'A very improper designation,' Dr Darmesteter well observes. What is commonly called 'the Zend language' ought to be called 'the Avesta language.' It is of great antiquity, being separated only by a short interval from the language of one set of the cuneiform inscriptions.

to the traditions, ceremonies, and customs of this ancient faith, which styles itself emphatically "the good religion of the Mazdayasnians," and calls its laity "bahdīnān," or "those of the good religion." In the fragments of the Avesta which still exist, we may trace the solid foundations of the religion, laid by philosophic bards and lawgivers of old, with many a mouldering column and massive fragment of the superstructure erected upon them by the ancient priesthood. These are the last remnants of the faith held by Cyrus, the anointed of the Lord (Isaiah xlv, 1), the righteous one (Isaiah xli, 2), or eagle (Isaiah xlvi, 11), whom He called from the east, and the shepherd who performed His pleasure (Isaiah xlv, 28); scattered fragments of the creed professed by Darius in his inscriptions, when he attributes his successes to "the will of Aūramazdā"; and mouldering ruins of the comparatively pure religion of oriental "barbarism," which Alexander and his civilising Greek successors were unable wholly to destroy, and replace by their own idolatrous superstitions. While in the Pahlavi texts we find much of the mediæval edifice built by later Persian priestcraft upon the old foundations, with a strange mixture of old and new materials, and exhibiting the usual symptom of declining powers, a strong insistence upon complex forms and minute details, with little of the freedom of treatment and simplicity of outline characteristic of the ancient bards. To understand the relationship between these two classes of Parsi sacred writings, it must be observed that the Avesta and Pahlavi of the same scripture, taken together, form its Avesta and Zand, terms which are nearly synonymous with "revelation and commentary." . . . And the latter, being often their only means of understanding the former, has now become of nearly equal authority with the Avesta itself. . . . But besides these translations there is another class of Pahlavi religious writings whose authority is more open to dispute. These writings are either translations and Zands of Avesta texts no longer extant, or they contain the opinions and decisions of high-priests of later times, when the Pahlavi language was on the decline. Such writings would hardly be considered of indisputable authority by any Parsi of the present day, unless they coincided with his own preconceived opinions. But for outsiders they have the inestimable value either of supplying numerous details of religious traditions and customs which would be vainly sought for elsewhere, or of being contemporary records of the religious ideas of the Parsis in the declining days of their Mazdayasnian faith.'

To the literature of Zoroastrianism—we use the word under protest—seven volumes of the ‘Sacred Books’ have been devoted. Volumes iv, xxiii, and xxxi contain a translation of the more significant parts of the so-called Zend-Avesta by Professor Darmesteter and Mr Mills. In volumes v, xviii, xxiv, xxxvii and xlvii Dr West translates Pahlavi texts of much interest and importance. This is enough to enable us to form a pretty correct notion of what Zoroastrianism was, and was not. It is perhaps hardly necessary to observe, in correction of a vulgar error, that the Zoroastrians are not fire-worshippers, adorers of the mere material element. They have always protested against such a gross misconception. It is not the material element but the elemental force which they revere. Such reverence is easily explicable. How wonderful, if we weigh the matter well, is the mystery of fire; only less wonderful than the sexual mystery, that most inexplicable of physical facts. Fire, when first discovered by primeval man, became as naturally an object of veneration as were the *lingam* and the *yonî*. Nor was there anything intrinsically irrational in the cult paid to it. Akbar, as Abdulfazl reports, ‘was of opinion that there was nothing improper in the homage paid to that exalted element, whereon depends man’s existence and the duration of his life.’ And St Bonaventura has preserved the singularly touching words addressed by St Francis of Assisi to the flame in which the iron instrument had been placed wherewith, according to the barbarous surgery of the age, ‘the man of God was to be cauterised for the relief of his eyes.’ ‘O brother fire! the Most High has created thee glorious, mighty, beautiful, and useful, above all creatures: be thou propitious and healthful to me at this hour.’ The Zoroastrian religion was, really, not very fully developed monotheism—the worship of one God symbolised and manifested in the elements, and especially in the element of fire; but it recognised, to quote the words of Dr Darmesteter—we compress them as usual—that while ‘there is a law in nature, and a God who fixed that never-failing law, there is a war in nature: it contains powers that work for good and powers that work for evil: there are such beings as benefit man and such beings as injure him.’ We may remark that the Jews, during their captivity by the waters

of Babylon, were unquestionably much influenced by this dualism. The Zoroastrian religion did not borrow from them, as Hyde supposed; it was they who borrowed from it.

Passing from India to China, let us next glance at the two great Turanian religions, and see what has been done in the 'Sacred Books' to make them better known. We will first speak of Confucianism, described by Dr Legge as '*par excellence* the religion of China.' As we shall presently see, it contains little which Europeans would recognise as a religion at all; and the term Confucianism does not correctly describe it, for Confucius, one of the most conservative spirits that ever lived, claimed to be merely a transmitter of ancient wisdom serviceable for the conduct of this life. He made no reference to another. There is nothing transcendental or spiritual in his teachings. We possess only one work from his pen—the 'Khun Khiū,' or the 'Spring and Autumn'—and that is merely a brief chronicle of the annals of his native state of Lū, from B.C. 722 to B.C. 481. The short treatise called the 'Hsiāo King,' or 'Classic of Filial Piety,' is a record, by an unknown hand, of conversations between him and a disciple, and is of somewhat obscure meaning. Dr Legge thinks it 'an attempt to construct a religion on the basis of the cardinal virtue of filial piety.' We confess that to us there seems nothing religious in it. The only other works, so far as we are aware, which purport to contain the sage's teaching, are the 'Lun Yü,' or 'Confucian Analects,' a collection of his sayings by certain of his disciples; the 'Tā Hsio,' or 'Great Learning'; and the 'Kung Yung,' or 'Doctrine of the Mean,' small digests of his doctrines attributed to his grandson. But the literature called Confucian is very large, and much of it is long anterior in date to Confucius. The most important parts of it are the 'Shū King,' a book of historical documents, the earliest of which date from the twenty-fourth century B.C.; the 'Shih King,' or collection of poetical pieces, some of which are as ancient as 1766 B.C.; and the 'Yi King,' or 'Book of Changes,' portions of which go back to the fourteenth century B.C. 'The work,' writes Dr Legge—we are quoting, as before from his Preface to volume iii of the 'Sacred Books'—'was

from the first, intimately connected with the practice of divination, which, we know from the Shū, entered largely into the religion of the ancient Chinese. This goes far to account for its obscure and enigmatical character; but, at the same time, there occur in it, though in a fragmentary manner, so many metaphysical, physical, moral and religious utterances, that the student of it is gradually brought under a powerful fascination.' The fourth of the great Chinese classics is the 'Lǐ Kǐ King,' or the 'Record of Rites.' The translations of Confucian texts contributed to the 'Sacred Books' by that most accomplished Sinologist, Dr Legge, occupy volumes iii, xvi, xxvii, and xxviii.

The veneration in which Confucius is held in China seems quite unaccountable. As we intimated just now, it is difficult to regard him as a religious teacher at all. Like Rousseau, he believed that man is naturally good, and that the evil in the world is the result of bad education and bad laws. He was really a statesman aiming at the reformation of mankind by good laws and by moral suasion—by precepts which sound to us very like platitudes. Certainly they fell flat on those who heard them, for he quite failed to accomplish his commendable aim. At one time, indeed, he supposed himself to have found in Duke Ting, of Lū, a prince whom his wise saws would inform with the true principles of good government. But eighty beautiful dancing-girls and a hundred and twenty-five horses, sent as a present to that potentate by a neighbouring and jealous Duke of Tse, proved sufficient to overthrow the influence of the philosophic minister, who thereupon resigned his office, shaking the dust from off his feet, so to speak, for a testimony against the damsels and the steeds. However, from the date of his death in B.C. 478, or at all events from the time of the Emperor Kaou Te (206–194 B.C.), he has been the object of ever-increasing reverence to his countrymen as the 'Most Complete and Perfect Sage'\*—to quote merely one of the many titles conferred upon him by Imperial Edict. There are throughout China some fifteen hundred temples dedicated to him, the most important and grandiose of them

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\* Fourteen Sages or Holy Men are officially recognised in China, the first being Fuh-he (2852–2737 B.C.), and the last Confucius.

being the one which adjoins his tomb in Shantung. Second only to it in dignity and magnificence among the Confucian fanes, is the Kwo-tsze-keen temple at Peking, to which the Emperor repairs twice a year in state, and, having twice knelt and six times bowed his head to the ground, invokes the sage as follows: 'Great art thou, O perfect Sage! Thy virtue is full; thy doctrine is complete. Among mortal men there has not been thy equal. All kings honour thee. Thy statutes and laws have come gloriously down. Thou art the pattern of this Imperial school. Reverently have the sacrificial vessels been set out. Full of awe we sound our drums and bells.' Possibly the explanation of this amplitude of admiration may be found in the fact that Confucius was 'a Chinaman of Chinamen,' the supreme representative of the Mongolian mind, which is the very antithesis of the Indian—prosaic, practical, unimaginative, and altogether averse from metaphysical speculation. For the rest we may note that he was strong, tall, and well built, with a full red face and a large heavy head.

The other great Turanian religion, Tāoism, is represented in the 'Sacred Books' by volumes xxxix and xl. They contain translations by Dr Legge of the Tāo-teh King of Lāotze, commonly reckoned the founder of Tāoism, though Dr Legge thinks it existed before him, and of the writings of Kwang-tze, his most famous disciple. According to the most probable accounts, Lāotze was born in B.C. 604, that is, about fifty years before Confucius. Very little is known of him, and the gap in our knowledge is filled by legends. Thus it is averred that his mother conceived him in consequence of the emotion which she felt at the sight of a falling star; that for seventy-two years he dwelt in her womb, and that when at length he was born, his appearance was that of an old man with grey hair—whence the designation Lāotze, 'Old Boy,' by which he is still known. The one indisputable fact about his career which has come down to us is that for some time he was Keeper of the Imperial Archives, in which capacity Confucius visited him, and was dismayed and shocked by the small account which he made of the wisdom of the ancients. The two men could have had little in common. Lāotze was a bold and original thinker, of a transcendental type. We take from



a recent writer the following brief summary of his doctrine :—

‘Lāotze is essentially a mystic, and his religion derives its name of Tāoism from Tāo—the Absolute and Eternal—which he conceived, if M. Julien correctly expounds him, as “*dépourvu d'action, de pensée, de jugement, d'intelligence,*” and as the only reality from which are all things, and to which all things return. The exact meaning of Tāo has much exercised Sinologues. It has been rendered by some as the Way, by others as the Reason, by others, again, as the Word. It would appear to be all these, and would seem to present some analogy to Will, in Schopenhauer’s philosophy, the primordial reality, the universal and fundamental essence, whence issue all activities, pervading the universe, primarily unconscious, but attaining consciousness in the world of representation. In a world which is full of evil, peace is to be found only in “laying hold of the great form of Tāo,” and the way to lay hold of this One Reality is by self-abnegation. “One pure act of self-resignation” Lāotze holds to be “worth a hundred thousand exercises of one’s own will.” It was doubtless these elements of mysticism and asceticism which rendered Tāoism—as also in later times Buddhism—a living power to multitudes in China, the deeper instincts of whose spiritual nature the mere Utilitarianism or Secularism or Positivism—call it what you will—of Confucius failed to satisfy. They are elements, it may be observed in passing, which, in the course of twenty-five centuries, appear to have been corrupted into mere abject superstition and magic.’ \*

It remains to speak of the great religion of Islām, which possesses only one canonical Scripture, the Qur’ān, that marvellous book of which Goethe well remarked, ‘Whenever we take it up, it seems at first repulsive; but gradually it attracts us, it astonishes us, and in the end it compels our admiration.’ In volumes vi and ix of the ‘Sacred Books’ we have the late Professor Palmer’s translation of it, a translation which more than any other reveals to us the spirit and power of the original. ‘The language of the Qur’ān,’ he writes, in his masterly Introduction to volume vi, ‘is universally acknowledged to be the most perfect form of Arab speech. . . . It is noble and forcible, but it is not elegant in the sense of literary

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\* Lilly’s ‘Ancient Religion and Modern Thought,’ p. 113.

refinement. To Mohammed's hearers it must have been startling from the manner in which it brought great truths home to them in the language of their everyday life. . . . Mohammed speaks with a living voice; his vivid word-painting brings at once before the mind the scene he describes or conjures up; we can picture his very attitude when, having finished some marvellously told story of the days of yore, uttered some awful denunciation, or given some glorious promise, he pauses suddenly and says, with bitter disappointment, "These are the true stories, and there is no god but God—and yet ye turn aside." To translate this worthily is a most difficult task.' It is, indeed, an impossible task. But we believe we do but express the judgment of the most competent scholars when we say that Professor Palmer's version is by no means unworthy of the original.

Now that we have endeavoured to put before our readers a bird's-eye view of the 'Sacred Books,' and have briefly summarised what is done for us in them, let us remind our readers that, considerable as it may seem, it is only a beginning. Thus they give us extracts from only two of the four Vedas. They put before us, as was pointed out in an earlier page, but one tenth of the canonical books of the Southern Buddhist Church. They give us nothing whatever of the Assyrian or Egyptian Scriptures, so interesting both in themselves, and for their influence, directly upon Judaism, and indirectly upon Christianity. Of course we are well aware that these *lacunæ* are, to some small extent, filled by other publications of competent scholars. But we are aware, too, that work of this sort is carried on in England under the gravest difficulties and disadvantages. It is work which requires not only special aptitudes and absolute devotion, but also wide culture and intelligent co-operation. The reader of an English version of an Oriental text is much in the position of the eunuch of great authority under Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, who, sitting in his chariot, read Esaias the prophet: 'How can I understand except some man should guide me?' We want not merely translators; we want specialists who can adduce parallel passages from untranslated texts; we want scholars—not necessarily specialists—to study and com-

pare the whole. All this means money; and in England money is not readily forthcoming, save for the sort of study which produces money. As we glance at the backs of the forty-nine volumes of the 'Sacred Books,' arranged before us while we write, we are struck—how can we help being so?—by the significant fact that so many who have worked on them are foreigners. Englishmen, too, can do this work, as certain great names—for example, Colebrooke, Prinsep, Rawlinson, to speak only of the departed—sufficiently show; and, when they do it, they usually display a special breadth of view and width of culture. But it is not too much to say that no provision exists in England for training in these studies. In the other capitals of Europe great Oriental schools are maintained by the State at a cost of about 5000*l.* a year, and a possible career is opened for students. In Germany there are a hundred chairs of Oriental subjects, against about half a dozen in England and Scotland. But it may be said, 'Is there not, then, an Oriental school in London?' Yes, London possesses an Oriental school, in which the professors are actually unpaid, and have to escape death by starvation as best they can. We use the phrase advisedly. It is within the knowledge of the present writer that they sometimes come perilously near it. Could anything be less businesslike, less efficient? Apart from their commercial value—which is understood abroad—Oriental studies possess also a human value; for the history of the East is the history of ideas, is the history of civilisation; and, what appeals more strongly to the British public, they possess a political value of a very important kind. On this last point let us quote the words of one who speaks with peculiar authority. In the course of his address at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society in 1898, Lord Reay observed:—

'If we consider our relations with India and with the East, I have no hesitation in saying that for us the study of Indian philology, and history, and thought is certainly not less important than that of Roman and Greek literature. What is the great need when two nations come into close contact as we do with the Eastern people? That they should thoroughly understand each other and scrupulously respect the idiosyncrasies which differentiate them. Oriental studies have the

great merit of powerfully contributing to the reciprocal respect which is the basis of continuity of Empire in a country where there are so many different races represented. A philologist cannot of himself grasp or explain the authors—the authors with whom he deals—unless he gleans an idea of the environment in which these authors live, of the social condition of their contemporaries, and the mental atmosphere in which they work. Exactly the same rule applies to those who now govern India: unless they grasp the varying characteristics of the different races with whom they are dealing, friction is inevitable as the result of blunders due to ignorance. It is impossible, therefore, to overrate the importance of the revelations which are due to Oriental research in modern times. If you are to solve the problem of present developments in the East in our own times, you cannot do so without consulting the ancient and venerable records of the past. No one is more indebted, I maintain, to Indian scholars than the statesman who feels the responsibility of ruling over Eastern nations. The neglect of Indian classics is, therefore, not merely a loss to Indian scholarship; it raises a fundamental issue with regard to our governing capacity in the East. Let me ask you whether it would be possible for any one to govern Englishmen without any knowledge of their history, their literature, their religious convictions. If not, how do you propose to deal with nationalities, the study of whose literature, whose history, whose religion is more and more disclosing to us features of a very high order of philosophy, and an analytical conception from which we can certainly derive much profit? . . . [But] the Government of England, as it does nothing towards supplying teachers, so also for the necessary rooms, libraries, and means of publication, contributes nothing.\*

There is one more consideration to which we will advert, before we end this article. We have touched upon the importance of those Oriental studies, to which the 'Sacred Books' are so valuable a contribution, from the point of view of commerce, of politics, and of the history of civilisation. But there is yet another point of view from which they must be regarded. Of all the great problems which occupy the minds of men, religious problems are

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\* We strongly commend the whole of Lord Reay's valuable speech, from which the above extract is taken, to the perusal of our readers. It will be found in pp. 674-679 of the 'Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society' for July 1898.

of most universal and abiding interest; and it is not easy to overrate the value of Oriental studies generally, and of these Sacred Books in particular, towards a better apprehension of some of the deepest of these problems. 'Ex Oriente lux' we may truly say in this connexion. The discovery—we may so call it—of Sanskrit was the starting-point of the science of philology by the application of the comparative method. The discovery of the great religions, whose authoritative documents are enshrined in the Sanskrit tongue, and in the other ancient tongues of the East, has been the starting-point of the science of religion. In this domain, too, it is now discerned, the comparative method is the key to that new knowledge which is gradually, but most surely, supplanting the ancient conjectures. Here, too, the scientific spirit has penetrated—the spirit of accurate investigation and rigid deduction; the spirit embodied in the maxim, '*Neque ridere, neque flere, nec detestari, sed intelligere.*' But on this subject we must let Max Müller speak, for no one speaks with greater authority :—

'The historical study of language soon led to a genealogical classification of the principal languages of the world, in which Hebrew received at last its right place by the side of other Semitic dialects; while the question of the origin of language assumed an altogether new form, viz., what is the origin of roots and radical concepts in every one of the great families of human speech? By following the example of the science of language, the students of the science of religion have arrived at very similar results. Instead of approaching the religions of the world with the preconceived idea that they are either corruptions of the Jewish religion, or descended, in common with the Jewish religion, from some perfect primeval revelation, they have seen that it is their duty first to collect all the evidence of the early history of religious thought that is still accessible in the sacred books of the world, or in the mythology, customs, and even in the languages of various races. Afterwards they have undertaken a genealogical classification of all the materials that have hitherto been collected, and they have then only approached the question of the origin of religion in a new spirit by trying to find out how the roots of the various religions, the radical concepts which form their foundation, and, before all, the concept of the infinite, could have been developed, taking for granted

nothing but sensuous perception on one side, and the world by which we are surrounded on the other.' \*

Now of this science of religion it is not too much to regard Max Müller as the founder. The greatest of Indian rulers, indeed, the Emperor Akbar, did, perhaps, dimly discern its possibility. At all events he apprehended the cardinal truth that in the investigation of religions the comparative method should be followed. But the time was not then ripe for pursuing it. Professor Hardy was well warranted when he said, in his inaugural address to the University of Freiburg (1887), that 'the general comparative science of religion (*die allgemeine vergleichende Wissenschaft*) dates from Max Müller's great undertaking—the translation of the "Sacred Books."'

An Englishman is nothing if not practical; and we may be asked, What are the achievements of this new science? Here, only three can be touched upon, and that in scantiest outline. In the first place, it has thrown a flood of light upon the real origin of religion, and has made an end of the dream-and-ghost hypothesis which we are called upon by Mr Herbert Spencer to receive and believe under pain, so to speak, of intellectual reprobation. That hypothesis is a perfectly baseless figment, doctrinaire in the worst sense of the word. Historical investigation is fatal to it. No one who is not theory-blind—a very common form of blindness—can study the documents brought before us in the 'Sacred Books' without finding overwhelming evidence that a very different origin must be assigned to religion. It is perfectly clear that the religious sentiment in man was first awakened by the great objects of nature, especially the sun; that its root is in the feeling after, and of, the Infinite. 'Awakened' we say: it was there in the human heart, like other sentiments and emotions which are part and parcel of our nature, which are common to all mankind. For, as Waitz truly observes in his '*Anthropologie der Naturvölker*,' 'there is no specific difference between men in respect of their spiritual life' (in *Rücksicht ihres geistigen Lebens*). The dream-and-ghost theory, founded on the doubtful beliefs of savage tribes, is opposed to the lessons derivable from

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\* Lectures on the 'Origin and Growth of Religion,' p. 262.

the religions of the great families of the earth, as history reveals them.

Secondly, as the science of religion throws a flood of light upon the origin of religions, so also does it enable us accurately to apprehend their growth. Religions produce dogmas naturally, just as trees produce flowers and fruits. Religion exists indeed in the state of emotion, sentiment, vital instinct, before it translates itself into rational notions, and into ritual which is the outward visible sign of those notions. But such translation is bound to come. Dogmas are to religion what words are to thought. And they are not dead things. They have a life of their own. They develop by a silent and irresistible growth, '*occulto velut arbor ævo.*' Their evolution is rendered necessary by the laws of history. Like words, they are living organisms, and are in continual transformation. It is not that any truth which they symbolise changes. No, it is that our apprehension of that truth changes. There are two elements in a dogma, one mystical and practical, the other intellectual and theoretic, and these elements are bound up together, not artificially, but naturally and organically. Again, a dogma is like an algebraic formula which represents ideally a given quantity, but is not that quantity itself. The intellectual experience is the symbolic expression of the religious experience, nothing more. It is no new thing which we are now writing. St Augustine, St Athanasius, St Thomas Aquinas, Butler, Newman—to name no others—lay it down that theology is an economy, that is to say, a parable, or exhibition of the truth in symbols. We shall do well to remember this. It has a most important bearing upon a multitude of religious questions often discussed with equal literalism by those who affirm and by those who deny. Now—for this is our present point—the 'Sacred Books' offer invaluable help for studying the growth of religion.

Finally, the science of religion has made—or should have made—an end of what we may call the sectarian view of religion, the view tersely expressed by Mr Thwackum in Fielding's inimitable novel. 'When I mention religion, I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England.' Perhaps the latest work of any considerable pre-

tensions written from this point of view—a valuable work it is in many respects—is the late Archdeacon Hardwick's 'Christ and other Masters.' If the learned author were now alive, he would probably handle his subject very differently. It is one of Laurence Oliphant's sharp sayings, that the only monopoly of which any religion can boast, is a monopoly of the errors peculiar to itself. Whether or not we adopt this dictum, certain it is that no religion that exists, or ever has existed, can claim to be in exclusive possession of religious truth. Cardinal Newman, in the first book \* he ever wrote, expressed this verity in emphatic language: 'Revelation, properly speaking, is an universal, not a partial gift. It would seem that there is something true, and divinely revealed, in every religion, all over the earth; overloaded as it may be, and, at times, even stifled, by the impieties which the corrupt will and understanding of men have incorporated with it.' True it is, as Max Müller observes, in words which end the preface to his great undertaking, and which may well serve to end this most inadequate notice of it—true it is that

'in these sacred books there is much which we should tolerate no longer, though we must not forget that there are portions in our own sacred books too which many of us would wish to be absent. . . . [But] there is no lesson which at the present time seems more important than to learn that we must draw in every religion a broad distinction between what is essential and what is not, between the eternal and the temporary, between the divine and the human; and that though the non-essential may fill many volumes, the essential can often be comprehended in a few words, but words on which "hang all the law and the prophets."'

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\* His 'History of the Arians.' Writing in 1882 (the letter will be found in Lilly's 'Essays and Speeches,' p. 94), he says, referring to this passage, 'I hold it as strongly as I did fifty years ago, when it was written.'



## Art. II.—THE NOVELS OF GIOVANNI VERGA.

1. *Vita dei Campi*. Milan, 1880.
2. *I Malavoglia*. Milan, 1881.
3. *Novelle Rusticane*. Milan, 1883.
4. *Mastro-Don Gesualdo*. Milan, 1890.

And other works.

IN contemporary Italian fiction there are three leading masters, who differ widely as to the principles and aims of their art. If two of these may be said to represent Moral Idealism and a certain perverse Individualism, Giovanni Verga counts as the Realist. He has been influenced, as we might expect, by the methods and examples of that French school which now would seem to be on the wane; but his realism is of a distinct quality, and worthy at once to provoke admiration and question.

Now the dispute between realism and idealism is well-worn. We know, or seem to know, that it is a forced and confused dispute; that reconciliation is not only necessary, but possible. Does not every new school or departure in art claim to have freed itself from convention, and to have returned to nature and truth? Or, if we choose to deal in abstractions, has not the ideal its reality, and the real its ideal? What is the real but the ideal in the making; or the ideal if it be not the goal and consummation of the real? But the dispute is constantly recurring, and precisely because it is definite men and their works, and not abstractions, that engage and arrest attention. Commonly, this man or that work is seen more or less plainly to incline towards the one or the other extreme of art. In the case of Verga, we have to reckon with a man who has produced works that conspicuously bear the impress of realism, and works that, at least upon accepted foreign principles, must be classed as idealistic.

We may first inquire into Verga's realism, as being the more notable expression of himself. And, on behalf of realism, it can at once be admitted that there is no resource or security in art except in truthful reproduction. Truthful reproduction, and not exact imitation, be it noted; for it is as impossible to copy as to create. What

the artist, the master of the art of fiction, can achieve is to express the world of things and beings as he knows and feels it; and the fidelity of his representation will be recognised, according as there are many or few that sympathise with his treatment of the material common and open to all. For, in the last resort, representation is interpretation; and interpretation involves a judgment on life. But at this point we are met by a rigid objection upon the part of Verga. He deliberately maintains that in a perfect work of art the sincerity of reality should be so evident that the hand of the artist remains invisible. It should seem to have made itself, as it were; and the task and glory of its author consists in wholly disappearing behind his work, in having 'the divine courage to eclipse himself.'

But it is none the less sure that to inquire into the nature of an author's realism is to inquire into the quality of his mind, into the limitations of his temperament; and if Verga avoids or refuses to criticise life, we may ask what will be the end and aim of his art. Life and art are not to be divorced; and a work of art is the more perfect in proportion to what Taine called its 'beneficent character.' That is to say, it must extend the bounds of our sympathy and foster our faculty of love. It must bear witness to that spirit of poetry which detects and reveals new and yet perpetual beauty in the things and beings of a commonplace and work-a-day world. But Verga would doubtless again object that the all-sufficient aim of art is the reproduction of life—reproduction for reproduction's sake, and without personal comment.

This is the theory of the French Realists; and we have to inquire whether Verga has been more successful than his colleagues in putting the theory into practice. Meanwhile, it is to be noticed that he tacitly agrees with them in their assumption that it is not of the essence of art to give pleasure, except such pleasure as may arise from exact reproduction; and that he diverges from them in his parsimonious use of description. He will describe at length, and almost lyrically, the harmony between waking spring and the mood of a love-sick girl, or set forth in much detail a farm-villa which is to impress a worldly woman with the wealth of its owner; but he has, it seems, concluded that small attention is paid to wonted surroundings,

and that, at all events, to attempt the explanation of character by the pictorial reproduction of the *milieu* is to sin against realism by personal intervention. He is at one with the realists in the reduction of the element of plot to narrow limits, though he does not forget that life can at times be concentrated and dramatic even to the humble and ordinary. But whether, like the realists, he denies that sentiment is other than sensation; or exclusively selects for reproduction that ugliness which is significant and strongly marked; or idealises evil by the unexpressed but virtual negation of good; or closes his heart to all tenderness and offers to humanity images of itself that can only excite disgust and repulsion—all this is best seen and known by an examination of his work.

The realist, by theory, will find his most appropriate material where the transforming influences of education and society are least to be marked. In 'I Malavoglia' we come to know a humble family of Sicilian fisher-folk, and thereby the whole inhabitants of the village in which they live. To analyse the book is, indeed, to disfigure it by pushing incident into an undue prominence. In brief, it offers the history of a patient and hapless struggle to pay off an unjust debt. Padron 'Ntoni, his son Bastianazzo, and his daughter-in-law Maruzza, exhibit the pathetic beauty of that simple heroism which consists in rigid honesty and exemplary toil for their near and dear. But Mena is growing up and must be dowered. They buy a cargo of beans on credit, and Bastianazzo, in charge of it, is lost at sea. The bark is recovered, but its repair involves new debt that the old may be redeemed. 'Ntoni, the eldest son, returns from military service with vague ideas of ease and idleness. Luca, the second, called away in his turn, is killed in the sea-fight at Lissa. Maruzza resigns her dowry mortgage-claim to the house which they cherish, the 'house by the medlar-tree,' which the Malavoglia have lived in from generation to generation; and Mena can endure the breaking of her betrothal to the 'match' of the village, since she has a timid preference (such as a Sicilian girl may have) for Alfio, the poor carter, whose ambition is to change donkey for mule. There is still hope for returning comfort, but the old grandfather is lamed in a storm, and 'Ntoni, weary of

privation and useless toil, will seek a fairer fortune elsewhere. The hardly won savings that are to reclaim the home must be touched, and the home itself passes from their keeping. The boat also must be sold, and the grandfather and Alessi accept a daily hire. 'Ntoni comes back in ill plight, ready only to declaim against social injustice in the village inn; while Maruzza, hawking her small wares, falls a victim to the cholera. 'Ntoni, pursuing an ill course, proof against his grandfather's sorrowful and silent reproach, is brought to join a smuggling expedition, and wounds a coastguard. In court, his advocate, paid with the last of the savings, declares that his client has but exercised a just vendetta for the seduction of his sister Lia, who, unable to endure the slander, flees to the town to seek obscurity in a life of shame. The grandfather has received his death-blow. For some little while he bears his burden of misery, and then has himself borne to the hospital without the knowledge of Alessi and Mena, that he may relieve them in their struggle to win back the home and honour of the Malavoglia.

'I Malavoglia' is no easy reading; too often it gives the impression of a lengthy exercise in the art of overcoming difficulties patiently encountered or deliberately chosen. It bears witness to a disdain of effectiveness, a calm supersession of conventions however just and pleasant. To begin with, there is no hero or heroine. That is a small matter perchance, since the novel of manners has made us accustomed to their absence. But Verga is scrupulously self-restrained in portraiture, and will not allow a touch to escape him that would betray any wish to command interest or sympathy. The bare statement of the simple motives of his humble folk must suffice; or we are left to divine the motives from their words or acts. Again, it is type rather than character that is offered to the view in place of that combination of the permanent and the individual which ensures picturesque definiteness. Again, there is an almost complete absence of the element of humour. It is a mark, indeed, of the Teutonic, and not of the Latin, races to require that such an element should be present; and it may be questioned whether we should perceive that our own peasants take a humorous view of life, if it were not for

the intervention of the writer who sets them before us. In any case, Verga rejects such intervention, as he rejects that sympathetic handling of foibles, that mingling of esteem and tender irony which characterises such a novelist as George Eliot. Further, like the rest of his French and Italian compeers, he is unable to draw upon the happy resource of dialect; if his peasants are to be understood, he must not only translate their speech, but resume it as far as possible in indirect narration. He endeavours, here and in his short stories, to balance his loss by the careful and constant preservation of the picturesque elements of their speech; he would have the book appear as if it came from the hand of a peasant. But his labour is a manifest labour; the peasant-writer whom we presuppose, or are allowed to suppose, is, as it were, painfully conscious that he must remember the requirements of current Italian. Yet, in the retrospect—and this is no mean test of great literature—the book is impressive and haunting, by reason of its modest and delicate pathos. Do but contrast the expression of Mena's self-sacrifice, in her last meeting with the equally timid and resigned Alfio, with what example you will of noble simplicity. Perchance we could regret that the author has not seen fit to restrain somewhat the tongues of his malicious village-gossips. Perchance, also, we may come to think that he inflicts ill-fortune upon his *Malavoglia* all too ruthlessly; but if this be a fault, it is the fault of Greek tragedy.

But what of the manner in which Verga has carried out his theory of impartiality, of the complete disappearance of the writer behind his work? It would almost seem as if he had achieved that which it has been given to few or none to achieve. We need not raise, in this connexion, any problem of didacticism or morality in art; a work of art is moral if it is veracious, faithful to the facts of life as a sound man knows them. The question, rather, is whether this absolute impartiality in reporting upon life is possible, or even desirable, if possible. Politeness, at the least, requires that an author, having engaged us to attend to the spectacle of life which he offers us, should not interrupt it by any undue display of his own personality; or, if you will, the realist is as a witness who owes a scrupulous account of the truth, and must leave the

verdict to humanity. But it is impossible. Once more, art is no mere statement of truthful facts, and no bundle of scientifically exact 'documents'; it is not an imitation, but an interpretation of life; not an image, but an impression. Such an interpretation or impression is necessarily personal and particular. Realistic artists may reject the theory of personal literature, and aim at objectivity; but in the result they can but give us themselves, and bear witness to the measure of their own personality. In the great work of art, as Goethe says, the great person is always present as the chief factor; in the small, we have, as in much of French realism, an instinctive preference to depict life as a play of fatalistic forces that produce the miserable squalor of human life and action.

Take, for example, Flaubert, the greatest of a realistic school which is now decaying. He preached, and laboured stressfully to put into practice, his conviction that great art is 'scientific and impersonal.' But, on the one hand, he is accused of injustice and indifference, of disdain and bitterness; while, on the other, it is maintained that he has the priceless gift of sympathy, and a deep compassion. This only serves to show that his impartiality is recognised by none; and that an author, however much he may veil his sympathy, and so risk misapprehension, must yet feel sympathy, or reduce himself to the mere arranger of puppets. This sympathy, this capacity for sympathetic metamorphosis, is of the very essence of art. There can be no interest in any representation of the struggle of life unless the novelist be moved by a heart that is generous, unless he appreciates human action by the standard of some morality, whether it be the resentful pessimism of Flaubert or the 'evangelical nihilism' of Tolstoy. Despite all effort, he will not succeed in hiding his personal conception and criticism of life, but betray himself, if only by the choice of his subjects, by the tone and conduct of his narrative. Thus, in 'I Malavoglia,' it is as if Verga, for all his philosophic detachment, endeavoured to contrast the essential beauty and ugliness of virtue and vice. Nay, one might almost be tempted to consider that he has divided his peasants too sharply into the sheep and the goats. They seem entirely given over, either to the instincts of family

solidarity or of individual self-seeking. Or is it the very simplicity of their nature which permits this sharp division?

In 'Mastro-Don Gesualdo,' however, we find the wonted mingling of the angel and the beast. In representing the compound at such length and in such detail, Verga has somewhat departed from the canons of French realism. According to theory, the average man, wholly limited by the morals and conceptions of his given class and station, is the sole worthy object of study. It is for the 'psychologists' to study exceptional folk, and thereby to offend against positive science. In practice, the realists would seem to reduce average men to particular exemplifications of a deterministic physiology. It remains to be seen whether Verga's psychology is, at bottom, physiological and—pessimistic. But at least he has broken rule by offering a novel which is even more a novel of character than of manners. Gesualdo may not be exceptional, but he is certainly extraordinary. He is also living; not described to us as ridden by an exclusive passion, nor as lacking his intervals of complacent ease. He has been studied with the sympathy of complete understanding, and wins our sympathy in turn, not indeed by any nobility of sentiment or action, but because he rises almost to the height of heroism in the hapless tenacity of his self-preservation.

In the short studies entitled 'Pape Sisto' and 'La Roba,' Verga had shown the progress of a vagabond who became the head of a community of Capuchins by dint of shrewd intrigue, and of a foundling who, by resolute avarice, made himself the owner of the country round—and of nothing else. But if art is to be tragic, you must take your hero at the moment that follows the zenith of his fortunes. Not that Gesualdo is a martyr of commercial probity, like Balzac's César Birotteau, or a victim of rapacious exploitation, like Daudet's credulous and easy-going Nabob. He adds wealth to wealth through the twenty odd years in which we know him; his tragedy lies rather in his complete loneliness. He must struggle against a world of foes, and foes that include father, sister, and his whole family.

His history commences, then, for us, at the moment when the small nobility begins to fear that this rude

peasant, grown rich by stubborn toil and self-imposed privation, will challenge their privileged supremacy. In Sicily one is peasant or noble. Admitting Gesualdo to their own order by marriage, they may have a hold upon him, and at the same time benefit a family that has fallen into the last decay. Gesualdo is eager enough for such an alliance, and no less ready at the first collision of interests to approve himself the strongest amid a band of mercenary intriguers. He is their dupe only in so far that his wife has been already seduced by a kinsman who may not marry her because the dowry, as Verga assures us by picture after picture of Sicilian manners, is the one seal of matrimony. He has parted, generously as he thinks, from a peasant mistress of a patient and almost brutish submissiveness, and has won in her place a wife but little less abject in resignation. For so it is with Sicilian women, of whatever rank, in Verga's constant report of them. There can be no bond of union between the pair, for all Gesualdo's good-nature and occasional tenderness. By birth they are at opposite poles of feeling. Apathetic, yielding to the slow ravages of hereditary consumption, she is alive at most when jealous of the successor whom her kinsfolk (the nobles are all akin) are eager to offer, and shrinks to the last from telling her secret. The child, whom Gesualdo takes to be his daughter, is alienated from him by the costly education he procures. She repeats the story of her mother; but the nobles, this time, would force a marriage for the sake of Don Gesualdo's wealth. He has, however, his more ambitious designs. Swift as ever to wordy violence, he breaks through the premeditated entanglement, patches up his honour, and weds his daughter to a duke far away. Later, his wealth is further drained to meet the debts of his son-in-law, and to bribe him to maintain the marriage. Ever in strife with the nobles, he is also tracked like a wolf by the angry mob as a chief enemy of the poor. Worn out at last, desperate, resentfully suspicious of doctors and their charges, choking at the thanklessness of a world of rogues, he lingers out his death, piteously striving to appease his daughter, 'for he knew that money, alas ! makes hell among fathers and children.'

King Lear must begin to learn what life is in the last months of his old age. But this Ishmael, this victim of



self-help, though upon his death-bed he may wonder for a moment of what use his wealth has been to him, is convinced to the last that 'every man draws the water to his own mill,' that self-interest is the sole human motive and duty. Throughout he repels, and yet overcomes repulsion. He is selfish, and yet not unkind. He is human and real, not knowing what he is nor what he does. He inspires pity, nay, wins our sympathy, not only for the reasons stated above, but because we know him entirely. We also know certain others of his involuntary foes, his father and his wife. But for the rest, with the exception perhaps of Don Diego and the Marquis Limòli, they are almost uniform in their baseness, and much as the evil chorus of 'I Malavoglia.'

In default of the three promised novels which are to complete the series to which 'I Malavoglia' and 'Mastro-Don Gesualdo' belong, we may now consider Verga's idealistic work, leaving certain questions unanswered for the moment. It would be tempting enough to discover in it a gradual evolution towards realism. But it is safer to say that 'Eros' bears much the same date as 'I Malavoglia,' and that the writer of 'Il Marito di Elena' plainly remembers that he is the author of 'Mastro-Don Gesualdo.' But what is meant by idealism? As was said above, art has to reconcile two contrary tendencies. The true and complete artist at once recalls us to reality and delivers us from it. He must be a realist in his knowledge, and an idealist in his interpretation of life. If he tends the rather towards idealism, he will endeavour to encourage and console. He will present pictures of men and women as they are at their best, as they might and should be. And he may rightly claim to be none the less a realist, because moral nobility is also natural; because, in short, nature cannot be idealised by any means that are not already in nature.

But Verga is not of the idealists who shape the world in conformity with a superior ideal. Nor has he any relations with those amiable novelists who make it their task to bring us acquainted with 'nice' people and praiseworthy emotions. Nor yet again does he belong to those artists of high, and possibly the highest, rank, who, labouring to see and report upon life as it is, and mistrusting idealism, yet recognise the ideal in the reality

which is in accordance with right living; who are idealists because they subordinate sensation to sentiment, and sentiment to the ideas that lead men to unselfish action. Verga gives no full and free play to a sympathy that embraces men and women of all conditions; as an idealist, he has chosen a narrow range of observation and understanding. He is the analyser of passion, of that love which is selfish, illusory, and devastating.

Now it is commonly understood among the Latin races, from whatever reason, that 'passion' is the pre-eminent subject of idealistic art. But as the novelists who seek to illustrate the development of such passion take their characters almost inevitably from the order of more or less idle wordlings, might not their art be the rather termed aristocratic, or still better plutocratic? Be this as it may, the requirements of the *genre* would seem to be satisfied by the presentation of two, or three, persons who are freed from the wonted stress and ordinary cares of life, and thus enabled to devote themselves to the cultivation of a special malady. The texture of their minds gives opportunity for elaborate analysis, whereas the motives and emotions of their poorer brethren are readily disentangled. Conscious or unconscious of a power of will which has received greater exercise than is possible to folk of lower station, they recognise no obstacle or restraint. It is 'all for love' with them; duty, honour, the very scruples which their education has called into being, are proudly overridden. They have the excuse of risking life itself, are tragic heroes with tragic endings, and appeal to a complicated pity.

Verga would seem to respond completely to the accepted requirements of a branch of art which is unfailingly popular among the Latin races. Nay, at first sight, one might feel inclined to claim for him the merit of having resumed, in some half-dozen slender volumes, the chief variations of the perennial theme. But such an achievement is manifestly impossible. The demand for a new treatment of the theme is met by an ever new band of competitively ingenious novelists. None the less we may admire Verga's rapidity and conciseness; his avoidance of episode and digression; his austere choice of such conversation and act and analysis as shall suffice. And what he conceives to be the nature of this malady of

passion is best discovered by a brief survey of the picture-gallery of his characters.

The 'Storia di una Capinera' is the journal of a young girl who is permitted a visit to her home before she takes the veil. Tender and timid, she sets forth the delights of her new-found liberty. Presently she wakes to love, glad and yet sad, fearing what joy may bring. It is an idyll of the most delicate and ingenuous sort. But, so soon as she obediently returns to her convent, the caged bird (as title and preface show) displays a pathological case. The narrative soon passes into a piteous examination of a struggling and remorseful heart; and then into a series of delirious ejaculations, broken at most by the story of how she watches by night, from the belvedere of the convent garden, the window of her lover, now wedded to her step-sister—an incident surely more dramatic than probable. As a realist, Verga gives the counterpart of his subject in one of his short stories. Sister Agatha, quitting the world because she loses dowry and betrothed, conforms herself to the pale routine of convent days. But Maria, the caged bird, is exceptional, as the idealistic novel demands. There is the stuff of a *grande amoureuse* in her. She has striven to overcome the might of passion, and must perish in the strife.

'Una Peccatrice,' 'Eva,' and 'Tigre Reale,' closely correspond in subject, structure, and method; and a bare analysis of them may well serve as sufficient criticism. A young student, unable to conquer the passion that he fears, makes his vain suit to a mysterious and fascinating adventuress. Desperate in her absence, he glorifies her in a drama. She flings a bouquet to the acclaimed author in an impulse of gratified vanity and rising passion, and visits him after the duel he must fight. The vicious idyll runs its inevitable course; Pietro is weary and disillusioned, and Narcisa, unable to endure abandonment, dies of poison in his arms. Reverse the situation of the pair, and passion exhausted in the one must still be the cause of death to the other. A young and enthusiastic artist, fired by the sight of a ballet-dancer triumphant on her stage, is prompted to write an article in her praise, but shrinks from acquaintance. But he may not resist one who frankly recognises the new charm of his ingenuous modesty. A Manon Lescaut, but sure in advance that

her caprice will have its due end, Eva is surprised that he can be jealous. But passion gains upon her, and she is ready to exchange her palace for his garret. He is disillusioned; glamour yields to reality. Relieved by the flight to which he drives her, and grown rich, he meets with her once more. His passion revives and is rejected. He hates and loves at once; he scorns himself, and eventually dies of consumption. Now make Narcisa more fascinating because more mysterious, a very enigma, a Russian of the most improved pattern. This Nata, capricious, sated, impenetrable, with a heart of ice and an ardent imagination, finds her contrast in an effeminate diplomatist. A mass of contradictions, she is sceptical of passion, and careless of all else. In time past, loving because she was hated, she had converted her enemy into her lover, and then driven him to suicide because she found him incapable of exclusive love. She scorns herself because she has not died of her passion, like a tragedy-queen; and because she now must yield to passion again. She will take flight rather than yield, sure at the least that her lover's passion will remain at its height, if baffled. Giorgio, baffled and haunted, marries; comes near to love his wife when he discovers cause for jealousy; but abandons her when Nata, far gone in consumption, returns from her flight.

But what of the cause of passion, of this—to quote Eva's frenzied lover—'inexplicable mystery of desires, hopes, joys, and griefs'? A mystery, by its nature, is inexplicable. Verga, in an analytical page of 'Tigre Reale,' can but say that from the meeting of 'these two unhappy products of over-civilisation a drama must necessarily follow, as from the shock of two electrical currents'; can only suggest that the instinct of egoism on either side is overridden by the sympathy of contrast, chance, fatality.

In 'Eros' there is a change towards a greater breadth and wealth of treatment, and in place of the form of impassioned confession we now have that of calm and disinterested observation. The two mysteriously fascinating heroines are still, by the approved method, shown to us only as they appear to the lover. But this lover is subjected to full and prolonged analysis. Verga, somewhat earlier than M. Paul Bourget, resolved to study

that state of mind which consists in an 'incapacity for loving.' His Marquis Alberti has pursued a course which has inevitably brought him to a complete moral scepticism. But he meets again with the betrothed of his adolescence, cast aside because she offended his romantic idealism by her virginal candour and lack of mystery. Still faithful and quick to pity, she would fain heal him at whatever cost. But married to her, he may not escape his fatal spirit of analysis. There is an abyss between them. He knows himself inferior to her by all the miserable knowledge of the world he has acquired. Is his love more than that selfishness of the heart which fastens in age upon whatsoever it can? Of very experience he must doubt and be jealous; upon occasion offering he will obey the gust of passion and 'return to his vomit.' Adele dies of the knowledge of such return, and he shoots himself in remorse. And what of Velleda, and the Countess Armandi, successive and alternating partners in his passion? They would seem to differ, and yet are one upon close examination. Velleda is but a younger Countess Armandi. Both are cold, haughty, and worldly-wise, capable of jealousy rather than of passion, or of passion only when excited by jealousy. Both are fascinated by such danger as voluptuousness incurs, and make shift, while proclaiming their infinite self-respect, to reconcile it with the sudden caprice of the senses. But, apart from such momentary lapse, it is the *amour de tête*, with its ever renewed sequel of illusion, disillusion, and new illusion, that possesses them; whereas, with Alberti, analysis has poisoned even the *amour de tête*.

'Il Marito di Elena' is a curious amalgam of idealistic and realistic elements. Again and again it reminds one of 'Madame Bovary,' reduced to miniature proportions. Flaubert would seem purposely to have satirised false idealism, and Verga false education, which comes to much the same thing. To the one, tragical results must follow if women of a romantic imagination endeavour to shape life after their own excessive desires; and to the other, if they are trained with the exclusive aim of a brilliant future. Both writers, by their attitude of impartial observation, prevent their purpose from being obvious, or even make it difficult to recognise that they have a purpose at all. But whereas Flaubert exhibits in

Emma Bovary a continuously logical development of character, and as it were a pre-established harmony of character and circumstance, Verga seems to arrange as best he can the circumstances that are to elicit the fixed character of his Elena. She is more capable of varied moods than Emma, and not so completely destitute of moral sense, yet far more perverse, with the unconscious and irresponsible perversity of one who is constantly subject to 'hysterical sentimentality, unhealthy temptations, and a restless craving for forbidden emotions.' Which is to say, that Elena is possibly the more true to life, but surely less the ideal type bequeathed once and for all to literature.

What then are the idealistic elements of a book which has the appearance of being a collection of important fragments huddled together? Free Elena from the sordid contingencies of her ambitious struggles to rise in the social rank, place her from the first on the footing of a Velleda or a Countess Armandi, and she will comport herself as they do, as if to the manner born; while her husband (as it were, a refined and delicate Charles Bovary), weak, and conscious of his weakness, a very woman in his tender eagerness to find excuses for her, in his timid fears lest she should know the toil and privation he undergoes that she may lead her luxurious life, must slay her in tragic and idealistic kind, when at length he is convinced of her baseness.

Lastly, in 'I Ricordi del Capitano d'Arce,' we have the history of Ginevra Silverio exhibited in detached and successive stages. She is a Frou-Frou, not fortunate enough to die timely. Frivolous and sincere, unconscious and irresponsible, she yet must come to recognise how bitter are the dregs of the cup of passion, even as her lovers must learn to be paid in their own coin by succeeding rivals. Lapsing from disillusion to disillusion, clinging to a latest love she knows will fail her, she is indulgent to all human weaknesses and errors, and yet scorns herself and all men. But then—she says it in those hours of wasting consumption which you cannot expect Verga to spare her—'these things happen to every one and must happen, or else we should not do them.'

It is plain that Verga has chosen to forgo the one great opportunity and sanction of the novel of passion.

For, in the conflict of duty and passion, he has regarded the conflict as unlikely to be prolonged, and the victory of duty as impossible. It is probable that he considers his characters to be the more real and life-like because they are the hapless sport of some dread and hidden force. Reasonably, perchance, he has shown that the *amour de tête* merges, on occasion, in the *amour des sens*. But, without reason, he has narrowed the whole conception of love to that sensual passion which is based on self-liking and manifested in jealousy; which is not transformed and purified by sorrow, but finds its issue in madness and crime. Such love, to him as to the Greeks, is a wild folly, a demonic madness. He dwells upon its fatal progress, its inevitable transition from illusion to disillusion, as upon the implacable march of a doom. He is sure that all attempt to control or overcome it is in vain; for if thwarted, or violently rejected, it does but exact the heavier penalty; and he lacks such comfort as the Greeks might take to themselves in their belief that it is not an inexplicable mystery, but a direct visitation of the angry gods. It is true, indeed, that his 'good' women, the Adele of 'Eros' and the Erminia of 'Tigre Reale,' inspire a love that is worthy of them. But Adele must set her heart upon a profligate; and Erminia, seeking to follow duty, can but pity a husband who is lost to her. Their worthy lovers escape the dire plague, perhaps because their love is that which 'never found his earthly close'; or, perhaps again, Verga points no ironical moral by these four examples, does but use them in the way of artistic foils. Be that as it may, in these volumes there is a latent and sufficient judgment upon sensual passion. We may further allow ourselves, if we choose, to discover that Verga's own attitude towards it is that of a fear and horror which have gradually passed into a weary and scornful calm seeking to veil itself in irony. In a word, his idealism takes the form of a pessimistic fatalism.

The bearing and significance of these *dramas passionnels* are sufficiently precise and clear. But, on the other hand, with regard to 'I Malavoglia' and 'Mastro-Don Gesualdo,' there remained certain questions unanswered; we were left, it may be, with a vague or uneasy need to take a further step, and penetrate our author's secret, if pene-

tration were possible. What was his conception, his criticism, of life? What lay behind his carefully guarded method of impersonality? There is a third division of his work, consisting in volumes of short stories, which will help to an answer.

First let us notice such few of these stories as may be termed idealistic. Chiefly to be found in 'Primavera,' the earliest collection of all, they are tentative, bearing witness to passing influences. Thus we have a belated specimen of French romanticism dealing with grim warrior, timorous dame, and youthful squire; a *Conte Drolatique*, as it were, taken seriously, and paralleled by the fortunes of the three modern folk who know and rehearse the legend. Others shadow forth that vaporous sentiment, that invasion of the world of fact by reverie, that prolonged effect of chance words or chance encounters, which characterised the more fantastic work of Tourgueniev, as translated for readers of the Latin races by Merimée. There is also a story, 'Certi Argomenti,' which Merimée himself might almost have signed. A duel of mocking antipathies; passion awakened in the man by pique and curiosity; the woman's challenge that he shall exhibit heroism or folly in proof of his sincerity; her renewed scepticism and smiling surrender in the hour of joint peril—it would be difficult to mention a second reproduction of Merimée's method equally complete. Then again, at a later date, in 'Il Come, il Quando ed il Perché,' we have the Octave Feuillet of the 'Scènes et Proverbes.' Feuillet thought to discover a certain moment in the moral life of society women which he termed *la crise*. You suffer from ennui, and are still capable of being romantic; your husband is engrossed by the cares of his profession, and it does not strike you that your leisure and luxury are the result and aim of his toil. Life, it would seem, might be more vivid than it has shown itself hitherto. You dally with forbidden fruit. But all is well that ends well; the heart has had its furtive adventure, the passing emotion has turned to the benefit of the husband, known truly at length. To the Latin mind there is a charm in such things; and Verga can claim that the charm has lost nothing in his employment of it. Lastly, after a long interval, and at the end of the volume which gives the history of Ginevra



Salverio, are two studies in Verga's own manner, the latest manner of his idealistic novels, sombre and poignant enough. And the 'Bollettino Sanitario'? We know what is Verga's attitude towards the 'sacred evil' of passion; and this ironical correspondence between lovers who learn that passion vanishes with ill-health adds but little to our knowledge of it.

But it is the question of Verga's realism that presses. In the 'Novelle Rusticane' and the 'Vita dei Campi' is presented to us a varied and sufficient account of the life of Sicilian peasants, as our author is able to see it. Nature, to these peasants, is but a cruel stepmother, exposing them to the frequent and dire extremities of lava and snow. Drought, with the consequent failure of the crops, entails further ruin, which is aggravated by prolonged anxiety. The scourge of fever and ague is upon such as must work for a bare livelihood where it is like to fall, and cannot work even because it falls. Add the epidemic visitations of cholera, the more dreaded for the superstitious panic that attends upon them. And what of the refuge of religion? The priests are but intriguers and reactionaries, or ignorant peasants with the peasant's appetite for land or idle living. By their intercession, indeed, the saints are propitiated; but if the propitiation fails, or is rendered needless by healthy crops, the saints and their servitors are treated with contumely or indifference.

It is poverty, grinding poverty, that moulds the whole social and moral fabric. The birth of women-children is deplored. The death of aged parents comes as a relief; and the parents know it. The survivors have no time to mourn, or time at most for quarrels as to the disposition of what slender property remains. For, being poor, these peasants must needs be mercenary; and, mercenary upon all occasions, they are of course selfish. Consciousness of any moral obliquity is not to be expected; if dimly conscious, the peasant has his ready plea and excuse. 'The pity is that we are not rich enough to be always kind to our neighbours. When the hens have nothing in their house to peck, they peck one another.' Rustic lovers must have a single eye to the dowry. It is understood that they withdraw if the dowry be not forthcoming. If penniless maids amass a small sum by ill means, their offence is condoned; and the more fortunate can but look forward

to the life of a beast of burden. As for the men, toil-worn or lazy, they are subject to the sudden gusts of passion. 'They know not how to relieve themselves except by going to the galleys'; there is small interval between the conception of jealousy and the commission of crime. Sometimes primitive passion assumes the guise of a demand for social justice. An agrarian agitation is set on foot; and the peasant, after his wild hour of liberty and hot vengeance, blankly marvels that he has come by no single yard of ground, and is a prisoner. 'But then justice is made for those who have enough to spend.'

Verga, in these stories of Sicily, is self-convicted as a pessimist. The term, of course, is all too freely used as the vague expression of a depreciation which may range from dislike to indignation. And it is further to be remembered that our author retains without faltering his mask of impartiality. One has, however, but to contrast 'Nedda,' the single realistic story in the 'Primavera' collection, with any of these later stories. In 'Nedda' there is a marked appeal for tears at the sight of human sorrows and privations; whereas it is now reported to us that such and such things happen, and we have no claim, it would seem, to ask the judgment of the reporter. But, none the less, Verga has betrayed himself.

He is not, indeed, to be charged with pessimism because he has neglected, or deliberately forsworn, the literary allurements of humour and pathos as they are understood among the Teutonic races. He is a humorist, in that he sets forth his characters with their humours, their 'ruling passions,' their bias of temperament; and he is a master of that dry-eyed, choking pathos which springs at the representation of lives that seem fatally devoted to the mean and the sordid from the very pressure of circumstance and unhappy limitation. But if he is not a pessimist, how comes it that it is difficult to find more than two characters who reveal some native spark of generosity and common human kindness? Even with regard to these two, Jeli and the Santo of 'Pane Nero,' are we not made to feel that Santo's patience and resignation were but those of a hard-driven animal, and to forebode that Jeli's honest industry would be wrecked by ill-fortune, and his very trustfulness expose him to bitter disillusion and sudden crime? Perhaps it is because these Sicilians, known to

Verga from his boyhood, are not his own people, and therefore unable to command his affectionate pride. But, counted as a North Italian, and long resident in Milan, how does he depict his urban poor in 'Per le Vie'? It is readily to be supposed that his art would become more morose in passing from Sicily to Milan, from the reproduction of the rude simplicity of peasant life to that of a state of civilisation in which the extremes of luxury and poverty shoulder one another. He rivals whom you will of the French realists in the cold statement of moral obliquities, though he is fairly free from their 'sexual psychopathy,' and able to forgo those descriptions of environment by which they exhibit at once their semi-scientific desire to explain character, and their artistic sureness of trained and resentful vision.

But, after all, it is not a question with Verga whether there is, or is not, a people to whom he is bound by natural sympathy. The simple and pertinent explanation is to be found in the fact—which itself may need explanation, but is not to be disputed—that realism and pessimism are somewhat synonymous among the members of the Latin races; that the degree of their realism bears an exact proportion to the measure of their pessimism. One might, indeed, be content with an explanation still more simple—namely, that Verga is a pessimist, because it is his nature so to be. At all events, it is clear that the psychology which he employs throughout his work is of the fatal and determinist order.

It need hardly be said that pessimism, far from being prejudicial to art, may even further it, if only by the concentration and strenuous vigour it implies. If we turn to 'Don Candeloro e C.', the latest collection of all, we find still the same art; the art which fashions studies rather than stories—studies in the sordid and tragic, or rather the tragically sordid. We also find, as in the other volumes, first drafts or variations or counter-pieces of the themes set forth in the episodes of 'Mastro-Don Gesualdo' and 'I Malavoglia'; and the wonted method of philosophical detachment, of that observation which will serve no interest save that of truth. Such observation permitted us, at least, to perceive that in the simple peasants of 'I Malavoglia' there was a sharp distinction, as between the children of light and the children of darkness; and to

recognise Don Gesualdo for a man of complicated motives whose struggles might challenge the sympathy of gods and men, though to the superficial view he were an object of aversion, marked irredeemably with the sign of the beast. But, in 'Per le Vie,' sympathy was rendered almost impossible; and now, in 'Don Candeloro,' it is as if we were denied all right to respect ourselves and our fellows, and all claim to honour humanity. The method of cold judiciality is still there; but when the pages of 'Don Candeloro' are closed, we seem to discover behind them a spirit of gibing, a misanthropy that seeks to maintain itself in some comfort by bitter derision. The world, as Verga would have us know it, is but a stage for sorry and grotesque comedians of all ranks and conditions, capable at best of tragic lies on behalf of others, but usually lost in that complacent and terrible ignorance of self which is the 'lie of the soul.'

But there is still another means by which we may come to closer quarters with our author. He has written certain theoretical pages in the way of preface or comment. It matters little whether these theories are an incomplete deduction from his work, or a programme unfulfilled. There is precedent enough for a novelist to confuse critical issues in the expression of his theory of art, and to forget them in his practice. The important thing is that Verga has delivered himself at all. Perhaps, indeed, the preface to 'Eva' is of small moment. The impassive author of 'I Malavoglia' must smile at this early piece of somewhat turgid rhetoric, this declamatory accusation of such privileged members of society as heartlessly pursue their own material pleasure at the expense of others, and who preach morality or display scepticism when a sympathetic novelist offers the spectacle of a passionate lover who will risk honour and life itself. But in 'Vita dei Campi' we find Verga prophesying the future of the modern novel, which is nothing if not psychological. Already, it would seem, we have reduced the artistic process to the scientific, logical, and fatal development of the human passions; but is it not possible, he asks, to expect the day when the conquests of psychological truth, the science of the human heart, will be so complete that the mere record of the simple fact, the bare statement of the opening situation and the final issue, will suffice all readers? We have heard before

of 'novels in a nutshell,' and now may dream of the future library brought to the compass of a single volume, with its collection of *faits divers*, each of which shall afford ample material to the scientifically-trained imagination. However that may be, Verga has made experiments in this direction; and in the presence of 'L'Amante di Gramigna,' 'La Lupa,' and 'Cavalleria Rusticana' (in its original form), we are left to congratulate ourselves that, in these few experiments, he has made no such complete abbreviation as his theory would require, or to imagine, unscientifically, what Merimée would have done with these all too barely and tersely stated developments of primitive passion.

But what has he to tell us of the composition and aims of 'I Malavoglia'? In 'Fantasticherie' he recalls, by letter, a holiday spent in Sicily in the company of one who was sated with the homage and 'eternal carnival' of society. He had sought to explain to her how these 'poor devils' of fishing-folk contrived to find their life worth the living; and now is sending her a novel which will permit her to gaze, as it were, through a microscope at the 'tiny causes which make tiny hearts beat.' She remembers the figures he pointed out to her (which correspond to certain of the Malavoglia family); and, with the book in her hand, he would have her know that

'the tenacious attachment of these poor folk to the strand where fortune has flung them while she scattered princes and duchesses elsewhere, this courageous resignation to a life of privation, this religion of the family, which shines forth in the workshop, in the cottage, and among the rocks which hem it in, seem to me—perhaps for a quarter of an hour—things that are most serious and respectable.'

We could applaud, were it not for this 'quarter of an hour,' these words, and the sentence that follows:—

It seems to me that the restlessness of wandering thought would be softly lulled in the serene peace of those gentle sentiments that succeed each other, calm and unaltered, from generation to generation.'

We remember, too, that in 'Di là del Mare' two lovers, acquainted with 'the poison of high society,' and making rendezvous in Sicily, find time to notice certain figures (of the 'Novelle Rusticane'); and that one of these lovers,

in absence, thinks of the 'humble actors of humble dramas with a vague and unconscious aspiration towards peace and oblivion.' In both cases it is the wonted aspiration of the jaded worldling. This dilettante enjoyment of the contrast involved in the narration of lowly sorrows to dames of high degree ill accords with any rightful theory of the uses of realistic art. Further, the moral or conclusion which Verga proceeds to draw from 'I Malavoglia,' namely, that there is a fatal necessity for the poor and weak to cling together; and that, if one of them sins against this religion of family, and wanders forth into the world, he is lost himself and brings ruin upon his own—this conclusion, however admissible or disputable, would make Ntoni the younger wholly responsible for the many misfortunes of his family.

Verga, in fact, had widened the conclusion when he wrote the preface of 'I Malavoglia.' The book is to be the first of a series, entitled 'The Vanquished,' which shall illustrate the struggle for existence, or rather 'the path of progress, fatal and incessant, feverish and weary, that humanity treads.' In view of the whole result of human activity we neglect, he says, to consider the weak who fall by the way; but the observant novelist will repair this neglect. 'I Malavoglia' describes the first rudimentary struggles for bare material needs. These satisfied, we pass to the greed of wealth, incarnated in 'Mastro-Don Gesualdo.' Upon that, the 'Duchessa di Leyra' will typify aristocratic vanity, the 'Onorevole Scipioni' will display ambition, and the 'Uomo di Lusso' will comprise all these emotions, understand them, suffer from them, and die of them. Meanwhile, till these long-delayed volumes are published, we notice that in 'I Malavoglia' the author seeks to demonstrate how

'the first uneasy desires of well-being must spring and develop in the most humble conditions, and what perturbations the vague yearning for the unknown, the perception that things are not well and might be better, must produce in a family hitherto relatively happy.'

But surely this is an explanation all too grandiose and philosophic of a simple and pathetic story in which the misfortunes of a family date from an unjust debt contracted in the hope to get a dowry together, as Sicilian

duty requires. And 'The Vanquished'? Verga adds that the victor of to-day is the victim of the morrow, 'beaten down by the brutal feet of the next comer,' throughout all the ascending scale of society. Of course there is a sense in which it is true that we all belong to the vanquished, since we are so constituted that mortal life cannot satisfy us. But Verga has no such transcendental intentions. He might have quoted Schopenhauer's 'our life is a struggle for existence, with the certainty of being vanquished' as the sufficient summary of his design. For, once more, we discover that Verga's realism is a pessimistic realism.

Pessimism is as unphilosophical as optimism, since neither embraces the whole truth. Pessimistic realism is partial, and therefore false. An inverted idealism, it admits only evil as real, and thereby virtually denies the reality of good. It necessarily fails in its effort truthfully to reproduce human character and motive, because these cannot be understood without sympathy and moral appreciation. At least, in 'I Malavoglia,' Verga has not denied the existence of good; and in 'Mastro-Don Gesualdo,' sympathy—intelligence illuminated by love—has enabled him to comprehend his hero and make us comprehend in turn. The pessimism of his short stories is sincere and temperamental, not due to any passing fashion of hostile and superficial observation, as is too frequently the case with his French colleagues in realism. He maintains his attitude of the passionless and uncritical reporter of the spectacle of human life, but it is none the less evident that he is moved to make his report, not by an aching sense of disagreement between the laws of things and the claims of the heart, but rather by scorn and weary disgust. His art, strong and vivid by reason of this very pessimism, yet misses the height of strength and vividness, just because this pessimism guards the mask of indifference.

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### Art. III.—ZIONISM AND ANTI-SEMITISM.

1. *The Jewish Year Book*, 1901–2. Edited by Rev. Isidore Harris, M.A. London: Greenberg, 1902.
2. *The Jewish Encyclopædia*. Prepared by specialists under the direction of an Editorial Board: Isidore Singer, Ph.D., managing editor. Twelve vols. Vol. I. New York and London: Funk and Wagnall, 1901.
3. *The Ethics of Judaism*. By M. Lazarus, Ph.D. Translated from the German by Henrietta Szold. In four parts. Pt. I. The Jewish Publication Society of America, 1900.
4. *The History of Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century*. By Leo Wiener. London: Nimmo, 1899.
5. *The Modern Jew*. By Arnold White. London: Heinemann, 1899.
6. *The Jew in London*. Being two essays prepared for the Toynbee Trustees. By C. Russell and H. S. Lewis. London: Fisher Unwin, 1900.
7. *The Ancient Scriptures and the Modern Jew*. By David Baron. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1900.

IN the long annals of Israel the calendar is marked with red days and with black. Reddest of the red, for instance, is the glorious Fifteenth of Nissan (corresponding in 1902 to April 22nd), the day of the Redemption from Egypt by the hand of Moses the Deliverer. This, the earliest feast of freedom, is still religiously celebrated by the Jews with the fine old hymn of liberation,

‘I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. . . . The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.’

A black day is the fateful Ninth of Ab (in 1902 it is August 12th), which the Jews observe as the anniversary of the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem by Nebuzaradan, chief of the guard to Nebuchadnezzar. The fast appointed for this date is no longer, we believe, universal in Israel, though the Jew repeats the words of Jeremiah:

‘Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? . . . For death is come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces, to cut off the children from without, and the young men from the streets.’



But the nearness of the white fast in Tishri (on October 11th this year), which is literally kept as a solemn day of fasting and atonement at the end of the penitential season, and before the week of rejoicing, has detracted a little from the severity of the ordinance for the fast of Ab. Still, it is marked with black in that curiously complicated calendar, with its sacred new year and its civil new year, its Greek astronomy and Babylonian nomenclature, its refinements of Rabbinical law, unaffrighted by Copernican astronomy, and its wonderful procession of feast-days and fast-days—Simchat Torah, Hanukah, Purim, Sebuyot—names that have been music in the ears of countless generations of Israelites, in Zion and in exile, and that come home to them to-day—come verily to their homes—with so intimate a thrill.

Time has added to the record. February the 4th, for instance, is marked in the calendar of English Jews as Resettlement Day—the supposed anniversary of Cromwell's repeal of the prohibition in 1655; and two hundred years later we come to July 26th, 1858, when Baron Rothschild took his seat in the House of Commons. It had required nearly six centuries for this victory of tolerance after the expulsion of the Jews in 1290. But the medieval additions to the Jewish calendar consist, for the most part, of days marked with black. 'Jews massacred at Munich,' 'Jews martyred at Heilbronn,' 'Jews expelled from England,' 'Jews executed at La Guardia,' 'Jews expelled from France,' 'Auto-da-fé at Seville,' 'Pius V expelled the Jews,' 'Jews slain at Worms,' 'Jews of York slay themselves,' 'Massacre of Jews by Crusaders,' 'Four thousand Jews slain at Toledo,' 'Jews expelled from Spain,' 'Six thousand Jews slain at Mayence'—up and down the Jewish year these entries, and entries like these, commemorate in a line of cold print the unspeakable agony and suffering of the long-drawn-out Middle Ages.

Time is still adding to the record. The last day marked with black in the almanac of Israel is perhaps the blackest of all because it comes so late in his annals. At the end of the nineteenth century, which Mr Gladstone in his hasty way described as an era of emancipation, the Jews might surely have expected that active persecution would cease, and that they would be free to devote them-

selves to the work of conquering and correcting the passive forces of prejudice and dislike. Yet, according to the contributor of the admirable article 'Anti-Semitism' in the first volume of the new 'Jewish Encyclopædia,' the birthday of that movement and its father are both of very recent memory. There was a dissolution of the German Imperial Diet in the late summer of 1878, shortly after Hödel's attempt on the life of the old Emperor William. The general election of July the 30th, 1878, brought an increase of Conservative members; and 'this,' continues the writer of the article, 'may be considered the birthday of anti-Semitism.' Later on in the same paragraph we learn that Adolf Stöcker, the Court chaplain, was the author of the cry. His influence went to establish the party of Christian Socialists, which was to 'win the masses of the people to the Conservative programme' by a judicious admixture of socialistic ingredients.

To the black days, accordingly, in the memorial calendar of Israel, July the 30th, 1878, is now indelibly added. Twenty years earlier, almost to a day, Baron Rothschild, as we have seen, had taken his seat in the British House of Commons, thus ending, for England at least, the long history of religious disability. And now the interminable cycle was renewed: anti-Semitism was born in Germany. We may minimise the movement as we will, and carefully discriminate between anti-Semitism and anti-Judaism, between Stöcker's propaganda of Christian Socialism, involving a boycott of financiers, and Torquemada's programme of Christianisation, involving the burning of heretics; yet the fact remains that at the opening of the twentieth century, as at the opening of the sixteenth there is a persecution of the Jews. In the careful words of the editor of 'The Jewish Year Book,'

'the dawn of the twentieth century finds the Jews in many countries groaning under disabilities . . . which seem to mock at all ideas of human progress. As one reads of them one almost fancies that time must have moved backward instead of forward. . . . For the unpleasant truth is forced upon us that a large portion of Europe is still plunged in the darkness of the Middle Ages.'

Why is this? Why are the Jews, who still worship the God of their fathers, subject to this terrible fate?

Why, when they have been released from their religious ghetto, are they thrust back into a ghetto of racial segregation? Why, when they have hardly relaxed the rigour of their fast for Zion, are synagogues fired to-day by riotous crowds in Germany, Algeria, and elsewhere? Why, when they still observe the day of emancipation from Pharaoh, has a new Moses arisen with the same promise as of old, to lead them out of the house of bondage into a land flowing with milk and honey, as in the new Zionism, with Dr Herzl as its prophet?

Our authorities lend us scant aid in answering these questions. The non-Jewish writers on the subject, whose books we have examined for the purpose, seem to lack both breadth and precision of view. Something, doubtless, must be allowed for the apostolic pre-occupation of Mr Baron, author of 'The Ancient Scriptures and the Modern Jew,' who unctuously commends his volume, 'the result of spare moments saved in a very busy life of service for Christ among His own nation, to Him who condescends to bless the things that are weak and small,' and who writes that the Jewish question 'is fast becoming an international one.' 'To the Bible student,' he avers, 'with the key of the future in his hand, it is very interesting to watch some of the more recent phases in the development of this question,' and to observe how 'the great God is, in His providence, now rapidly preparing the way for its final and only possible solution.' Leaving Mr Baron in his watch-tower, we turn for counsel to Mr Arnold White, whose lofty purpose it was, in publishing 'The Modern Jew,' 'to make the people of England think.' They are to think to the following effect:—

'England,' he writes, 'is in this dilemma: she is either compelled to abandon her secular practice of complacent acceptance of every human being choosing to settle on these shores, or to face the certainty of the Jews becoming stronger, richer, and vastly more numerous; with the corresponding certainty of the Press being captured as it has been captured on the Continent, and the national life stifled by the substitution of material aims for those which, however faultily, have formed the unselfish and imperial objects of the Englishmen who have made the Empire. . . . The conclusion, therefore, seems obvious, that either the situation must be dealt with, i.e. by Europe as a whole, or an alarming outbreak

against the race, the members of which are always in exile and strangers in the land of their adoption, will result, and the clock of civilisation will thus be thrown back for a hundred years. The Jewish question, however difficult, is not insoluble.'

Finally, we consult 'The Jew in London,' a book vouched for by the Toynbee Hall mark, in which Mr Russell says :

'The Whitechapel problem thus turns out to be European in scope, and it is not much less bewildering in its inner complexity than in the immense range over which it spreads itself. Besides being part of a larger question, it contains a multitude of smaller ones, and opens up a field of inquiry in which racial, industrial, and religious questions are bound up with one another and refuse to be dissociated.'

Starting from different points, and aiming at different goals, our authors accordingly agree that the Jewish question is international, to be solved by a concert of the Powers acting on the watchword of 'Aut disce aut discede!' The Jews are to disappear by religious conversion, according to Mr Baron; by legislative exclusion, according to Mr White; by social absorption, according to Mr Russell. But go they must, if England is to be saved from destruction.

It is remarkable that a section of the Jews have reached the same conclusion by a different road. In the eyes of non-Jewish writers, whom we need not pursue through the viler alleys of anti-Semitism, the 'problem' is that the Jews are at once too rich and too poor. In Jewish eyes, the problem is how to escape persecution. The solution offered by Dr Theodore Herzl, in his monograph, 'A Jewish State,' is identical with that of Mr Arnold White and his friends. Dr Herzl was a journalist in Vienna at the time of the Lueger municipality. He is now the accepted leader of the movement known as Zionism; and at the annual Zionist Congress this redoubtable Moses from the Press-club rekindles the prophetic fire which shone on the face of the Deliverer. His original manifesto proposed to found the Jewish state in Western Asia or South America. Since then he has selected Palestine, as being the ancient home of the Jews, and possessing a glamour to attract the ignorant victims of continental hate. His notion apparently is that the Sultan of Turkey

will sell the province to the Jews, and that the European powers will guarantee its integrity as a fifth-rate buffer state—the wildest notion, to our thinking, which an ambitious journalist has ever based on a neglect of political facts and an indifference to religious belief. For the Herzl variant of Zionism, though it successfully deludes a heterogeneous crowd of foreign enthusiasts, is an unfortunate compromise between two quite opposite ideas.

The restoration of the Jews to the land of their old independence may occur in one of two ways. It may be by the concerted act of the Governments of the countries of their dispersion, devised as a measure of self-protection against the spread of the Jews; or by the fulfilment of prophecy when the Jewish mission is complete. The first is the creed of good anti-Semites, the second of orthodox Jews. The orthodox Jew recognises a divine purpose in his exile. He is where he is for some purpose. By his mere survival and patience he is serving some divine end. He is a witness and a priest, and he may not interrupt the mission of his race to save his own poor skin. But Dr Herzl's plan makes short work of the spiritual element in the new exodus of Jewry. He would force the hand of Providence. The restoration, instead of occurring as the appointed end of the dispersion, would be interpolated in the middle of it as a means of evading its obligations. This plan, which is a travesty of Judaism, is equally futile as statecraft. There is not the least disposition on the part of the great powers of Europe to see the wealth and talent of Israel pass into the hands of the Sultan, nor yet to see the Holy Land invaded by a crowd of Jews, still less to complicate the Eastern question by planting another weak state in that troublesome ward of invalids.

Dr Herzl has traded—we know no better word—on the resources of prophecy. Zion is a magical name in the ears of the ignorant victims of Russian and Roumanian persecution; and though Dr Herzl was indifferent at first whether he led them to Argentina or to Palestine, he swiftly perceived the commercial value of keeping the name of the old firm on his prospectus. Poor Jews, who would have preferred the fleshpots of Egypt to the unknown terrors of South America, jumped at the sound of

Jerusalem. To die in Palestine is their ambition; the restoration is their waking dream; and Dr Herzl, with ingenious effrontery, represented his scheme of evading the mission of the exiles, and their duty to the lands of their dispersion, as a fulfilment of the ancient prophecy. We need not discuss the financial aspect of this matter, for the great bulk of English Jewry has rigidly kept aloof. They, at least, do not confuse 'the national idea of Israel' with a 'legally safeguarded home in Palestine.' Legal safeguards, dependent on the goodwill of a Mohammedan prince, form a miserable realisation of a national idea hugged through centuries of oppression and glowing with fervid imagination. The mission of Israel in exile is the measure of a larger hope than the cleverness of Dr Herzl has compassed.

So far, then, we have seen that the existence of the Jewish question is admitted by Jews and non-Jews alike, and that the postulate implies the phenomenon of a solidarity of Jewish interests, which may be described with Mr White as 'aloofness,' but which is practically satisfied by a dualism in the life of every responsible Jew. He takes his part in the business and pleasure of the land to which he belongs. But he takes a part likewise in the lot of his co-religionists all over the world. He has a double set of duties; and we cannot but conceive that he acquires a double range of sensibilities to which he equally responds. The proof of this practical religion—for it amounts to nothing less—may be read between the lines of the 'Jewish Year Book.' Thus, in the list of Jewish charities printed there, we find a conjoint committee of the Russo-Jewish Committee and the Jewish Board of Guardians, of which the object is 'to promote the general welfare of Russian Jews who are the victims of religious persecution in their own country'; and, again, in the list of representative institutions, we find an Anglo-Jewish Association, founded in 1871, and directed by the leaders of the community, the objects of which are defined as '(a) the protection of persecuted Jews; (b) the education of Jewish children in Eastern countries.' Moreover, the Committee of Deputies of the British Jews, which dates from 1760, co-operates with the Anglo-Jewish Association 'in any action in which the intervention of the Foreign Office may be desirable'; and it was engaged in

1899, among other important matters, with the supervision of the Morocco Relief Fund, and the issue of a report on alien immigration. At least at three points, accordingly, the claims of Jewry beyond the seas have an open road to the sympathy of the Jews in this country.

We have seen also that four separate solutions have been proposed for the Jewish problem, with the one feature in common that they mend the Jews of Europe by ending them. A policy of international suppression has been worked out in both camps. Mr Baron would convert the Jews, Mr Russell would absorb them, Mr White would exclude them, and Dr Herzl would lead them out. We believe that each of these four solutions is wrong. They err by their common neglect of the basis of the Jewish question in Jewish ethics and history. Character is ethics modified by history; and no racial or national policy can succeed which works without reference to character. The modern Jew may turn away with a smile from an adversary like Mr Arnold White, who apprehends that the presence of Jews in England will stifle the national life 'by the substitution of material aims for those which, however faultily, have formed the unselfish and imperial objects of the Englishmen who have made the empire.' The British Empire was made many centuries too late to teach the Jews unselfishness or Imperialism. Mr White does not know his modern Jew. 'For successive generations,' he tells us, the Jews 'are tied to alien communities of their own race and faith in other lands by closer bonds than any that unite them to the country of their adoption.' The tail of this sentence has a sting which we believe to be unjust; but surely the first part contradicts Mr White's own conception of a Jew. The *cui bono* argument refutes it. What has the English Jew to gain by keeping up this imperial tie with members of his race in other lands? Or is this unselfish sense of responsibility to the claims of a common race and creed the expression of the 'material aims' which Mr White apprehends will corrupt the unselfish imperial Briton?

This year and last the Jews were fighting side by side with their British fellow-countrymen for the rights of the stranger in the Transvaal. One cannot but think that the quarrel came easier to them than to some others.

They were fulfilling, not merely an obligation of citizenship, but a religious duty as well. Rarely since Old Testament times have these duties been united so closely. In Numbers xv, 15, the Jews are told: 'One ordinance shall be both for you of the congregation, and also for the stranger that sojourneth with you, an ordinance for ever in your generations: as ye are, so shall the stranger be before the Lord. One law and one manner shall be for you, and for the stranger that sojourneth with you.' In Leviticus xxiv, 22—'Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the stranger, as for one of your own country: for I am the Lord your God'—the statute is put upon a religious foundation; while in Deuteronomy x, 19—'Love ye therefore the stranger: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt'—the precept of civil and religious equality is based on the strongest appeal to historical tradition.

The Whites and Russells, who are bewildered by the 'inner complexity' and the immense range of the Jewish question, should go back to the origin of Israel and trace his gradual descent. There they might find, to their discomfort, that the Jew who practises his faith, so far from threatening England with the polysyllabic evils of the political economist's vocabulary, is trained in the principles for which alone the empire is worth preserving; and that, rather than persuade the Jew to intermarry and apostatise, they should exert every effort to induce him by kindness—as in the past by hatred—to maintain the tenets of his religion, and to use them, after centuries of repression, for their original purposes of State. For if the Jew is an exile in the land of his birth, a stranger in the country of his allegiance, as the anti-Semites reiterate, the fault is not his, but theirs. It was Bismarck, we believe, who said, 'Every country has the Jews it deserves.' The Jew is largely what the Christian has made him. Before his God there are no strangers; and, into whatever language of political or economic science this old religious maxim be translated, it is yet a maxim which should make us pause before we persecute the Jew for practising the principles of Moses.

We have strayed sooner than we intended into the region of the ethics of Judaism, a treatise on which, by Professor Lazarus of Berlin, is before us in its American dress. Mr Arnold White assures us that the quality



which he terms 'aloofness' 'is at the root of everything to which the nations of Christendom can legitimately object'; and he bases that quality of the Jews on a combination of 'the pride of race, the teachings of the Talmud, and the consciousness of consecration to the mission with which they have been entrusted.' Oddly enough, he goes on to say that 'to this class of Jew belongs the highly educated and anglicised Hebrew, who has practically relinquished his faith'—as though Talmudic lore and missionary zeal could operate in the mind of an apostate. But taking the critic's legitimate objection in the form in which he defines it, and assuming that Mr White, who is an industrious reader of Blue-books, is entitled to speak on this occasion with some knowledge of the nations of Christendom, we shall have no difficulty in showing that his argument is rooted in ignorance, and grafted on an historical fallacy.

We fail to find this 'aloofness' in the origins of Israel; and, if the quality is acquired, it is worth while to ask why and when. Judaism, ancient and modern, is a system with the seeds of universalism. This is the first point to note. The system is kept up through the Pentateuch, the Prophets, and the Talmud with unremitting force. We have quoted part of the evidence for the civil and religious equality of the stranger in the Mosaic code. There was no 'aloofness' in that conception. Not even privileges of blood were efficacious against the golden rule: 'And if a stranger shall sojourn among you, and will keep the pass-over unto the Lord; according to the ordinance of the passover, and according to the manner thereof, so shall he do: ye shall have one ordinance, both for the stranger, and for him that was born in the land.' Thus the author of the Book of Numbers, to which we have referred above. The idolatrous and immoral practices of the neighbours of the Jews dictated a foreign policy of the protectionist type; but, as Renan remarks, the idea of the Jewish religion 'is universal to the last degree'; and Professor Lazarus acutely adds, 'Israel had to be particularistic in order to formulate and hold up the universal ideal.'

Even in his joys he shared alike. 'Thou shalt rejoice,' says the author of Deuteronomy, 'in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given unto thee... thou, and

the Levite, and the stranger that is among you.' In the reconstruction of the fallen fortunes of Israel in the prophetic writings, this idea was more strongly insisted on. Jeremiah was ordained 'a prophet unto the nations'; and the new covenant was built, not merely on a national basis, but in the inward parts and in the heart, thus founding the ethical sanction on the common nature of man. God's house, said the second Isaiah, addressing the sons of the stranger, 'shall be called an house of prayer for all people'; and the non-Jew was not to say, 'The Lord hath utterly separated me from his people.' For 'from one new moon to another, and from one sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord.' Passages like these were taken up by the Rabbis of the Talmud to prove that a man's ideal worth, according to Jewish ethics, is independent of race or creed; that Israel's election is not confined to inheritors of Hebrew blood; that 'religious observances, the Temple, the sacrificial service, are not indispensable conditions. . . . Moral purity and a loving heart are the only requirements.' As Professor Lazarus quotes from the 'Megillah,' 'Whoever rejects idolatry is called Yehudi' [i.e. Jew]. 'In moral questions,' says another passage, 'the Jew and the non-Jew stand under the same law.' And if, to revert to the Prophets, a single example be asked of the application of the universal rule, take Ezekiel's scheme for the distribution of land in the future Jewish State, which reflects a condition of civilisation unique in ancient history:—

'And it shall come to pass, that ye shall divide it by lot for an inheritance unto you, and to the strangers that sojourn among you, which shall beget children among you: and they shall be unto you as born in the country among the children of Israel; they shall have inheritance with you among the tribes of Israel. And it shall come to pass, that in what tribe the stranger sojourneth, there shall ye give him his inheritance, saith the Lord God.' (Ezekiel xlvii, 22, 23.)

The Jews, we must remember, were in the majority, and might have imposed restrictions on property which even modern standards might conceivably condone. But the Jewish codes, as Döllinger notes, 'were more favourable to strangers than those of any other people.' Professor Lazarus adds, 'Whenever the law makes provision for

the poor'—and the Jewish poor law, from Moses to the London Board of Guardians, is supreme of its kind—'it includes the stranger.'

So much in this place, though the theme might well be amplified, on the allegation of Jewish 'aloofness'—an allegation which betrays complete ignorance of the elementary principles of Judaism. But Israel, the lawgiver to ideal commonwealths, ceased at an early age to be a polity; and we pass at this point to the historical aspect of the race, and to the development of its character and the modification of its ideals under the stress of exile and persecution. The Jews were never in doubt as to their abstract duty towards the land that entertained them. Allegiance might prove difficult in practice, but Jeremiah had clearly provided for the contingency of dispersion; and his precepts have a binding force.

'Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, unto all that are carried away captives, whom I have caused to be carried away from Jerusalem unto Babylon; build ye houses, and dwell in them; and plant gardens, and eat the fruit of them; take ye wives, and beget sons and daughters; and take wives for your sons, and give your daughters to husbands, that they may bear sons and daughters; that ye may be increased there, and not diminished. And seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captives, and pray unto the Lord for it: for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace.' (Jeremiah xxix, 4-7.)

In other words, Israel in exile was to identify himself with the country where he made his home and founded his family; and he might well have expected that his own humane attitude towards strangers would be reflected on himself as a stranger. The teachers of national hospitality, though debarred by destiny from its exercise, might hope to enjoy its reciprocal benefit. We bring no reproach against 'the nations of Christendom' for whom Mr White claims the merit of a legitimate objection to the 'aloofness' of the Jews; but surely the fault of Israel is to be condoned, if disillusion and disappointment have sharpened his self-protecting faculties, and engendered those traits of obsequiousness, self-seeking, and want of patriotism which are now laid to his charge as natural, not acquired characteristics. The habits may have become a

second nature ; but Israel recovers so quickly under kindly treatment that one should hesitate to say that his nature is permanently warped.

In all the passive virtues, at least, and in some of the active, he has passed triumphantly through the fire. He has learnt a thousand times over the hard lesson of Meribah. He has turned with an increased sense of zest to the duties of family life, irradiated in all its parts, even to the scouring of a dish, with the light of personal service. Music has been for the Jew a peculiar comfort and resource, and in the practice of the art he stands second to none. Often, too, he has been 'cradled into poetry by wrong'; for up and down the pages of Jewish history the names occur of singers who, like Heine, a Jewish prince of minstrelsy, have turned their suffering to song. The Talmud is a great work, an unplumbed sea of many treasures; but its contents by no means exhaust, as seems to be popularly supposed, the contribution of Israel to literature. Above the crowd of poets and poetasters who made the literary glory of Spain rises the name of Jehudah Halevi, of whom Graetz has justly said: 'If ever Spain could be brought to lay aside its prejudices, and to desist from estimating its great men of history by the standard of the Church, Jehudah Halevi would occupy a place of honour in its Pantheon.' Lady Magnus, in her 'Jewish Portraits,' quotes the poetic canon of Alcharisi, the critic and commentator of the circle, which included metrical perfection, classic purity, an elevating subject, and added infinite patience to the gift of genius, and says that Jehudah Halevi, in the judgment of 'even his contemporaries,' fulfilled all these conditions.

Hebrew is the mother-tongue of Israel, and its use is perhaps responsible for the neglect of Jewish men of letters, though many of them have written in the languages of the countries where they happened to reside. Mrs Henry Lucas, Miss Nina Davis, and the late Amy Levy, are among recent writers of Jewish race who have enriched English literature with poetry of no slight merit. And it would be hard, in modern patriotic song, to find genuine patriotism and poetic feeling better combined than in the verses entitled 'The Jewish Soldier,' which Mrs Lucas published in the dark time two years ago:—

'Mother England, Mother England, 'mid the thousands  
 Far beyond the sea to-day,  
 Doing battle for thy honour, for thy glory,  
 Is there place for us, a little band of brothers?  
 England, say!

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou hast given us home and freedom, Mother England,  
 Thou hast let us live again,  
 Free and fearless, 'midst thy free and fearless children,  
 Sharing with them, as one people, grief and gladness,  
 Joy and pain.

Now we Jews, we English Jews, O Mother England,  
 Ask another boon of thee:  
 Let us share with them the danger and the glory;  
 Where thy best and bravest lead, there let us follow,  
 O'er the sea!

For the Jew has heart and hand, O Mother England,  
 And they both are thine to-day—  
 Thine for life and thine for death, yea, thine for ever!  
 Wilt thou take them as we give them, freely, gladly?  
 England, say!

But the language difficulty is supreme in another branch of literature—racy, vernacular, and peculiarly Jewish—which has sprung up like a flower in the walls of modern European ghettos. Wit and melancholy, self-ridicule and self-pity, and withal the unconscious universal element of poetry which the 'sweet singer' bequeathed to his race—all these are found in the pages of 'The History of Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century,' compiled by Professor Leo Wiener, of Harvard, himself a type of Hebrew elasticity, having risen from hawking oranges in the streets to holding a chair at the university. Here is a unique testimonial to the resources of Israel in exile. Here are the undesirable aliens of the Bill which economic alarmists are anxious to force on the Government, composing literary monuments in a language entirely their own, a speech-mixture or jargon which no one knows how to spell. We can only give one example from Professor Wiener's 'chrestomathy'—some stanzas from 'The Rejoicing of the Law,' which show that the liquid voices which Ezra first trained for his choirs are

still raised in praise and prayer to the God of Zion and the wilderness :—

‘Zweitausend Jahr, a Kleinigkeit zu sagen!  
Zweitausend Jahr gemattert, geschlagen!  
Sieben un’ siebezig finstere Dore  
Gestoppt mit Zores, gefüllt mit Gseeres!  
As ich wollt’ nehmen derzaehlen jede Gseere,  
Wollt’ heunt nit gewe’n Ssimchas-Tore;  
Nor das darf ich gar nit, es is sehr gut  
Bei Jedem eingeschrieben in sein March, in sein Blut.  
Mir haben All’s ausgehalten, All’s aweggegeben,  
Unser Geld, unser Kowed, unser Gesund, un’ Leben,  
Wie a Mal Chane ihre Kinder, die sieben—  
Far die heilige Tore, auf Parmet geschrieben.

Un’ itzt? Is’ schon besser? Last män uns zufrieden?  
Hat män schon a Mal derkennt, as mir Jtiden  
Senen küch Menschen aso wie die Andern?  
Wellen mir nit mehr in der Welt arumwandern?  
Wet män sich auf uns mehr nit beklagen?  
Das weiss ich nit, das känn ich euch nit sagen,  
Eins weiss ich, es lebt noch der alter Gott oben,  
Die alte Tore unten, un’ der alter Gläuben;  
Drum sorgt nit un’ hofft auf Gott dem lieben  
Un’ auf die heilige Tore, auf Parmet geschrieben.’ \*

It is the tragedy of Israel that the inhospitality of the nations has been accounted to him for a sin, and that he

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\* Dr Wiener’s prose version of the stanzas runs as follows :—

‘Two thousand years, no small matter that! Two thousand years of torture and vexation! Seventy-seven gloomy generations surfeited with sorrows, filled with misfortunes! Were I to begin to tell all the persecutions, we should not have the Rejoicing of the Law to-day; but I need not do that, it is too well written in each man’s marrow, in his blood. We have suffered all, given away all—our money, our honour, our health, our lives, as Hannah once her seven children—for the holy Law written upon parchment.

‘And now? Is it better? Do they leave us in peace? Have they come to recognise that we Jews are also men like all others? Shall we no longer wander about in the world? Will they no longer complain of us? That I do not know, that I cannot tell you. Thus much I know; there still lives the old God above, the old Law below, and the old faith; therefore do not worry, and hope in the kind Lord and in the holy Law written upon parchment.’

Except for the occasional pure or corrupt Hebraisms (Dores, Gseere, Ssimchas-Tore), the language in these verses, it will be seen, is quite as near to the German of Hanover or Berlin as is the dialect of Silesia, for example, as reproduced by Gerhart Hauptmann in his plays.

who knows the heart of a stranger should be charged with the crime of exclusiveness. Liberty, equality, fraternity—this cry is the breath of Jewish life. The ghetto walls were built round them, and the Jews pushed them down; painfully, slowly, mulcted of a blood-sacrifice at every stage of their labours, the Jews destroyed, brick by brick, the ghetto which their Christian hosts had built round them. This is the historical fact; and is it strange if the Jews should find it hard to forgive the attitude of anti-Semites, who speak as if the ghettos had been raised by Jewish hands and pulled down by the force of Christian principles? Here, at least in our opinion, is the whole miserable fallacy on which the fabric of anti-Semitism is erected. The Jews are charged with 'aloofness' and exclusiveness, with forming a state within a state, when it is they who teach the doctrines of liberty and hospitality to the followers of Christ and His disciples. Take their story in England, for example. The English are Christians living in a free country; but neither the Christian nor the liberal idea availed to remove the religious disability which oppressed our Jewish fellow-countrymen through a third of Queen Victoria's reign. If we enjoy to-day the high blessing of religious equality, if the 'Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur' has become an accepted principle of British public life, if England alone almost among the nations has held up the standard of liberty during the last forty years, it is partly to the Jews that she owes it, to men like Moses Montefiore, David Salomons, and Lionel Rothschild, who, at considerable personal sacrifice, and not for personal aggrandisement, thrust the standard of liberty into the reluctant hands of British Conservatives, and inspired them with the all-embracing ideal of civic rights for which they are fighting in South Africa.

This is the historical view, and it contains a deep lesson for the future. Russia, Roumania, and other countries are far more backward in their appreciation of the blessings of liberty than England was twoscore years ago; and to the student of history it is clear that what the Jews did for England then, they have still to do for other countries now. To the Jews themselves, we imagine, this obligation is a religious trust; it is a part of the divinely appointed mission which they are fulfilling in exile; for non-Jews, who miss the religious sanction, the political

and historical sense must take its place. A policy of retreat from that duty—the policy of Dr Herzl and the neo-Zionists—is a policy of cowardice and despair. This seems to us, on the evidence of the facts, the reply of history to Zionism. When the religious motive is superadded, we can conceive no more complete reply to prophets of Dr Herzl's type, who counsel a surrender to illiberalism; 'for they prophesy falsely unto you in My name; I have not sent them, saith the Lord.' If ever the purpose of history was written in letters that shine, it is written in the debt of England to the Jews, and in the obligation it entails on Jewish residents towards the land of their adoption.

We have tried faithfully to render the ideas of the most spiritually-minded Jews as to the meaning of their dispersion, and the mission they are set to fulfil before the arrival of the Messiah. At the same time we have tried to show how the harsh experience of Israel in exile has affected his natural character; and how, despite the ghettos and gabelines from which he has won release, he has yet enriched the world with morality and art. As to the attitude of the public mind towards this alien population in our midst, there is a striking discrepancy of evidence. Let us first hear Mr. Russell.

'The point which gives its chief novelty and interest to the experiment [of 'anglicising' the 'alien immigrants'] is the complete absence of anti-Semitic feeling. This is one of the most striking features of the question as it presents itself in Whitechapel; it is considerably truer of the British workman than even of the richer classes. In the higher levels of society there is still, no doubt, a certain amount of racial prejudice. . . . But in the East-End there is hardly a trace of this; against the Jew as a Jew there seems to be no sort of hostile feeling. The English Jew . . . is surprisingly popular. And such hostility as does exist towards the foreign element is neither racial nor religious in character.'\*

Now what is Mr White's view?

'The peculiar characteristics usually associated with the Hebrew community are not religious, but racial. . . . Of the Jewish aristocrat I do not speak in this book. The advan-

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\* C. Russell, 'The Jew in London,' pp. 41, 42.



tages reaped by England from the Hebrew aristocracy, not only material but intellectual and artistic, require no comment. They are notorious. It is the presence of this class which has done most to prevent the outbreak of anti-Semitism in England, to allay impatience and postpone action to restrict the ever-increasing horde of undesirable foreigners who are pouring into this country.\* And elsewhere Mr White adds: 'I should not be surprised to watch unpopularity ripen into jealousy, and even hate, among the common people.'

Here, then, plainly we have two divergent views, one of which assures us that the popularity of the Jew in Whitechapel prevents anti-Semitism in Mayfair, while the other maintains that the popularity of the Jew in Mayfair prevents anti-Semitism in Whitechapel. We may perhaps omit any further consideration of these mutually destructive opinions, and turn to statistics bearing on the question of immigration and its results.

Mr White speaks of 'an ever-increasing horde of undesirable foreigners pouring into this country.' It must certainly be allowed that the numbers are large. The figures supplied by Mr Greenberg, in an appendix to the 'Jewish Year Book,' show that the 'horde' in 1900 reached a grand total of 12,857,† and that its increase over the horde of 1899 was 793. But the report of the Board of Trade concludes that, 'in spite of the large influx of aliens in 1900, only London, and to a less extent Manchester, have experienced any notable increase in the numbers of the resident destitute alien class.' With regard to their subsequent history, Mr Russell tells us that 'the transformation effected by an English training is astonishing in its completeness. All the children who pass through an elementary school may be said to grow up into "English Jews"; and the reader who wishes to see this transformation in practice should pay a visit one day to, say, the Gravel Lane Board-school. No better corrective could be applied to the symptoms of incipient anti-Semitism.

Next, as to the Jews in general. We may be told that the presence of a Jewish community in England is not yet acutely dangerous because of the smallness of its

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\* Arnold White, 'The Modern Jew,' pp. 4, 5.

† These figures are arrived at by deducting the emigrant foreigners from the immigrant.

numbers. But, as a matter of fact, the proportion of Jews to non-Jews is larger in the United Kingdom than in France, where anti-Semitism, despite its German origin, has recently assumed its most virulent shape and form. The figures, which we borrow from the 'Jewish Year Book,' are as follows :—

Country.	Jewish Population.	Total Population.	Percentage.
Great Britain . . . .	160,000	41,454,573	0·39
France . . . . .	80,000	38,595,430	0·21

In other words, with a total population of about forty millions in each instance, there are twice as many British Jews as French Jews; and yet anyone who followed the extraordinary course of the Dreyfus affair in France would have thought, without this evidence, that the Jews in the Republic were considerably in excess of their Romanist vilifiers. Even in smaller spheres the facts contradict the impressions. There is more talk of anti-Semitism in London than in Manchester; but to every hundred citizens of Manchester there are 4·04 Jews, to every hundred of Londoners there are only 2·12 Jews. In Holland, again, the proportion of Jews to non-Jews is as high as 1·99 per cent., nearly ten times as high as in France, and far higher than the percentages of Germany (1·09) and of the United States (1·39) respectively, where anti-Semitism, as an economic or social force, has to be taken into account. Yet the Dutch Jews are completely free from any experience of that kind.

These comparative statistics, dull reading though they may be, are extremely significant of the hollowness of the anti-Semitic movement. Mr Arnold White begs the people of this country to take warning by the example of the French.

'Humanity,' he says, 'does not change its spirit in a day, a week, or a century; and we English have no right, therefore, to anticipate that when the Jews arrive at the position in Great Britain which they occupy in France to-day, the conduct of the bulk of them will be more humane, enlightened or unselfish towards us than it has been towards the French.'

The oracle is a trifle cryptic; and we fail to see why the

position occupied by the Jews in France to-day should be one towards which British Jews aspire. There are twice as many Jews in England as in France; and, if they are afflicting France with rods, they should be afflicting England with scorpions. But is it so? or is it the fact that the charge of inhumanity, want of enlightenment, and selfishness recoils on the nation which, with the smaller Jewish community, has yet set an example of Jew-baiting unparalleled in modern history? We give Mr White his Captain Dreyfus, whom he is pleased to patronise as 'a hero and a man,' adding 'one more to the long line of Jewish worthies whose annals adorn the history of the race.' The Dreyfus episode is not necessary to turn the point of Mr White's warning. The different aspects of the Jewish problem in England and in France are not due to a difference in the Jews—the evidence of numbers proves it—but to a difference in the non-Jews; and there we may leave the matter.

We referred just now to the birthplace of anti-Semitism, and the German author of its being. It may be instructive to read a fresh account of the movement from the pen of a German writer, a Christian, and a university professor, who may be presumed to speak without Jewish predilection. Dr Theobald Ziegler, of Strassburg University, in his history of 'The Intellectual and Social Development of the Nineteenth Century' (a volume of over seven hundred pages in Schlenther's 'Germany in the Nineteenth Century' series), shows that the Jews were made the scapegoat of the financial crash which succeeded the 'boom' of 1871. The disastrous effects of that crash are becoming more apparent every day; but, when the 'plungers' were hurt, they conveniently forgot that it was Eduard Lasker, a Jew, who was the first to protest in the Prussian Diet, in 1873, against the dance round the golden calf. That Jews took part in the riot of speculation and the excesses of the Press no one would attempt to deny; but the weight and virulence of the attack upon them is not to be accounted for by this fact. There was first the need of a scapegoat; there was next the German revival, inevitable after a great war, of which Treitschke made himself the mouthpiece, and which was equally concerned to expel foreign blood and foreign words. This national revival was associated with a religious movement,

which worked downwards from a circle of Court ladies, fascinated by Stöcker's eloquence, and which, though Stöcker is unfrocked and disgraced, operates to-day so far that no ladies' committee of any charitable institution can hope for imperial patronage if the name of a Jewess is on the list. Thus everything was ready for the national party of Christian Socialists, who found in the prejudice and superstition of rural Germany, and in the envy of impoverished nobles in the cities, a receptive soil for the seeds of Jew-hatred pure and simple. And so Professor Ziegler can write, with a rare sense of historical justice :—

'The Jewish usurer's rod has been bound by Christians themselves [who excluded the Jews for several centuries from every business except finance]. . . . It can hardly be gainsaid that the Jews are liable to blame at many points, and have often given real cause for hate and contempt by malpractices on the Stock Exchange, by money-lending in rural districts, by the effrontery of Jewish journalists, and by their clique-like push and activity in professional and academic life. We are completely justified in resisting these tendencies. But the anti-Semitic movement . . . still remains for us Germans a great and a unique reproach. It contradicts the tolerant basis of our nature, it is impatient and chauvinistic, immoderate and unjust. Nor can a purpose be discerned in it. A petition to the Reichstag to revoke the political equality of the Jews would have to be rejected, as it is at variance with our constitutional principles; and if Dühring's proposal for the "dejudaisation" of the country be attentively considered, it will be seen how impracticable it is, and how his suggested exceptional treatment of the Jews is opposed to our whole modern conception of the State, and of the position of the individual in it. Our State to-day is neither exclusively Christian nor exclusively German; it comprises Poles, Danes, and Frenchmen, and it is absurd to pretend that a few hundred thousand Jews will choke it. The idea that ill-treatment will induce the Jews to quit Germany of their own accord, and the consequent movement of the Zionists towards a national Jewish State in Palestine, is wholly utopian and anachronistic, and it merely interrupts the process of assimilation already begun with success. Nothing, then, remains but hate and envy, which are the corner-stones of no political party—hardly even of a students' club.'

With this temperate criticism we may fitly bring to a close our examination of the Jewish problem, and of the

various solutions that are proposed for it. We reject the solutions, severally and collectively, because no one of them, in our opinion, is based on an adequate study of the nature of the Jews, and of the restitution due from Christendom to Israel for centuries of bondage and oppression.

On the other hand, it cannot be concealed that the material tends to encroach on the spiritual in Israel, as elsewhere—not merely the materialism of prosperity, but the grosser symbols of a faith which is losing its religious sanction. Signs of this are discoverable in provincial congregations, where the minister of religion and instructor of the young is too often compelled to officiate as the local authority for the execution of the dietary laws, and in other less exalted capacities. Jewish youth, growing up amid Western ideas, revolts from this religion of ‘pots and pans,’ and misses the spiritual meaning which consecrates the symbolism. Their elders abandon with reluctance the forms for which their fathers suffered; they dread the consequent alienation of their less advanced brethren in faith; and they fail to find, in the desiccated forms of public worship which remain, an adequate compensation for the warmth and light, and the sense of intimate familiarity, which made Judaism a household creed. The spiritual regeneration of Israel, for which their most advanced thinkers are constantly labouring, is a matter of extreme difficulty, because the new and the old are at war, and because Jewish piety and Western decorum set such different standards of worship. Sixty years ago a body of Jews in London attempted to reconcile the two by founding the Reform Congregation of British Jews. The feeling in the orthodox Hebrew community against these secessionists was very bitter for some years; Sir Moses Montefiore, for instance, continued to regard them as apostates till nearly the end of his long life. That feeling has died out; and a Reform Congregation in Manchester is now affiliated to the London synagogue, both differing *toto cælo* from reformers on the Continent and in the United States, with their Sunday services, their abandonment of Hebrew, and their exaggerated deference to the superficial customs of their non-Jewish neighbours. The Reform movement, perhaps, has not been wholly a success; at all events, it is still open to amendment with a

view to harmonising both ideals. It is enough to note these tendencies, and it is not our place to indicate to the leaders of the Jewish community in England the precise nature of the further changes necessary in order to give more complete expression to the spiritual elements in Judaism. Few would deny that they are liable to be too heavily overlaid with *minutiæ* of observance, beautiful, indeed, in their symbolical sense, but tending sometimes, in this short life of many duties, to be performed as substitutes instead of as symbols.

This partial failure of Judaism, in its appeal through symbols of worship to the hunger of the religious soul, makes the Jews especially liable to the temptations of materialism on the side of conduct. 'The Vertue of *Prosperitie* is Temperance,' says Bacon; 'the Vertue of *Adversitie* is Fortitude—which in Morals is the more Heroicall Vertue. *Prosperitie* is the Blessing of the Old Testament; *Adversitie* is the Blessing of the New.' The Jews, before enjoying the blessing of the Old Testament, had long been trained in the virtue of the New. By natural instinct and ethical code they are the people of prosperity; their temperament is indomitably cheerful, their public worship is a familiar joy; and not all the schooling of adversity, in which they have exhibited such remarkable fortitude, has alienated their blessing. No experience, no example, no suffering, will make ascetics of the Jews; it is their nature to give more gladly than to give up, to spend more eagerly than to spare. Yet, holding the blessing, they should cultivate the virtue; they should aim at temperance in their prosperity. Whatever may be the case in other countries, in England at least, we feel convinced, if non-Jews and Jews are to continue to work together for the land they love, Israel must win respect, not alone for his history and his character, but for his present faith and ideals. Dowered with a nature richly capable of pleasure and enjoyment, and practising a religion deficient, or undeveloped on the actively spiritual side, prosperous Israel tends to become self-indulgent and self-assertive, fond of display, and material in sentiment. This is a fault against which it behoves English Jews, in the days of their prosperity, to be on their guard.

#### Art. IV.—THE EVOLUTION OF MUSIC.

1. *The Oxford History of Music.* By H. E. Wooldridge. Vol. I.—The Polyphonic Period. Part 1.—Method of Musical Art, 330–1330. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901.
2. *The Evolution of the Art of Music.* By C. Hubert H. Parry. Second edition. London: Kegan Paul, 1897.

It is curious to observe how long it takes for improved methods to be adopted from one branch of intellectual activity into another. Within the memories of many who are not very old, the teaching of general history proceeded on very familiar lines; the end of a reign meant the end of a chapter; and those whose unwilling steps were urged along the old path knew that to-morrow's lesson would assuredly begin with the accession of the next king. These methods of learning history are probably to be found only in a few school-rooms in the present day; even the ordinary board-school child, we may suppose, no longer thinks of the deaths of successive monarchs as marking the close of successive periods. Green's 'little book,' as he called it, has probably done more than anything else to rout the old methods, and to make the world in general familiar with the idea that the scientific way of studying history is to trace the growth and decay of movements, intellectual or political, of constitutional changes or reforms, rather than the lives and careers of kings and queens. But it has taken long to get the modern historical method applied to the arts, although in one and all of them historians have recognised the advantage of grouping together individual poets, painters, or musicians of the same artistic convictions, as members of one school. In the case of music the adoption of the newer principles has taken longer than in any other art. Hawkins, indeed, arranges his material on a plan a little more like the modern system than that adopted by Burney, but both alike are perpetually stopping the course of their narrative in order to give exhaustive biographies of the most prominent composers or performers.

In one way, it is true, writers on music were not so far behind critics of the other arts; for the modern craze for altering what the critics of painting call 'attributions' may be held to have begun, in respect of musical works,

long before the days of Morelli. The desire to take from the men of established supremacy some of the honours that mankind has conferred on them must be inherent in humanity; and even the Shakespeare-Bacon absurdity is perhaps only to be regarded as the American version of a tendency that is almost universal in the present day. In music it seems to have begun in the times when a close analysis of 'Israel in Egypt' and other Handelian works made it certain that a great deal of music universally accepted as Handel's was not originally his at all. The case of Handel, who, so far as can be ascertained, deliberately passed off other men's work as his own, is not quite on a level with the strangely numerous compositions which were accepted in the middle of the nineteenth century as specimens of the work of various eminent men who certainly never heard of them. The vogue of 'Stradella's "Pietà, Signore,"' of Pergolese's "Tre giorni son che Nina,"' of Schubert's "Addio," and Weber's "Last Waltz," is quite enough to show that the public had at that time a special love for what was spurious. These compositions would have been just as good as they are if their real authors' names had been known, but they would not have been as famous; and it is characteristic of the taste of the period that a great number of persons of average intelligence knew the composers' names mainly, if not exclusively, by the spurious works, not by those of undoubted authenticity. The work of detecting such spurious music as has been mentioned occupied the minds of writers on music long before the rise of the school of art-criticism which is profanely said to find employment in detaching all the labels from the pictures in any given collection, in thoroughly shuffling them, and in dealing them out afresh over the gallery.

For the application of the newer historical methods to music, amateurs and students have had to wait until quite recently. Even now, when research has left little or nothing to be discovered, when musicians in all countries have reached a higher level of general intellectual attainment than ever before, the newer methods have not been accepted in all countries. To take two examples in the same branch of musical literature—Dr Oskar Bie's masterly 'History of the Pianoforte,' while tracing the development of technique from the earliest to the latest times, has



many points at which the course of the narrative stops in order to remind or inform the reader, not merely that Bach, Beethoven, or Liszt, was born and died in such and such years, but that they did such and such things apart from the pianoforte; and Signor L. A. Villanis, in an admirably arranged treatise, 'L'Arte del Clavicembalo,' groups each period of his history around some single prominent name. In the dearth of good standard works on music in the Italian language, we may forgive Signor Villanis for telling us once more the well-known anecdotes of the childhood of Bach and Handel; but we cannot help wishing that the description of the latticed bookcase from which Bach drew the roll of music, or that of Handel's pursuit of his father's carriage on the way to Weissenfels, could be finally despatched to the limbo in which an appropriate place of repose has been found for King Alfred's cakes, or the surfeit of lampreys which figured so largely in childhood's imagination.

Such stories as these are not repeated, and of everything that would interrupt or obscure the clear course of the argument there is a minimum, in Sir Hubert Parry's 'Art of Music,' or, as it is more fitly called in the later editions, 'The Evolution of the Art of Music.' There is hardly even a date from beginning to end; yet this is never felt as a drawback, so vivid and eloquent is the story of how music developed, and so keen is the insight into the true meaning of the various tendencies with which the book deals. Compared with the ordinary handbooks of musical history, this work may be said to be written from the inside, while the others, accurate and thorough as they may be in matters of fact, never seem to penetrate below the surface. It is no doubt desirable for musicians to know that Beethoven wrote so many symphonies and so many sonatas; but even if this fact had not been told us a thousand times before, how can its value compare with such a sentence as this?

'Beethoven had a great gift for extemporisation; and there are many subtle devices in his work that look as if he had tested the power of his audiences to follow his points by actual observation. Like Scarlatti, he often seems to play upon his audience, and to follow the processes that will be going on in their minds; and so well to forecast the very things that

they will expect to happen, that he can make sure of having the pleasure of puzzling them by doing something else.'

Here is one of the subtlest pieces of artistic analysis in existence, and one which could hardly have been made by any but a great creative musician, one who understood with fullest sympathy the mental processes involved in the highest kind of composition. The whole book is full of pregnant sayings like this, which at first may provoke opposition in the ordinary reader, but which cannot fail to stimulate every intelligent person who comes across them. In the intensely suggestive introductory chapter called 'Preliminaries,' for example, the writer briefly says,

'In music, form and design are most obviously necessary, because the very source and reason of existence of the art is so obscure'—

an utterance of which the aptness grows on the reader the more closely it is considered. After this introductory chapter, Sir Hubert goes on to trace the origins of music from the point at which it can be called music at all. Many, if not most, writers on the history of music have felt bound to begin, as it were, before the beginning; to engage in fruitless discussions as to the artistic status of prehistoric nations, or to darken counsel concerning the achievements of the ancient Greeks. There exists the first portion of a book which set out to be a complete history of the art; but its author got so befogged in the mists of antiquity that he left his task undone. 'The Art of Music' comprises a complete history of music, but does not stay longer than necessary over personal or other details; and the vexed question of Greek music is admirably summed up in a passage ending with the words:

'It still seems possible that a large portion of what has passed into the domain of "well-authenticated fact" is complete misapprehension, as Greek scholars have not time for a thorough study of music up to the standard required to judge securely of the matters in question, and musicians, as a rule, are not extremely intimate with Greek.'

This sentence occurs in an interesting and valuable chapter on 'Scales,' in which the scales of various nationalities are

lucidly analysed. The succeeding sections on 'Folk-Music' and 'Incipient Harmony' give us some insight into the early, half-conscious efforts of the music-makers; and the curiously complete revolution, which divided the perfection of the polyphonic school at the end of the sixteenth century from the tentative beginnings of the monodic period, is reasoned out in a way which carries complete conviction that so, and not otherwise, must the men of the time have faced the problems that lay before them. The comparison between Bach and Handel, in the chapter called 'Combination of Old Methods and New Principles,' is as striking as anything in the book; and that between Haydn and Mozart, in the chapter entitled 'The Middle Stages of "Sonata" Form,' is scarcely inferior to it. In another place the effect of sonorous choral music is described in words which are not only eloquent in themselves, but describe unconsciously the work of one man only among modern living composers—of Sir Hubert Parry himself.

'The perfection of a great master's management lies in his power to adjust the distribution of his successive climaxes of sonority and complexity proportionately to the receptive capacities of human creatures, beginning from different points, and rising successively to different degrees of richness and fullness.' (The immediate application of the words is to fugal writing, but they hold good in a more general sense.) 'Bach at his best manipulates all his resources so well that even his quietest moments have some principle of interest which keeps the mind engaged, and his final climax of sound and complicated polyphony comes like the utmost possible exultation, taking complete possession of the beings who hear with the understanding as well as the senses, and raising them out of themselves into a genuine rapture.'

To Sir Hubert's words on Beethoven reference has already been made; and the chapter dealing mainly with him, called 'The Balance of Expression and Design,' comes perhaps nearer than any other written words to giving an explanation of the supreme position of Beethoven over all the masters of music. In 'Modern Tendencies' we have a survey of the later men down to Brahms; and the chapter excels in rapidity and thoroughness. With certain chapters on opera, old and new, we reach ground that may be called debatable. Sir Hubert Parry has a whole-

some detestation of the average opera-goer in all ages, and his position is wittily, and hardly too severely, put in the words :

‘The problem to be solved in fitting intelligible music to intelligible drama is one of the most complicated and delicate ever undertaken by man ; and the solution is made all the more difficult through the fact that the kind of public who frequent operas do not in the least care to have it solved. Operatic audiences have always had the lowest standard of taste of any section of human beings calling themselves musical. They generally have a gross appetite for anything, so long as it is not intrinsically good.’

He is a whole-hearted Wagnerian, and with opera of a less advanced kind he has little or no sympathy. Even Mozart’s masterpieces are chiefly remarkable in his eyes, it would appear, because of the comic scenes in ‘Figaro’ and ‘Don Giovanni.’ He gives almost too little credit to that master for his power of exciting horror by simple means, as in the final scene of the latter opera, or of calling up the peace and solemnity which are the ideal of the religious life, as is done in many a passage of ‘Die Zauberflöte.’ Even if Bellini and Rossini deserve all that he says of them, are there not things in ‘Les Huguenots,’ in ‘Le Prophète,’ and in ‘L’Africaine’ that hardly warrant the wholesale condemnation of Meyerbeer? Of the later developments of opera, since Wagner, such as the crowning achievements of the career of Verdi, Sir Hubert Parry has nothing to say ; and it is clear that his admirers must give up all hopes of ever witnessing an opera of his composition. Opera is undeniably a compromise ; and it is unlikely that men who, like Brahms or Parry, cannot make compromises, could write operas at all, while, if they did attempt composition for the stage, it is doubtful if it would rank with their best achievements.

Sir Hubert is fond of assigning the characteristics of various composers, not to individual influences, but to the broadly typical character of the nation to which they belong. For him, no German could be trivial, no Frenchman earnest, no Italian reticent ; he does not explain such phenomena as the flimsiness of Flotow or Von Suppé, the gravity of Lalande in the old days and of Widor in the new, or the almost excessive self-restraint of Boito.

In the final sentence of his 'Summary and Conclusion,' Sir Hubert touches upon a political tenet that may have been suspected in several passages before, namely, that a democracy can do no wrong; there is a singular footnote which contains a statement requiring rather more substantiation than it gets:—

'It is perhaps worth while to remark in passing that the element of the chorus has always thriven best in societies and branches of society with very strong democratic energies; while music of the soloists is the delight of the courtly, fashionable, and plutocratic branches of society.'

Not for its politics, but for the nobility of artistic conviction that it expresses, may the final sentence of the book be quoted:—

'If the art is worthy of the dignity of human devotion, it is worth considering a little seriously, without depreciating in the least the lighter pleasures to which it may minister. If it is to be a mere toy and trifle, it would be better to have no more to do with it. But what the spirit of man has laboured at for so many centuries cannot only be a mere plaything. The marvellous concentration of faculties towards the achievement of such ends as actually exist must of itself be enough to give the product human interest. Moreover, though a man's life may not be prolonged, it may be widened and deepened by what he puts into it; and any possibility of bringing people into touch with those highest moments in art in which great ideals were realised, in music in which noble aspirations and noble sentiments were successfully embodied, is a chance of enriching human experience in the noblest manner; and the humanising influences which democracy may hereafter have at its disposal may thereby be infinitely enlarged.'

It is possibly a result of this democratic leaning on the author's part that his masterly treatise should have appealed strongly to the Americans, and borne its most important fruit hitherto on the other side of the Atlantic. A whole series of monographs on music has been issued there, and republished in England, obtaining remarkable success. Krehbiel's 'How to Listen to Music,' Henderson's 'What is Good Music,' and 'How Music Developed,' and others of the series, appeal in the first instance to the large class who want to know more about music, but who

are deterred by finding in musical literature terms which they do not at once understand. In all special departments of literature, whether in science or the other arts, some special terms have to be learnt; but in musical literature alone it seems impossible to induce the average reader to devote to the task the few minutes which are required to master it. Hence the vogue of books which hardly use a technical term from beginning to end. It may be said in general that the American monographs are the legitimate descendants of Parry's book; in some few cases their authors acknowledge their indebtedness; but, unless the Englishman had led the way, it seems doubtful if the Americans would have found the path for themselves.

It is one of the most attractive announcements in the prospectus of the new Oxford History of Music that Sir Hubert Parry is to write one of the six volumes to which the work is to be for the present confined. The Oxford professor of music is officially the proper person to contribute to such a book; and we may be sure that the clear vigour of his style, the keenness of his insight, and the importance of his point of view as a creative artist, will be as conspicuous when he comes to deal with the revolution in the seventeenth century, and the course of the monodic movement from Josquin to Purcell, as it is in the treatise just referred to. Another university professor undertakes the earliest period of music, which is to be contained in two volumes. The first of these, the only section of the work as yet before the public, deals with the beginnings of polyphony, down to the point at which the methods of discant gave place to those of counterpoint properly so called. Professor H. E. Wooldridge has chosen for his starting-point the earliest dawn of polyphony, leaving all the mysteries of prehistoric music untouched. Such vexed questions as the famous

'How many notes a sackbut has,  
And whether shawms have strings,'

have no interest for him—possibly because they are held to have proceeded from the sister university of Cambridge.

It is clearly wise to start the history of music from the date when the possibility of associating one voice

with another in notes not absolutely identical began to be appreciated—in fact, from the point when music, as we understand it, began. It has often been maintained that the plain-song melodies, secular and sacred, represent but one side of the origin of art, and that the element of rhythm was entirely wanting in them; and that this element of rhythm, though familiar to all savage nations, was not united to the melodic element until a comparatively late day. In regard to the plain-song melodies, Professor Wooldridge makes it clear that their rhythm was governed by the metrical accents of the words to which they were adapted; and it is a main part of his argument that rhythm was an essential part of music from almost the earliest times.

A very large proportion of his thick volume is taken up with extensive illustrations, many of them translated into modern notation, from a certain choir-book once belonging to the library of Notre Dame of Paris, and now in the Laurentian library at Florence. The book, a manuscript of the thirteenth century, has been identified by Dr Wilhelm Meyer, a Göttingen professor, as one of a series of six books mentioned as in the Notre Dame library by the anonymous author of a treatise, '*De Mensuris et Discantu*,' now in the British Museum. The identification is important, not merely as establishing the date of the manuscript, but as showing that the music represents the work that was being done at one of the greatest centres of musical activity just at a time when there is least direct evidence to be procured. The value of the discovery may be judged from the fact that Professor Wooldridge has considered it worth while to give no fewer than eighteen specimens from it in his chapter on '*Discant or Measured Music*,' a chapter that occupies 287 pages out of a total of 388. Such a breach of the ordinary rules of proportion—this hypertrophied chapter is one of six—finds its excuse in the great value of the discovery in establishing the correct method of translating the old music.

Every one who has attempted the fascinating task of deciphering music, even so late as the early sixteenth century, knows how difficult it is to piece the different parts together. Music presented to the eye in any sort of '*score*' was entirely unknown in the Middle Ages;

even if the parts appear on the same page, instead of in various books, there is no indication of the points at which they synchronise ; and a good deal of freedom has generally to be taken in order to restore the music to a form in which it can be presented to the ear. The central difficulty in the early examples is in regard to the *canto fermo*, usually the tenor, which is often in long notes, above which the other part or parts range in notes that are often incapable of being fitted in, on the assumption that the notes of the *canto fermo* are of equal length. From the examples in the old treatises, and from a comparison of the writings of the old theorists, the Oxford historian has come to the conclusion that the movement of the plain-song was governed by that of the other parts, and that the tenor-singers knew, by what may be called rule of thumb, when one note of their part was to be relinquished for another. This theory is applied to all the examples in the book with such excellent results that one cannot but feel this to be the right clue to the problems of early music.

So important a discovery as this justifies the large space devoted to its exposition ; but a good many readers will be inclined to wonder why this chapter, with its examples, was not issued as an independent treatise, so that the course of the historical narrative might not suffer so great an interruption. One can hardly help suspecting, too, that the space devoted to this chapter has been gained at the expense of the earlier divisions. These are, one and all, of great interest and value to the musical student who has already mastered the terminology and some of the rudiments of the subject ; but there are many terms which even well-read musicians will find strange, and it is a pity that these have not been explained in more detail. In this respect the volume is a disappointing contrast to Sir Hubert Parry's 'Art of Music,' where everything is plain to the average man ; the composition of the Greek modes, for instance, is far clearer in the earlier than in the later book.

In regard to these modes, the author, as well as Mr W. H. Hadow in his editorial preface, wages war against the use of the word 'Gregorian' as a denomination of the ecclesiastical scales. There is good reason to suppose that the rearrangement of the scales was not due to Gregory ;



but a term which has been sanctified by use through so many centuries might surely have been retained. It is a still more serious matter that the author has practically ignored the ecclesiastical, and no doubt erroneous, way of naming the individual modes. The most casual reader of musical history knows that the Greek names, such as Dorian, Æolian, Phrygian, and Lydian, were applied in Greek times to the modes in one order, and afterwards became affixed, permanently as it seemed, to other scales. Thus the name Dorian, at first applied to the scale whose final was E, was afterwards bestowed on that with D as its final; what was anciently called the Hypolydian mode was later named the Lydian, and so on. Professor Wooldridge gives a table of the Græco-Roman and ecclesiastical names side by side, but the latter are not those which later musicians have been accustomed to use; and if his non-acceptance of the widely known designation of the scales is to be universally adopted, it is obvious that we shall be obliged to re-name such things as Bach's 'Dorian' fugue, or the movement in one of Beethoven's posthumous quartets, labelled 'in modo lidico.'

A careful examination of the old treatises has enabled Professor Wooldridge to explain with commendable clearness and detail the gradual processes by which the old writers won for musical art the beauties of concordant sound which seem almost self-evident to modern ears. Down to about the middle of the eleventh century, the restrictions imposed upon the joining of two parts or voices were extraordinarily close. In the strict *organum* or *diaphony*, only concordant intervals were permitted, such as the octave, fifth, and fourth; and, though the freer kind admitted sounds which had formerly been prohibited as discordant, yet in regard to the direction in which the parts might move there were curious regulations imposed on the musician, who was confined to parallel or oblique motion as a rule, contrary motion being only permitted in exceptional cases. Parallel motion, it may be desirable to explain, is when the parts rise or fall together, oblique motion is when one part moves while the other remains on the same note, while in contrary motion an ascent in one part is accompanied by a descent in the other.

In the 'New Organum,' as expounded in the 'Musica'

of Johannes Cotto, written about the year 1100, contrary motion was encouraged, and frequent crossing of the parts is a characteristic feature of the system. Down to this date the instances in which one voice sings several notes against one note in the other are of the rarest occurrence; but, with the advent of discant, there came in the custom of writing what must have seemed florid ornamental passages upon each note of the plain-song; and measure became henceforth an indispensable part of music, so much so that '*Cantus mensurabilis*' is an alternative name for the art. In this stage it is strange to see how long it took to arrive at anything like a strongly marked rhythm; even the beautiful and, to our ears, obvious lilt of '*Sumer is icumen in*' seems to occur in hardly any other composition of equal antiquity. The real relations between the larges, longs, and breves, which were the predecessors of our modern note-denominations, are exceedingly complicated; and the diagram by which Professor Wooldridge tries to make it clearer is itself sadly in need of explanation. There is no doubt, however, that the author is absolutely correct in his translations into modern notes; and we may be sure, almost for the first time in the history of the art, that his versions of the various beautiful compositions which he gives as examples represent exactly what their writers meant. In regard to his translations, it is to be regretted that he did not think it worth while to explain such a point as his use of a double G clef for the tenor part, to be read an octave below what is written; and that he has reduced the value of the notes in his examples to one fourth without further remark than occurs in a footnote, which a careless reader might easily overlook. The footnotes are by no means to be skipped; in one of them, for instance, are all the details that are to be found concerning Franco of Cologne.

It is a little disappointing to our national vanity to find that Professor Wooldridge feels bound to withhold acceptance from Dr Riemann's theory, based upon the oft-quoted words of Giraldus de Barri concerning English singing, that it was the English musicians who first introduced the practice of singing in thirds and sixths; but he is quite right in saying that the evidence on the subject is so very slight that—

'we must as yet hold it at least doubtful whether our country can really lay claim to any special share in the introduction of thirds and sixths among the musical concords.'

One of the best and most useful things in the book is the clear classification of the various forms of composition in use in the early times. The authorities on old music have discoursed learnedly about the 'rondel,' the 'hoquet,' and the 'conductus,' but without making it plain to their readers—if indeed they knew themselves—wherein the difference lay. There are three classes named by Professor Wooldridge, according to the arrangement of their words. In the first, all the parts have the same words; and instances of the form are the *organum communiter sumptum*, the *cantilena*, and the rondel or *rota*. In the second, each part has its own special words, and the example given is the motet. In the third, some of the parts are without words, and examples are the hoquet or *ochetus*, the *conductus*, and the *organum purum vel proprie sumptum*.

The famous English piece, 'Sumer is icumen in,' has therefore, according to this, no strict right to be called a *rota*, as all the parts have not the same words, or rather the two bass parts, making up the 'pes,' only reiterate the words 'Sing cuccu'; but as each of its parts has not words of its own it cannot be called a motet, even in this earlier sense of a word that afterwards denoted an altogether different artistic product. The *organum purum*, the oldest of these forms seems generally to have consisted of fairly florid ornamentation, sung, without words, above the long holding-notes of the tenor plain-song; and the name was only given to compositions in two parts. The *organum triplum* or *quadruplum* signified music in three or four parts, but written on the same principles, above the long notes of the tenor; while the *conductus* is defined as 'essentially a composition of equally free and flowing melodies in all the parts, in which the words are metrical and given to the lower voice only.' The new translation of 'Sumer is icumen in,' and the examples of motets taken from a famous manuscript at Montpellier, with which the volume ends, are extremely interesting; and in the latter specimens it is particularly instructive to notice how the three parts were made to go together, each with its own set of words.

A grave defect in the volume before us is the absence of an index; it may be hoped that this will be remedied in the second volume of Professor Wooldridge's part of the work, and each of the later volumes might most conveniently be indexed separately.

It is perhaps inevitable that the first section of a history of music should seem a little dry to the general reader; and that some of the explanations should fall short of perfect lucidity is only what frequently happens when a writer is so completely master of his subject that he forgets the ignorance of the average person. Notwithstanding these shortcomings, the volume is a most valuable contribution to the literature of music; and there is good reason to hope that the standard of exhaustive knowledge set in it will be maintained in the later volumes. With regard to these, the editorial preface gives such admirable promises, and states the case of the newer historical method so pointedly and concisely, that we cannot do better than quote the beginning of it:—

'The histories of music in current use have, for the most part, adopted a method which is frankly and ostensibly biographical. Their spirit has been largely that of the Saga, or the Epic, rousing our admiration for the achievements of princes and heroes, but leaving us uninformed, and indeed unconcerned, as to the general government of the kingdom or the general fortunes of the host. Such a method has no doubt obvious advantages. . . . But it is liable to two attendant dangers: first, that of ignoring the work done by lesser men; second, that of placing genius itself in a false perspective. The history of an art, like the history of a nation, is something more than a record of personal prowess and renown. Tendencies arise from small beginnings; they gather strength imperceptibly as they proceed; they develop, almost by natural growth, to important issues; and the great artist has commonly inherited a wealth of past tradition and effort which it is at once his glory and his privilege to administer.

'More especially is this true of music, which, among all the arts, has exhibited the most continuous evolution. . . . Even those changes which appear the most violent in character—the Florentine revolution, the rise of the Viennese school, the new paths of the Romantic movement—may all be rightly considered as parts of one comprehensive scheme; sometimes readjusting a balance that had fallen askew, sometimes recalling a form of expression that had been temporarily

forgotten or neglected, never wholly breaking the design, or striving at the impossible task of pure innovation. To trace the outlines of this scheme is the main object of the present work . . . a complementary treatise which shall deal with the art rather than the artist; which shall follow its progress through the interchanges of success and failure, of aspiration and attainment; which shall endeavour to illustrate from its peculiar conditions the truth of Emerson's profound saying that "the greatest genius is the most indebted man."

We need not be in doubt that the work so heralded will be something a good deal more than a 'complementary treatise,' and that it will rank for many years as the standard history of music. In the plan of the volumes it has been arranged that the last, Mr Dannreuther's, on the Romantic movement, shall close at the middle of the nineteenth century, for, as Mr Hadow says,

'With Brahms and Wagner, with Tchaikovsky and Dvorák and Richard Strauss, we are still liable to the faults of a hasty or ill-considered criticism, and must leave to a future generation the task of assigning them their place and explaining the tendencies through which alone they can be interpreted.'

This reticence is a fault on the right side; but we may perhaps point out that the five names quoted are scarcely on a level in regard to public opinion. The greatest artistic dispute of the nineteenth century, that which raged over the Wagner question, has surely been set at rest now; here and there, no doubt, there survive a few persons who may be called deliberately, and in the full sense, anti-Wagnerian; but with all cultivated musicians, the position of Wagner is universally acknowledged as one of great eminence if not of that absolute supremacy which some of the older Wagnerians would claim. With Brahms, too, we in England, who have long had the opportunity of knowing that master's complete works, might surely be thought to have formed opinions which could not be called hasty or ill-considered. Perhaps the editor will reconsider his decision, and enlarge his scheme so as, at least, to include these two great names, certainly the greatest, after Beethoven's, in the musical history of the nineteenth century.

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## Art. V.—THE GAELIC REVIVAL IN LITERATURE.

1. *A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue.* Edited by Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston. London: Smith, Elder, 1900.
2. *A Literary History of Ireland.* By Douglas Hyde, LL.D. London: Fisher Unwin, 1899.
3. *Love Songs of Connacht.* Collected, edited, and translated by Douglas Hyde. Dublin: Gill and Son, 1895.
4. *Samhain.* Edited for the Irish Literary Theatre by W. B. Yeats. Dublin: Sealy, 1901.
5. *Poems.* By W. B. Yeats. London: Fisher Unwin, 1901.
6. *Homeward Songs by the Way and The Earth Breath.* By A. E. London: John Lane.
7. *Songs of the Glens of Antrim.* By Moira O'Neill. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1900.
8. *Hurriah and Grania.* By Emily Lawless. Blackwood, 1886; Smith, Elder, 1892.
9. *The Lost Pibroch and Gilian the Dreamer.* By Neil Munro. Blackwood, 1896; Isbister, 1899.
10. *The Sin-eater and The Washer of the Ford.* By Fiona Macleod. Edinburgh: Geddes and Colleagues, 1895, 1896. And other works.

THE stream of modern English literature is a big water; but ever since Macpherson produced his work—which, whether good or bad, genuine or spurious, affected the mind of Europe, colouring even Napoleon's bulletins—English literature has shown a perceptibly Celtic tinge. The Celt has afforded a subject to many writers: Celtic imagination and Celtic thought have appeared as contributory forces in many books. Even Tennyson, English as Shakespeare, in his most popular poems worked on a Celtic basis; but it is fair to say that the Arthurian legends, as they left his hand, were made into something entirely British, in the modern acceptation of that word. There remains in it little enough that is distinctively Celtic, and no element that is distinctively Welsh. Nor, it may be said at once, has Wales, as Wales, contributed appreciably to English literature. Mr Meredith, by common consent head of those who write in English to-day, is Celt and Welshman, but he is the Celt become cosmopolitan. A

Celt may recognise the Celt in him ; the Englishman may feel, and probably does feel, in his work an element that is bewildering and alien. But he has no place in the movement of which it is our business to write, for that movement is in its essence a vehement reaction against cosmopolitanism, a protest against the confounding of differences. And the most resolute form of that protest is to be found in the national life of Wales.

For reasons not easily disentangled, the Celts in Wales have remained aloof, unchallenged and unchallenging. They have sufficed for themselves. Their men of genius have been content to work for the smaller and more responsive audience ; and the result has justified them. In Scotland the Celtic speech and tradition are slowly perishing, and with them the people, their repositories. In Ireland ten years ago the same might have been asserted with even greater assurance. But in Wales the Celtic race and Celtic speech are to-day more prosperous, more strongly rooted in the soil than they were a century ago ; and an hour spent over Mr Edmund Jones's translations from 'Welsh Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century' will show why Wales has contributed little to English literature, and to the Celtic revival. The Welsh poets have produced their work for their own use, not for export ; and it would seem that they have produced chiefly in lyrical verse, which is of all literary forms the most difficult to transfer into another tongue. In the most characteristic and popular form of modern creative work, prose fiction, the Welsh, we are told, have done little or nothing ; and, with the exception of Mr Watts Dunton's 'Aylwin,' we cannot recall a book in which any considerable novelist has based his work on Welsh life.

In Scotland and Ireland the case was very different. From the first years of the century in which the novel began to dominate all other forms of literature, novelists turned eagerly for subjects to the Scottish and Irish Gael. But in how different a spirit they regarded those two kindred peoples, may be readily seen by a comparison of Scott's work with those stories of Miss Edgeworth's to which he owed the suggestion for 'Waverley.' When Miss Edgeworth wrote, she had all about her an Ireland still Irish-speaking, but in which the old order and tradition were shattered ; an Ireland lying as if in paralysis,

vegetant rather than alive. She wrote of the Celtic Irish with that keen and not unkindly insight that a good mistress possesses into the virtues and foibles of her servants. Once or twice, as, for instance, in 'Ormond,' she endeavoured to portray some survival of the old Celtic nobility; and King Corny is perhaps as well represented as he could have been by one who knew nothing of the history, language, and literature of his race. Miss Edgeworth was probably as good a patriot as many of the men who opposed the Union, or in any other way defended the cause of Ireland against England; but the Ireland of which she thought and for which they laboured was a community with interests dating back at furthest to the plantation of Ulster. For all that gave significance and value to the history of the Irish Celt, for all his heritage from the past, she and they cared nothing.

Miss Edgeworth was an Irishwoman, not a Celt; and Scott was a Scotsman, not a Celt; but what a difference between the two cases! The Scotland to which Scott belonged had a separate history, closing with the day when it gave a king to England. The Scots which his characters spoke, and which affected deeply his own style, was a dialect that had been used for literature as long as the kindred form across the Border; and a Scottish monarch had been among Chaucer's followers. The great nobles of Scotland were chiefs of the Highland clans, and they cherished the Gaelic in a sentimental affection along with the pipes and the tartans. Scott's ideal auditor, Lady Louisa Stuart or the chief of his own clan, did not need to be told how much poetry was held in the Highland tradition. If Scott was not a Celt, at least that far-reaching sense of the past, that tenderness for lost causes, which are the Celt's, were Scott's also. And so the Celt, who came from Miss Edgeworth's pencil a droll, disorderly, affectionate, pathetic creature, was painted by Scott in the spirit of romantic tragedy; for the conception that obtains in life obtains also in literature. The Gael in Scotland was always and everywhere a decorative accessory, encouraged in his pride of race by leaders and representatives, who, if they lost the tongue, at least kept the tartan. In Ireland he was by turns the rebel and the serf, his tongue despised, his history ignored or condemned. And yet it is to Ireland that we must trace



the revival of the distinctively Celtic spirit, of the Celtic mind, not as a theme, but as a contributory force.

For Scott himself, and still more those who imitated him, looked at the Celtic life from the outside. It is evident enough that, in 'Waverley,' Scott relied rather on the obviously romantic material afforded to his pen by the last struggle of the clans than on that intimate knowledge which he possessed of Lowland character. Admirable as are many strokes here and elsewhere in his delineation of the Highlander, Bailie Nicol Jarvie and the old Baron are creatures more fully created, more affluent in the sap of life, than all the Evans and Donalds, to say nothing of the Ferguses and Floras. Scott guesses at the Celts; he invents them to the best of his wonderful ability; the others spring up in his brain by some process of natural generation, fed from his own sources. All his sympathy, all his insight, do not prevent him from writing of the pure Celt as a foreigner, seen and known only in his collision with the familiar Lowland types, studied with a continual suggestion of contrast, and for the benefit of an alien audience. The importance of Irish literature in the history of the movement is that in Ireland Celtic subjects were first treated in English for a public presumed to be, at least, in racial and historic sympathy, a public of Celts.

It was not so from the beginning. Moore, a genuine Celt, was the first to reproduce in English song something of the true Celtic poetry, the complex and varied structure of Celtic verse. The fact that he was the first, rather than the value of his achievement, accounts for the enthusiasm with which Irishmen accepted him as the national poet—a mistake that has led to misconception ever since. For Moore's productions were essentially light and shallow; compositions arranged for the temperature of London drawing-rooms; perhaps as good as things of their kind can be, but of a kind inevitably tainted with insincerity. Yet Celtic they were, and at a time when the distinctively Celtic spirit was at its lowest ebb. The recognised champions of Ireland, from Swift to Grattan, had been men divorced entirely from the Celtic tradition. O'Connell himself, the very voice of the Irish Celt, fluent in Irish as in English, wished that the language were extinct, and was strangely ignorant of all

that lay in the past of his race. Men of genius who arose among the peasants, the Banims and Carleton, wrote with no sense of anything but the lamentable and inglorious present of their people. Carleton, indeed, as disreputable a personality as ever dishonoured a great gift, sold his religion for cash down, and began his literary career in the columns of a proselytising paper with caricatures of his own folk, till success enabled him to change to a more congenial partisanship.

But in Carleton's pages and those of the Banims (men of less talent but infinitely more honourable record) there is preserved a picture of the Celtic Irish peasantry (or rather of the blended race that included in parts no little strain of Cromwellian blood) as vivid as need be wished for; but a picture, for all that, inadequate as literature. These men, in writing English, handled a tool of whose delicacies they knew nothing; they worked in a literary form strange to their inherited culture; and they wrote always with an eye on the wrong audience, the audience that needed explanations and justifications by the way. They were Celts; the Celt was their subject; but the reader whom they thought of was an English tourist; and this false attitude of mind threw their work, so to say, out of focus. Nevertheless, for a presentment of the Irish Celt as he was before the famine came, sweeping away in swathes the speakers of the old tongue, and convincing those who remained that 'God Almighty was turned Englishman,' Carleton and the Banims are the writers we must look to.

Miss Edgeworth has had her successors, some of them notable, from Lever to the clever ladies whose infinitely diverting 'Recollections of an Irish R.M.' have increased the gaiety of nations. All this literature is thoroughly Irish, stamped with the character of the class from which its writers come—that of the landowners and professional men; and no characteristic of that class is more universal than a deep ignorance and indifference respecting the history of the country in which they reside—or do not reside. They, too, look back at a glorious past; but the date of that past is somewhere in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. From Celtic history and Celtic tradition they are entirely divorced; and no wonder, since probably even the head of the O'Briens or

the head of the Geraldines has scarcely more imaginative sympathy with the older story of Ireland than the descendant of Cromwell's general or James's investing baronet.

The melancholy thing about this literature of the peasant novelists is that, by its very existence, it shows the decay of the life which it strove to represent. The contemporaries and equals of Carleton in Wales, Islwyn and the rest, were already writing that cultured and thoughtful verse of which some image may be found in Mr Jones's excellent translations. If Carleton wrote in English, it was because the Irish had come to believe that English was the proper medium of expression for educated Irishmen. That belief was carefully fostered by Archbishop Whately and his Board of Education, with its schools where Irish boys and girls were taught the history of any country except their own, any language except that which they and their ancestors had spoken, where even the rudiments of reading, writing, and ciphering were imparted in the language of civilisation, unfamiliar and even unknown to the learners, with the result that illiteracy became widespread in a people whose respect for book-learning is to this day positively pathetic. With the Irish tongue were bound to go all the old stories, the old songs, and even the old dances; the ban of civilisation was on them. And the intellectual and spiritual life of the Irish Celts, cut off from its past, withered as would a plant severed from the root. Neither Carleton nor the Banims realised the mischief that was in progress; they had the peasant's limited intellectual outlook; but their abler contemporaries realised the truth, and from the Young Ireland party dates in reality the Gaelic revival. Not one of the Young Irishmen was a natural Irish speaker; but, nationalists in the best sense, they perceived the vital importance to a nation of continuity with the past. Their number included two poets; and rather to the Conservative official, Ferguson, than to the revolutionary Mangan, is due the allegiance of all who strive to keep living and fruitful the spiritual heritage of the Gael.

A race survives, not only in the flesh, but also in the record of its history, and still more in its moulded thoughts, its embodied dreams. Just as, to understand the peasant,

to see him as he should be seen, you must see him at work in a field with the landscape about and beyond him; so, to understand the existing individuals of a race, you must see them against the background of their past, and in the environment that age after age has created out of raw nature. The metaphor, after the fashion of metaphors, is no doubt inadequate. Take an Irishman or an Englishman; set him down upon the tilled land of another country; and he is at once possessor of all that labour has put into the ground. But you cannot take the foreigner, set him down in the middle of English literature and English thought, and say, 'This is yours: enter in, possess.' It will not be fruitful for him as for the heir of the race who made it. To each race its own heritage, which may be endlessly enriched by borrowing, as the Romans borrowed from Greece. But if men cut themselves off from their own traditions, forswearing their past, then comes on them the spiritual barrenness that made of Romanised Gaul and Spain *nutricula caesidicorum*, producing at best rhetoricians like Seneca and Lucan.

Thomas Davis, and certain among his associates, insisted on the truth that if Ireland were to be a nation it must be conscious of its past. The politicians among them had little time for research; further back than the struggle of Ireland against conquest they did not care to look. But Ferguson, scholar and poet rather than politician, went back to the primitive literature, holding that it would prove, like all primitive literatures, a quarry from which to hew the material of poetry. Mr W. B. Yeats has argued that Ferguson did a service to literature at large,

'Modern poetry grows weary of using over and over again the personages and stories and metaphors that have come to us through Greece and Rome, or from Wales and Brittany through the Middle Ages, and has found new life in the Norse and German legends. The Irish legends, in popular tradition and in old Gaelic literature, are more numerous and as beautiful, and alone among great European legends have the beauty and wonder of altogether new things. May one not say, then, without saying anything improbable, that they will have a predominant influence in the coming century, and that their influence will pass through many countries?' ('Treasury of Irish Poetry,' p. 471.)

Every one will admit that, for men of Irish or Highland stock, these legends, associating themselves with the home of the race, must have a strong charm. But a literature dealing with epic or mythological subjects depends largely for its success on finding an audience familiar, at least in outline, with the groundwork of the story; and the way of pioneers is hard to travel. Mr Yeats's own work can only be fully enjoyed by those to whom Manannan's name evokes its associations as readily as Thor's, and Deirdre's fatal beauty is as familiar as Swanhild's. There are not many readers, proportionately speaking, who have this knowledge; but, when Ferguson wrote, they were many times less numerous, and it is little to be wondered at that he found slight acceptance. Yet even if the day foretold by Mr Yeats should arrive, when the Celtic mythology is as widely familiar as the Norse has within the last half-century become, Ferguson, with all his talent, will scarcely find readers. Professor Dowden has acutely observed that he is an eighteenth-century poet born out of due time; and the spirit of the *sæculum rationalisticum* is strangely out of place among those legends. 'Conary,' the first of his poems, is a masterpiece of narration, severe and almost colourless in expression, but stamped throughout with the impress of a virile personality, breathed through with the airs of the sea. The poet adheres loyally to the traditional legend, which tells how the magical intervention of unknown powers brought punishment on the brave and wise king, who, in pursuing the welfare of his kingdom, disregarded the 'geasa,' or taboo, laid on him by tradition; but in his adherence he is plainly reluctant. With a great effort he conceives of a world where men may be so devil-driven, but he conceives it as a world of outspoken rebellion against 'this tyranny of gaysh and sidh'—of taboo and demon-people. Yet these legends were shaped by men who accepted 'geasa' and 'sidh' as part of the natural order; and it is a question whether this store of tradition can ever be rightly handled and reshaped except by writers like Mr Yeats and Fiona Macleod, to whom the marvellous is no marvel but merely the outbreak of omnipresent though unrecognised forces.

Still, there the legends are; and there is no doubt of the beauty and dramatic power of many passages in

such tales as the Fate of the Sons of Usnach, or the Wanderings of Diarmuid and Grania. It is only right in considering them to remember how much in the Greek epics, or the Norse, we automatically dismiss from our minds as in reality puerile and unworthy: what we remember is the element of imperishable interest—forms moulded with the large vigour of the world's youth; and to these later poets turn instinctively in the desire to push away drama to the distance at which action becomes symbolic, and passes from the plane of ordinary occurrence. Thus the first achievement of the Gaelic revival was to enrich the common store of poetic material by an unexhausted mythology, which must have for poets or lovers of poetry of Celtic race the same special fitness that Scandinavian myth and legend have for Ibsen and Wagner.

Ferguson's interest was merely in the epic literature of his country; and from that he transferred into English verse much of the substance but little of the spirit. Very different from his terse and measured periods was the work of his contemporary Clarence Mangan, a student also of Irish literature, but chiefly of the lyrical poetry which took shape in Ireland after the Norman invasion. It was his special achievement to reproduce in English the spirit and something of the manner which distinguish this poetry. To hear Irish verse spoken by a good reciter is a very odd experience for the ear accustomed to English poetry. Rhyme is probably an invention of the Gaelic singers, diffused throughout Europe by the Latin compositions of Celtic monks; but rhyme for the Gael is a matter of assonance, not of consonance—'room,' for example, being a rhyme to 'mood.' The Gaelic ear delights in echoes; and this assonance, helped out by alliteration, is profusely strewn through the poems, or rather distributed on elaborate and intricate systems; but the English ear is baffled continually by the imperfect recurrence of the expected sound. The rhythm, too, is by far less emphatic; you seldom hear in Gaelic verse the precise beat of syllables, dressing into their place by a hair's breadth like soldiers on parade. Replace the Gaelic rhymes by English ones, especially when the rhymes are double, and you have such a jingle of 'beaming' and 'gleaming,' 'dancing,' 'entrancing,' as Moore's followers too often perpetrated.

It is the distinction of Mangan that he reproduced in English something of the Irish character—that music of the wind which is heard throughout the Gaelic poems. Resembling Poe in many luckless traits of character, he resembled him also in a strange technical dexterity with verse. Rhyme presented no difficulty to him. In one of his finest poems, nine quatrain stanzas are composed on a single terminal, the refrain, ‘It is gone on the wind.’ Wholly different from this profusion of rhyme which marks his own compositions, is the metrical system employed by him in adapting from Irish originals. For instance, he has rendered the dirge written by Owen Ward, who followed his master the great Earl of Tyrone into exile at Rome, and there had occasion to compose the lament over princes and chieftains dead, not in victory, nor even in glorious disaster, but victims to sickness and home-longing, and buried in a strange land; and, in rendering it, Mangan is studious to deaden all resonance of the rhyme. Still more essentially characteristic, and indeed scarce to be reconciled with English idiom and the conventions of English verse, is his version of O’Hussey’s ‘Ode to the Maguire,’ the chief who is out ‘on his keeping,’ of which we transcribe some stanzas:—

‘Through some dark wood, ‘mid bones of monsters, Hugh  
now strays:

As he confronts the storm with anguished heart, but  
manly brow,

Oh! what a sword-wound to that tender heart of his  
were now

A backward glance at peaceful days!

But other thoughts are his—thoughts that can still inspire

With joy and an onward-bounding hope the bosom of  
MacNee—

Thoughts of his warriors charging like bright billows of  
the sea,

Borne on the wind’s wings, flashing fire. . . .

But though frost glaze to-night the clear dew of his eyes,

And white gauntlets glove his noble fine fair fingers  
o’er,

A warm dress is to him that lightning garb he ever  
wore,

The lightning of the soul, not skies.

Hugh marched forth to the fight—I grieved to see him so depart:

And lo! to-night he wanders frozen, rain-drenched, sad,  
betrayed:

But the memory of the lime-white mansions his hand has laid

In ashes, warms the hero's heart.'

Judged by the eye, not by the ear, this looks like prose; but read it aloud, and the mastery of metre becomes apparent, though the effect which it produces is the broken and wandering yet governed cadence of Irish verse, rather than the insistent stress of our English rhythms; even the device of alliteration, as in the second and third stanzas, being strangely subtilised.

The most casual study of the later work of this school will show how the same tendency manifests itself in whatever becomes impregnated with the Celtic spirit. Mr Yeats, a deliberate artist if ever there was one, has deliberately moved away from the accepted conceptions of stress and metre. The verses of Fiona Macleod show the same effort, as it were, to baulk the ear of what it has been trained to expect; to break the recurrence, to introduce a more plangent melody, to catch, as we have said already, something of the wind's music. And with this unexpectedness of rhythm they introduce also the sudden and violent metaphor—like Mangan's or O'Hussey's 'wounding wind that burns as fire'—and they draw their metaphor from the same sources of untamed nature. In brief, the Gaelic revival derives from Ferguson, in so far as it means a return to the primitive or mediæval monuments of Celtic imagination, and from Mangan, in so far as it means an adoption of what is transferable in the Gaelic style and technique.

Of those who, like Ferguson, handled again the themes of Celtic legend without catching much if anything of Celtic style or Celtic spirit, the most notable is Aubrey de Vere, whose recent death has snapped the one link remaining between present-day poetry and the Lake school. Yet the disciple of Wordsworth is astray among those fierce primitive emotions—he would never have known what warmed the Maguire's heart on the snow-drifted mountain; and the things of his that should survive are poems like the noble sonnet on 'Sorrow,' that any



English-speaker might have written. Dr R. D. Joyce made a blank-verse poem of Deirdre's fortunes, which helped to diffuse knowledge of the legend; and more was done in the same way by another scholar, his brother, Dr P. W. Joyce, whose 'Old Celtic Romances'—a rich quarry for Mr Yeats and others—make a very attractive volume of prose tales.

The work of these men, though inferior by far in accomplishment to that of Aubrey de Vere, yet exceeded it in value, for it rested on a knowledge of the tongue and its documents; and the same may be said of Dr Sigerson's contribution to the movement. His 'Bards of the Gael and Gall' is an anthology of nearly a hundred and fifty Irish poems, metrically translated, 'covering the ground,' says Dr Hyde, 'from the earliest unrhymed chant ascribed to the first invading Milesian, down to the peasant days of the eighteenth century.' In many cases Dr Sigerson has reproduced, not only the sense, but the metre of the original; and no man could do that without sacrificing the poetic quality of his result. But the book is of extraordinary interest to those who wish for an idea of what Irish poetry is in its substance. The same may be said of Dr Hyde's own versions of the love-songs which he has collected among the Connaught peasantry; but Dr Hyde has an importance in the history of the Gaelic revival very different from that of a purveyor of translations. A creative artist of no ordinary merit, he has chosen, like the Welsh poets, to write for his own people in their own tongue; he has also done more than any one man to bring into being an educated public, which can read what he and others may write, as well as what has in the past been written, in Gaelic. But, from the point of view of one chronicling the growth in English of a literature dealing with Celtic subjects in a Celtic spirit, Dr Hyde has principally to be considered as the author of the 'Literary History of Ireland'—a work which renders it inexcusable for any educated Irishman to be wholly ignorant of the literary traditions of his race.

In this brief review of those whose work has contributed to render accessible to English readers the Celtic tradition—rendering intelligible also the background and environment in which the Celt of Ireland should be seen—mention must be made, however perfun-

torily, of the scholars, like Mr Standish Hayes O'Grady—whose '*Silva Gadelica*' may stand beside O'Donovan's translation of the '*Annals of the Four Masters*'—and of the collectors of folk-lore, from Crofton Croker to Mr William Larminie, unhappily dead before his time. Without all this mass of work to rely on, Mr Yeats and the lesser writers who, like him, treat of Ireland's past rather than of her present, would have little to go upon, for, unlike the two representatives of the Scottish Gael, Miss Fiona Macleod and Mr Neil Munro, Mr Yeats and his fellows speak English only.

It will, perhaps, be convenient, since this review must deal principally with the larger field of modern Irish fiction and poetry, to notice here these two Scottish writers, very remarkable, if only because they present, in its extreme development, what is taken to be the Celtic spirit. About this there is, perhaps, some misconception. Dr Hyde deplores again and again the fact that the tongue survives only in poor and outlying districts; in prosperous Munster and Leinster, once the centres of Irish song and story, the language is gone, the songs and stories are heard no more; and of those that once passed from hand to hand in manuscript, there survives only a small fraction. The life that would, in the natural course, be reflected in that literature would be a way of existence very different from that of the fisherman or cottier whose hut crouches huddled in some nook between a hill and the Atlantic; the whole range of metaphor would be altered. In a word, the Gael of Scotland, as Miss Macleod and Mr Munro study him, is not a normal, but an exceptional type of his race, lingering on the confines of what was once his kingdom, and extremely limited in his interests and occupations. This may account for the heavy shadow of melancholy that hangs over the work of both these authors; it accounts certainly for the continual suggestion in both of all the voices of loneliness—the sough of the sea, the wind on the moor, the sighing of the pines, the bark of the seal, the yelp of the eagle.

All this appeals especially to the soul of the Celt, with his preference for the beauty of the untilled land; yet the lowing of the oxen and bleating of the flocks should be heard in his music. In one sense, these survivals of Celtic life are quintessentially Celtic; they are as far

removed as possible from what is essentially English. But in another sense they only convey a weak dilution of the full Celtic life and culture as it was in the days when a bard sang for opulent and lavish princes, or even of the day when hedge-schoolmasters, paid by well-to-do farmers, kept alive in the pasture-lands of Munster the Ossianic tradition. But all this does not affect the value of these contributions to English literature. Miss Macleod and Mr Munro find excellent subjects; for among these folk, whether they dwell on moor or loch, in mountain-glen or island, there lingers an ancient poetry, expressing itself through the poets of whom Miss Macleod writes, or the pipers so dear to Mr Munro. The latter, indeed, turns his eye back for the most part; he hardly comes nearer the present than the closing days of the Peninsular veterans treated in 'Gilian the Dreamer.' His imagination harks off to the Jacobite risings, and to the period of internecine war, when 'bloody knives made a march-dyke between the tartans'; though in the first, and perhaps the best, sketches in the first and perhaps the best of his books—'The Lost Pibroch' and 'Boboon's Children'—he is writing of what might be happening to-day. Here is the description of blind Paruig playing the 'Lost Tune':—

'He put his pipe up again, filled the bag at a breath, brought the booming to the drones, and then the chanter-reed cried sharp and high.

"He's on it," said Rory in Gilian's ear.

'The groundwork of the tune was a drumming on the deep notes where the sorrows lie.—"Come, come, come, my children, rain on the brae and the wind blowing."

"It is a salute," said Rory.

"It's the strange tune anyway," said Gilian: "listen to the time of yon!"

'The tune searched through Half Town and into the gloomy pinewood; it put an end to the whoop of the night-hag and rang to Ben Bhreac. Boatmen deep and far on the loch could hear it, and Half Town folks sat up to listen.

'Its story was the story that's ill to tell—something of the heart's longing and the curious chances of life. It bound up all the tales of all the clans, and made one tale of the Gaels' past. Dirk nor sword against the tartan, but the tartan against all else, and the Gaels' target fending the hill-

land and the juicy straths from the pock-pitted little black men. The winters and the summers passing fast and furious, day and night roaring in the ears, and then again the clans at variance, and warders on every pass and on every parish.

'Then the tune changed.

"Folks," said the reeds, coaxing. "Wide's the world and merry the road. Here's but the old story and the women we kissed before. Come, come to the flat-lands rich and full, where the wonderful new things happen and the women's lips are still to try!"

"To-morrow," said Gilian in his friend's ear, "to-morrow I will go jaunting to the North. It has been in my mind since Beltane."

"One might be doing worse," said Rory; "and I have the notion to try a trip with my cousin to the foreign wars."

'The blind piper put up his shoulder higher and rolled the air into the *crunluadh breabach* that comes prancing with variations. Pride stiffened him from heel to hip, and hip to head, and set his sinews like steel.' ('The Lost Pibroch,' pp. 21-3.)

That is a fine resonant piece of English, apart from its high quality of intellectual and emotional suggestion. Mr Munro's writing always has the brag or the wail of the pipes in it. But it is open to the criticism, here as always, that it lacks sobriety, that it parades an artifice. Perhaps it is only the more Celtic on that account. Early literatures are always overloaded with mannerisms; take, for example, the conventional phrases in Homer, or the verse interspersed in Icelandic sagas. But, unlike the Iceland saga-men, and unlike Herodotus, the Celts, when they told a story in prose, told it with all manner of rhetorical amplification. No literature was ever more self-conscious, and naturally, since, from the earliest recorded times, bards and historians were a distinct and privileged class, whose interest it was to make of literature a craft and a mystery. The highly-wrought passages which Miss Macleod puts into the mouth of Gaelic peasants are probably not out of place, for the pure Celt is everywhere a lover and a student of words; and in these remote western isles, whether of Ireland or Scotland, he preserves an astonishingly rich vocabulary.

Between the two kindred peoples there are numberless resemblances, but one notable difference. The religion,

which in either case is passionately cherished, and in either case holds in it many survivals of pagan belief, is in Ireland Catholic, in Scotland a gloomy Calvinism. Certain tales in the 'Washer of the Ford' spring, seemingly, from a gentler Catholic tradition; and one of the best, the 'Annir-Choille,' is thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the mediæval Church. But the most characteristic part of Miss Macleod's work is that which shows the grimness of Calvinism, adding a horror to the immemorial beliefs. Take 'The Sin-eater.' There is a man dead—Adam Blair—and he has little chance of heaven. But if a stranger should be found to eat of the bread that is laid on the lips of the corpse, taking it with warm lips off the cold ones, and of the salt that is laid on the breast, and to take on himself, with them, the sins of the corpse, the sins may be taken away. But the stranger who comes, Neil Ross, is no stranger, but one wronged by the dead man; and he takes the sins on him in the belief that he can throw them into the sea, where they will be turned to demons and harry the soul till judgment-day. He goes through the ugly business, and, facing the world, finds himself looked at askance for a scapegoat. Hours later a shepherd finds him brooding by the road, and, recognising him, tells him that 'the Sin-eater should not be a man with a hidden lump in his pack'—that is, with a criminal secret—else there will be no shaking off the sins for him. Neil Ross is angered, but the shepherd will not quarrel.

"No, no, it is rather warning you I would be."

"And for what?"

"Well, well, just because of that laugh I heard about."

"What laugh?"

"The laugh of Adam Blair that is dead."

Neil Ross stared, his eyes large and wild. He leaned a little forward. No word came from him. The look that was on his face was the question.

"Yes; it was this way. Sure, the telling of it is just as I heard it. After you ate the sins of Adam Blair, the people there brought out the coffin. When they were putting him into it, he was as stiff as a sheep dead in the snow, and just like that, too, with his eyes wide open. Well, some one saw you trampling the heather down the slope that is in front of the house, and said, 'It is the Sin-eater!' With that, Adam Blair sneered, and said, 'Ay, 'tis the scapegoat he

is!' Then, after a while, he went on: 'The Sin-eater they call him; ay, just so; and a bitter good bargain it is, too, if all's true that's thought true!' And with that he laughed, and then his wife that was behind him laughed, and then . . ."

"Well, what then?"

"Well, 'tis Himself that hears and knows if it's true! But this is the thing I was told. After that laughing there was a stillness and a dread. For all there saw that the corpse had turned its head and was looking after you as you went down the heather. Then, Neil Ross, if that be your true name, Adam Blair that was dead put up his white face against the sky, and laughed." ('The Sin-eater,' pp. 52-4.)

The end of the story is brooding madness by the shores of a wild sea; and it is noticeable how often that tragic conclusion recurs in these stories. Allowing, as one is bound to, for Miss Macleod's bent to the overstrained and the shrill note of insanity—a bent which vitiates her work—the deduction is fair that on the Celtic temperament Calvinism acts terribly. Everywhere—in Brittany, in Wales, in Scotland, in Ireland—the race is dominated by religion as perhaps no other European race, certainly none of Western Europe, can be said to be. But the Catholic faith, that lends itself so easily to a myth-making imagination, and offers many paths between the grim alternatives of acceptance or rejection, seems to blend more happily with the temperament, easily elated easily depressed, easily driven into the ecstasy of despair that is the portion of the Celt.

The writer who most readily offers an Irish parallel to Fiona Macleod is Miss Lawless; but the contrasts are more remarkable than the resemblances. Miss Lawless has written of the Celts as she knows them in a region not less remote than the scenes of Miss Macleod's work, whether in the desolation of the Burren or the still more completely insulated barrenness of Aran; and she also sees in religious preoccupations the governing factor of their lives. But religion with her people is the solace, the soothing hand, never the torture. It may rise, as with Grania's sister, Honor O'Malley, to a passionate quest of perfection, in which there must always be pain; but Honor's fears for her sister are not touched with the gloom of Calvinism.

Let us not be misled, however. Neither Miss Macleod's  
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presentment nor Miss Lawless's is likely to be complete. Among the Scottish islanders whom Miss Macleod shows us driven by all the furies of love, quick with the knife in a love-quarrel, one may be very sure that most marriages are, as Miss Lawless describes them in Ireland, matters of bargain. And, on the other hand, although Miss Lawless is true to the average type when she describes Hurrish as the good husband, perfectly content with the girl chosen for him, but ignorant of any feeling beyond this calm domestic affection; or Murdough Blake as so curiously destitute of passion that it scarcely occurs to him to kiss the beautiful girl his sweetheart, though in her—child herself of a love-match—the fires of passion are ready to blaze; yet one must remember that among this very peasantry of the West Dr Hyde has collected his stories of peasant love-songs, in which passion speaks plain enough, sometimes in the simplest words, sometimes in so fierce a conceit as 'the rose-ember of her mouth.' It must be remembered also that Miss Macleod writes as one in full sympathy with her subject, and Miss Lawless does not. Politics, which to an Irish peasant mean interest in the long-drawn-out struggle of a smouldering rebellion, are a main part of the Celt's intellectual life in Ireland; and Miss Lawless can only see its ignoble side. Of the four Irishmen seriously presented in the two books mentioned above, one is an unmitigated ruffian; two, Maurice Brady and Murdough Blake, are windy, unprofitable creatures; and the one represented favourably, Hurrish O'Brien, is a good-natured giant, as little intellectual as a man can be. He shares the political creed of his class, but shares it without conviction; and the moments in his life which recur to him in the hour of death are the moments when he was carrying his landlord's game-bag. The type exists, and is physically and morally a good type; but it is not a high type; yet it is the only one with which Miss Lawless can sympathise.

In a word, in the writings of Mr Munro and Miss Macleod you have the Celt treated from the Celt's own point of view, with full sympathy for and understanding of all his inherited traditions and instincts—let him be the fisher of the western sea or a survivor of the old *duine uasail* discharged from the wars and encumbering the ground after Peninsular days with a pride and ex-

clusiveness for which the invading modern life allows no warrant. In the work of Miss Lawless you have the Celt seen from outside by one accustomed to live beside him year in and year out, familiar with all the beauty and significance of his surroundings, with a keen intuition of the need, in that squalid poverty, for a strong imagination of heaven's promises, but without the least sympathy for his clinging memory of the past or his aspiration in the present. The restless stirring in the blood that the 'Lost Pibroch' wakens is the same call of romance that fires Murdough Blake's wordy harangues over the possibilities that the world has for a young man of parts; but Miss Lawless has no feeling for this need, that makes of the Celt always a ready wanderer. Yet she, no less than Neil Munro and Fiona Macleod, feels that intimate union between the Celt and the natural surroundings of his birthplace that makes of the wanderer one who can never settle oversea unhaunted by the homeward-drawing in his bones, and that keeps him for ever 'thinking long,' in the tender melancholy phrase of the northern Irish, which furnishes the refrain to one of Moira O'Neill's best poems.

The same subject—whether it be the homeward look across the Atlantic from Canadian plains, the song of leaving Ireland, the song of coming back, or the Irish harvester's weariness among the English hay and English wheat—recurs again and again in the little book, 'Songs of the Glens of Antrim,' which has deservedly found a readier welcome from the public than any book of minor poetry this many a year. A Celt Moira O'Neill certainly is; and in verse like this there is all the characteristic feeling of the race for open nature, and the characteristic free melody of wind and river:—

'Sure this is blessed Erin, an' this the same glen;  
The gold is on the whinbush, the wather sings again,  
The Fairy Thorn's in flower—an' what ails my heart then?  
Flower o' the May,  
Flower o' the May,  
What about the May-time, an' he far away!'

But to set down this authoress as having art or part in the Gaelic revival, or in any other self-conscious movement, would be to misconceive a talent whose great charm



lies in its spontaneity. There are resemblances in plenty between these lyrics and the Connaught love-songs gathered by Dr Hyde; but the essence of the Gaelic revival consists in resuscitating a literary tradition of highly wrought form and substance; and Moira O'Neill's work is more rightly described as Irish than as Gaelic.

A somewhat different classification is needed for Miss Barlow's admirable work in prose, and her less admirable but still interesting poems. Her subjects are the Celtic Irish as she sees them in a quarter of Ireland where poverty is universal; and what she has to record of them is the response of their nature to conditions of almost humiliating penury—the pathos and the humanity to be found in the pride, the aspirations, and the charity of the very poor. Irish in substance and in spirit, her work belongs, not to the Celtic Ireland, but to the Ireland from which Goldsmith and Miss Edgeworth had their origin.

There remain to be dealt with an embarrassing number of poets, all of whom have written, at least intermittently, what is real poetry, and each of whom has claims to be considered Celtic. Katharine Tynan (Mrs Hinkson), Nora Hopper (Mrs Chesson), and Dora Sigerson (Mrs Shorter), are the poetesses of the group; William Allingham is perhaps Irish rather than Celtic, and the same may be said of Mr Alfred Graves, who successfully maintains the tradition of Prout, Lover, and the other song-writers who succeeded to Moore. Dr Todhunter, in his 'Three Bardic Tales,' follows in the steps of Ferguson with distinction, and Mr Rolleston, one of the editors of the 'Treasury of Irish Poetry,' has written at least one piece of verse—'The Dead at Clonmacnois'—that is truly admirable and truly Celtic. A word should be said also of Mr Standish James O'Grady, who has written, in what may be called heroic prose, several short stories—'The Bog of Stars,' and others—as well as one sustained narrative, 'The Flight of the Eagle,' which give a vivid insight into the Celtic Ireland of Elizabethan times.

By far inferior to Mr O'Grady in talent is another writer, who has nevertheless become known to a public outside Ireland, Mr Edward Martyn, a dramatist closely associated with Mr Yeats in that very interesting enterprise, the Irish Literary Theatre. Mr Martyn presents the very odd phenomenon of a Celtic mind which has

nourished itself on Ibsen; and we find little that is attractive, and very little that is Celtic, in the product. Another of the men who are determined to be Celtic at all costs, and even *invita Minerva*, is the latest recruit of the school, Mr Herbert Trench, whose book of verses, called after the longest poem in it, 'Deirdre Wed,' showed him to be a man of parts. Nevertheless, this title-poem was disfigured by a contorted mannerism based, no doubt, on what Mr Trench took to be the Celtic manner. How imperfect his acquaintance with that manner must necessarily be may be inferred from the fact that his hero's name, 'Naois,' which he habitually scans as three syllables, is in reality the monosyllable heard in 'Clonmacnois.' Still, the fact that the movement attracts such a recruit is remarkable; and there are passages in Mr Trench's book where the Celtic note, or at least a note which is not English, seems natural, not forced; for instance, this beautiful verse:—

' But she, like sighing forests,  
 Stole on me—full of rest;  
 Her hair was like the sea's wave,  
 Whiteness was in her breast.  
 So does one come at night upon a wall of roses.'

Setting aside all these minor personages, we come at last to consider the work of three really notable men—the writer who signs himself 'A. E.,' Dr Douglas Hyde—or, to give him his Irish title, 'An Chraoibhin Aoibhin'—and Mr W. B. Yeats. 'A. E.' is the author of two exceedingly modest little volumes of verse, 'Homeward Songs by the Way' and 'The Earth Breath.' Both of these books express the varying moods of a mystic, accepting the pantheistic Oriental philosophy which holds that man's highest destiny is to merge the individual self in the larger consciousness of the universe. There are, indeed, moods of rejection as well as of acceptance; for in this poet's philosophy the way to the highest beauty is through pain, the loveliness of earth and sky, of flowers and mankind, being only the phantoms of illusion. And, since no poet was ever more alive to external beauty, there are poems in which the lower, more human beauty is chosen before the cold heights and the primeval stream of quiet. But the essential characteristic of them all, whatever their

tenor, is a sense of the living power that pervades and permeates the earth. For A. E. the dumb universe, *bruta tellus*, is charged with unspeakable properties, rife with voices. Sometimes we catch sight in his verse of a belief that all the pageant of past life is again enacted by shadowy forms visible to the eyes that can see.

‘ In the wet dusk, silver-sweet,  
Down the violet-scented ways,  
As I moved with quiet feet  
I was met by mighty days.

On the hedge the hanging dew  
Glassed the eve and stars and skies ;  
While I gazed a madness grew  
Into thundered battle-cries.

When the hawthorn glimmered white,  
Flashed the spear and fell the stroke,  
Ah ! what faces, pale and bright,  
Where the dazzling battle broke.’

Sometimes a less accidental, more philosophic conception is expressed, as in these brief lines entitled ‘Dust’ :—

‘ I heard them in their sadness say,  
“ The earth rebukes the thought of God :  
We are but embers wrapped in clay,  
A little nobler than the sod.”

But I have touched the lips of clay ;  
Mother, thy rudest sod to me  
Is thrilled with fire of hidden day  
And haunted by all mystery.’

In either case the conception is one essentially Celtic, for, to the Celt’s mind, earth and sea have always been quick with life, whether he puts that feeling into the shape of fairy myth, or merely is conscious of it in the drawing back again to the hills and waters that he first knew. And perhaps no Celtic poet has given to the soul of his race an expression more beautiful or more characteristic than this anonymous singer.

Such a talent as this, however, avoids rather than courts publicity, and is therefore, though not the less estimable, less of a felt force. The two men of letters who stand to-day for the Celtic revival in Ireland are Dr

Douglas Hyde and Mr W. B. Yeats, and they embody excellently its two aspects. Mr Yeats—who, if he cannot be placed, as Mr Rolleston in the ‘Treasury of Irish Poetry’ would place him, ‘first among living writers in the English language,’ is at least among the first of living poets—draws his inspiration wholly from the past, whether from the store of Celtic myth recorded in Celtic writings or from the wonderful medley of folk-story and fairy-lore still current among the people. He has gone to the heroic cycle in the ‘Wanderings of Oisín,’ the long poem which gave a name to his first published volume; he returned to it the other day in the prose tragedy of ‘Diarmuid and Grania,’ written by him in not very happy collaboration with Mr George Moore. (And yet the fact that this movement should have drawn into it a writer of so much ability as Mr Moore, trained in a school so utterly different, speaks at least for its power of attraction.) In two others of his longer works Mr Yeats has turned rather to the vague popular tradition of strange creatures of earth and air. ‘The Land of Heart’s Desire’ puts into a dramatic idyll of rare beauty the story so common in Irish folk-lore of a human bride stolen by the fairies. In ‘The Countess Cathleen’ the powers of human goodness, working under the will of God, are ranged against the greater and the lesser spirits of evil. Lastly, in his dramatic fantasy, ‘The Shadowy Waters,’ which, to our mind, contains his best and most characteristic work, Mr Yeats has invented for himself a story intelligible only to those who know a little, or more than a little, of the Celtic mythology, as Mr Swinburne’s ‘Atalanta in Calydon’ presupposes in its readers a familiarity with Greek fable and poetry.

So far, then, his Celticism is established; but it would be unreasonable to attribute wholly to his Celtic blood or Celtic models what results from a very peculiar individuality. It is easy to say that no one but an Irishman, or at least a Gael, could have written these songs and stories; but it is not so easy to put one’s finger on a passage and say, ‘No Englishman would have shaped the words so,’ except, indeed, in the rare instances when Mr Yeats chooses to be simple and catches the Connaughtman’s soft accent, as in ‘The Fiddler of Dooney,’ and a few other ballads. Yet the Celtic influence is perceptible,

as we have already noted, in the avoidance of emphatic rhythms and slurring of the stress. Sometimes, to our mind, this artifice betrays Mr Yeats into a mere chaos of syllables; but sometimes it enables him to produce the soft murmur of wind and wave that haunts his 'Lake Isle of Innisfree':

'I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,  
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements gray,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core';

or that dim and lovely fabric of sound and image which he calls 'The Cloths of Dreams':

'Had I the heaven's embroidered cloths,  
Enwrought with golden and silver light—  
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths  
Of night and light and the half light—  
I would spread the cloths under your feet.  
But I, being poor, have only my dreams:  
I have spread my dreams under your feet;  
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.'

But our present purpose is to note that if the characters of his poems tend to move more and more in dreamland, that is perhaps, in some measure, because Mr Yeats is a Celt, but more because he is himself. The tendency is marked enough. One looks in vain in his later work (omitting 'Diarmuid and Grania') for a motive so simple as that of 'Countess Cathleen.' In 'The Land of Heart's Desire' the bride leaves her hearth and the very arms of her husband for a dream of the land whither, on another May eve, the princess of Ireland followed the fairy-call,

'Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,  
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,  
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue;  
And she is still there, busied with a dance,  
Deep in the dewy shadow of a wood,  
Or where stars walk upon a mountain top.'

And, in 'The Shadowy Waters,' Forgael, leader of the ships, flies from earthly accomplishment, even of love's desire, to follow the grey birds, that are the souls of

the dead, to the streams at the world's end, and seek out the

‘Love that the gods give,  
When Ængus and his Edaine wake from sleep  
And gaze on one another through our eyes,  
And turn brief longing and deceiving hope  
And bodily tenderness to the soft fire  
That shall burn time when times have ebbed away.’

Of a surety this quest of the ideal, in all its forms, is characteristic of the Celt; it has played its part in Irish politics in the age-long dream of an Ireland glorified and regenerated that has lured men away from the problems lying at their feet. Nor is it without significance that Mr Yeats, as well as ‘A. E.,’ should be a professed mystic, justifying, on grounds of an esoteric theosophy, the old tales of faery as at least reflections of a reality. But it would be unreasonable to suppose that all Celtic literature must be strongly tinged with mysticism; and it is well to turn for a corrective to what we can find of Dr Hyde’s work, since Dr Hyde, if any man, is representative of truly Celtic Ireland. He is in touch at first hand with the literary tradition that Mr Yeats only knows through the medium of translation—though Mr Yeats catches the essence of it, as Keats caught the essence of the Greek. We may take from a fine article, contributed by Mr George Moore to the ‘Nineteenth Century,’ these two renderings of lyrics by Dr Hyde, which are free enough from all touch of mysticism, though the first has that eerie note in it, like the call of curlew or plover on a moor by night, which recurs all through the lyrics of this race.

I.—‘Cold, sharp lamentation  
In the cold bitter winds,  
Ever blowing across the sky—  
O! there was loneliness with me.

The loud sounding of the waves  
Beating against the shore,  
Their vast, rough, heavy outcry—  
O! there was loneliness with me.

The light sea-birds in the air  
Crying sharply through the harbours;  
The cries and screams of the birds  
Of my own heart—O! that was loneliness.

The voice of the winds and the tide,  
 And the long battle of the mighty war;  
 The sea, the earth, the sky, the blowing of the winds—  
 O! there was loneliness in all of them together.'

II.—'There are three fine devils eating my heart;  
 They left me my grief, without a thing:  
 Sickness wrought, and love wrought,  
 And an empty pocket, my ruin and my woe.  
 Poverty left me without a shirt,  
 Barefooted, barelegged, without any covering;  
 Sickness left me with my head weak  
 And my body miserable, an ugly thing;  
 Love left me like a coal upon the floor,  
 Like a half-burned sod that is never put out.  
 Worse than the cough, worse than the fever itself,  
 Worse than any curse at all under the sun,  
 Worse than the great poverty,  
 Is the devil that is called "love" by the people.  
 And if I were in my young youth again  
 I would not take, or give, or ask for a kiss.'

It would be absurd to institute a serious comparison between the two writers in point of merit, but the difference in temperament is made plain by two handlings of the same theme. 'The Twisting of the Rope,' a little one-act comedy by Mr Hyde (played in his original Gaelic at the Irish Literary Theatre's performance last autumn, and printed in 'Samhain' with an English version), is based on a story included in Mr Yeats's volume 'The Secret Rose.' In each case the whole interest turns on the figure of Hanrahan, ex-schoolmaster and vagrant poet, who has entered a house in Munster, and with his 'sweet subtle tongue' is beguiling his hostess's daughter. The mother will not let him be put out by force, for a poet's curse, if spoken indoors, has terrible power; but once induce him to set foot outside, and the door may be shut in his face. So he is set to twist a hayrope, and as he moves backward in the twisting, he crosses the threshold and is promptly barred out. The motive is of the slightest, but not so the work. The Hanrahan of Mr Yeats is a man who has worked magic, and raised a fairy lover, and incurred her wrath, and is therefore a man under a curse, who moves through the world like a creature in a dream. The Hanrahan of Dr Hyde's play is a creature more

solidly established on the earth ; pedantic, arrogant, overbearing, as were his mates in the eighteenth century ; easily to be persuaded, once ' he has drink taken,' that he is king of all Ireland ; a bragging Connaught rogue, vaunting his province in the teeth of the Munster men ; but, with all this, indubitably the man of genius, the inspired singer. It is not fair to quote from what is practically a literal translation ; but, highly as we rate the Hanrahan stories in Mr Yeats's book, we should rate Dr Hyde's little comedy higher ; it is a slight thing, but shows the creative imagination in its humour and its pathos, and in its achievement of a very difficult feat—to convey the sense of genius and noble thoughts residing in something very like a blackguard.

To sum up—if it be asked what is the distinctive characteristic of Gaelic literature, one must reply that no literature can be reduced to a formula ; but that as precision and limit are leading traits of the French, so the Irish are peculiarly sensible to the beauty of vagueness, of large, dim, and waving shapes. Yet this is by no means universally true. Dr Hyde, writing in Gaelic for Gaels, shows in far less exaggerated form the Celtic peculiarities than do Mr Yeats, Miss Macleod, and other writers in English ; and the same may be said of the Welsh writers whom Mr Jones translates. Moreover, even in authors so gifted as those just named, the research for strange beauties approaches at times perilously near the bizarre, and imparts a touch of insincerity, which those who use a Celtic language in writing of things Celtic seem able to avoid. But whatever differences may be detected in the works of these writers, there is always audible a note that distinguishes it from the work of other peoples. The essential point about the revival is that writers of Celtic race turn increasingly for subjects to the Celtic mythology and to the history, past or present, of their own people, addressing themselves more and more to an audience presumably Celtic in sympathy, and equipped with some knowledge of Celtic history and tradition ; and finally, in the latest development of the movement, making their appeal in the old tongue.

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# Art. VI.—MEDIEVAL LIBRARIES.

1. *The Care of Books.* An Essay on the Development of Libraries and their Fittings. By John Willis Clark, M.A., F.S.A. Cambridge: University Press, 1901.
2. *Le Cabinet des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque impériale (nationale) à Paris.* By Leopold Delisle. Three vols. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale, 1869-81.
3. *Ueber mittelalterliche Bibliotheken.* By Th. Gottlieb. Leipzig: Harrassowitz, 1890.

IT is one purpose of the present article to call attention to a most valuable and satisfactory book. Mr Clark's 'Essay' of over three hundred pages, with its wealth of illustrations, opens for us the door of a long range of stately halls, real or imagined, in which we would gladly linger. It bids us examine with the minutest care the furnishing of these rooms, and trace the development of the familiar bookshelf of to-day through a period of some two thousand years. Starting from Assyria we are led through Pergamon and Alexandria to Rome; we digress to St Isidore's library at Seville, and then return to Italy to listen to the epoch-making words of St Benedict, in which he enjoins study upon his monks, and thereby becomes, for the western world, not only the father of monasticism, but the preserver of literature. The Benedictine foundations, and those of the orders that branched off from the Benedictine, were the means of propagating the literary tradition in every part of Europe; and, when in the fulness of time the Universities inherited their position as the teachers of the West, they inherited also the monastic methods of caring for their books. These traditions, as Mr Clark strikingly shows, have left an abiding mark on the fittings of many of our older college libraries.

If we leave the classical period out of the question, it is not until the fourteenth century that we begin to hear of private libraries of any importance. They are essentially a product of the Renaissance. Many of these does Mr Clark describe for us, and still more does he show us by means of miniatures from manuscripts, frescoes, and woodcuts. But the private libraries, if more interesting artistically, are apt to be less remarkable from the literary

point of view. The volumes they contained were distinguished (if the owner was a noble or royal person) rather by beauty than by age. We have to wait for the fifteenth century before we find the enthusiasm for the oldest copies of the most ancient authors spreading to the class which was best able to gratify such tastes. That was the period of the formation of the Vatican and Florentine collections; it was the time, too, when Bessarion's great Greek library passed into the possession of the state of Venice. The history of the housing of the two first-named treasures has been the subject of detailed investigation before now. Mr Clark has utilised the work of his predecessors, and has verified and extended it, with the result that the English reader can now, for the first time, form an adequate idea of the artistic skill which has been spent at various times upon the external fittings of what are probably, when all is said, the two most notable libraries of the western world.

It is curious to note how seldom any medieval artist has tried to show us the aspect of the interior of a large library. Mr Clark, whose researches have been indefatigable and far-reaching in this department, has only succeeded in finding two or three such pictures; while, on the other hand, the rooms of private students and professional scribes are shown in almost every Book of Hours which contains (as few do not) pictures of the Evangelists. More curious still is it to see how late in the history of libraries men realised that the most simple and economical way of housing books was to clothe the walls of a room with book-cases instead of making the cases project into the room at right angles to the walls. It is true that the book-presses of the classical period were wall-cupboards; but in the libraries of the later Middle Ages presses were almost universally discarded in favour of lecterns or stalls; and, if Mr Clark is right, as we believe him to be, the wall-case is first found in full use in the library of the Escorial.

The fullest discussion of these subjects and of many more will be found in Mr Clark's volume. Taking it as our starting-point, let us try to fulfil the second purpose of this article. We wish to show the investigation of bygone libraries in a somewhat different aspect, and to outline some of the provinces upon which future

researches, it is to be hoped, will throw light. Mr Clark has devoted himself, with a success it would be difficult to exaggerate, to the elucidation of the externals of book-preserving. He has made copious use of the catalogues of monastic and other libraries, but only in so far as they serve to show the way in which the book-cases (of whatever form) were arranged. Upon the question of the contents of the libraries in old times, and of their subsequent destinies, he has naturally been precluded from entering. Now this important and fascinating region of research has been by no means neglected by others. Monsieur Delisle's great work on the collections of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and Gottlieb's invaluable *résumé* of data concerning medieval libraries, take unquestionable precedence in a long list of monographs and articles which in recent years have dealt with the origin and vicissitudes of libraries, and with the sources of our knowledge of their contents. One expects to be told that in this, as in all other matters, England is disgracefully in arrear; but in this particular case we think the reproach would be ill-founded. The investigations which Edwards made forty years ago contain excellent material. Botfield's edition of the old Durham catalogues, Joseph Hunter's pamphlet on monastic libraries, Hearne's reprint of the catalogue of Glastonbury, and Gunton's edition of the larger catalogue of Peterborough, are all creditable—some more than creditable—performances. In recent years the ancient libraries of Somersetshire, and those of Bury St Edmunds, Reading, and Syon, have all received special treatment at the hands of Miss Bateson, Dr M. R. James and others; and more work of the kind is preparing. In spite of all this, the area as yet untouched is enormous, both abroad and at home. Writing with some special knowledge of the state of the case, so far as English libraries are concerned, we should like to try to define some of the gaps in our knowledge which can and should be filled, to specify some of the methods which the researcher must adopt, and to instance some of the results which he may attain. In what we have to say we shall confine our survey to England and Scotland, and shall draw mainly upon the results of personal observation.

We need, in the first place, readily accessible texts of the catalogues of all our medieval libraries. There are a

very fair number in existence ; Gottlieb enumerates some twenty-five of considerable compass ; and to these it is now possible to add seven or eight more. Canterbury, Durham, Peterborough, Rochester, Ramsey, Dover, Leicester, Oxford, and Cambridge, deserve special mention, either for bulk or for intrinsic worth. Some of their catalogues are not in print at all ; few have been at all adequately studied. Let us, then, have a series, or, if you will, a 'corpus' of ancient catalogues. The man who draws it up will probably begin by pitying himself for the dryness of the job he has undertaken ; but, if he possesses any imagination, or any of the sportsman's instincts, he will soon warm to his work, and will find that he is a meeter subject for envy than for pity. For what path must our researcher pursue ? When he has got his catalogues before him in convenient form, one question will inevitably occur to him. What, he will say, has become of all these books ? And he will realise that, in order to find a proper answer to that question, nothing short of a minute investigation of all the manuscript libraries of England at least will suffice.

The idea may well daunt him ; yet let him make trial of but one such collection, say a college library at Oxford or Cambridge. He must examine every manuscript of pre-Dissolution date ; note all the proper names scribbled on its flyleaves ; enter in his book (for a reason to be explained hereafter) the opening words of the second leaf of the text ; mark whether corners or slips have been cut from the top or bottom of the first leaf ; scrutinise and, it may be, revive erasures ; imagine himself, in short, a Sherlock Holmes, and the innocent volume before him a note left by the vanished criminal in his waste-paper basket.

When he has thus treated a few score volumes, they will begin to tell their stories. Often it will be the peculiar grouping of the tracts in a book which will betray its provenance when confronted with a catalogue. Occasionally (as in the case of Ely books) a single peculiar mark is common to the volumes of one library, or (as at Christ Church, Canterbury) a series of such marks, uniform only in regard to their position. Less frequent and less certain is the evidence afforded by the names of particular owners. Books that have the

name of John Holyngborne may be safely assigned to Christ Church, Canterbury. There is a presumption that a book which has John Yonge's name in it, in a fifteenth-century hand, was once at Fountains; while Thomas Dakcomb seems to have got his books from Winchester Cathedral. Where we are dealing with a book that has lost all its flyleaves and has no owner's name, we must very often be at fault, but not always. In a limited number of such cases the handwriting forms a really trustworthy guide: the eleventh and twelfth century productions of the Canterbury *scriptoria*, for example, are now pretty certainly identifiable. But the discrimination of local scripts is a department of our subject in which little has been done as yet; and, for ourselves, we doubt whether it will ever be possible so to mark off the productions of later medieval scribes as to say, for instance, 'this was written at Norwich, and this at Durham.'

Besides the handwriting and artistic ornaments of a book, however, we have another guide, far more trustworthy, where its services can be secured, but by no means always applicable. A good many of our catalogues—for example, those of Durham, St Augustine's at Canterbury, and St Paul's—give the opening words of the second leaf of each volume, in addition to its contents, as a means of identification. In the case of printed books, this indication serves, of course, only to identify a particular edition, and not an individual copy; but with manuscripts it is most rare to find two copies of the same book so exactly similar that their second leaves will begin with the same words. Indeed we have little doubt that in making copies of the commoner books, such as the Bible or the Sentences, scribes were in the habit of so varying the arrangement of their matter as to obtain different words in each copy for the beginning of their second leaves, and thus give to each volume a characteristic mark which could only disappear with the leaf in question. It is to be feared, by the way, that unscrupulous persons speedily became aware of the importance of the second leaf, and adopted the simple expedient of removing it when they wished to divert a book to their own uses; for the later cataloguers find it advisable to add the opening words of the last leaf but one to those of the second leaf. The removal of both these leaves might well

rouse a suspicion in the mind of an intending purchaser that the book so mutilated might be stolen goods. However, for whatever purpose the old cataloguers devised this particular method of ear-marking their books, the method proved an effectual one; and many are the volumes which it has enabled us to assign to their ancient homes.

But to proceed with our discourse on the identification of books. Many of our monastic librarians used to write the name of their house on the flyleaves of their books, and add little but the name of a donor, an anathema on a thief, or a table of contents. 'Liber sancte Marie de Bildwas' is a typical formula. These are the certainties we have to deal with in starting on our investigation. But soon cases begin to present themselves in which nothing but experience can help us. The name of the monastery is gone, or perhaps has never been inserted, and only a class-mark is left. Until we have seen a similar class-mark, combined with the name of the monastery, we must naturally be at a loss; but in a large number of cases such evidence is ultimately forthcoming. Our own researches have provided us with the means of recognising books from Canterbury (both Christ Church and St. Augustine's), Bury, Durham, Waltham, Norwich, Chichester, Titchfield, Exeter, the London Carmelites, and a good many other places. The distinguishing marks of some are such as can hardly be set forth without the aid of facsimiles; but an instance or two may be given. Thus, a typical mark of Waltham will be 'cxxxii. al. ca.' (i.e. *almarium canonicorum*, the Canons' book-press, as distinguished from 'al. p.,' the Prior's press); a book marked 'A. 130' will come from Bury, while one marked at the beginning 'M. lxvij' will be a Norwich book. A similar mark at the end of the volume would incline us to assign it to Worcester. The gradual realisation of the meaning of such *minutiæ* as these brings with it a real satisfaction, and infuses an element of excitement into the process (often a dry and dusty process enough) of grappling with a fresh series of volumes, which amply justifies our recommendation of these researches to those who possess the sportsman's instinct.

It is natural to inquire whether such investigations enable us to form an idea of the comparative value and extent of some of our larger monastic libraries. We have

undoubtedly some interesting data, incomplete though they are. The two great houses of Canterbury each possessed over eighteen hundred volumes at the time when their catalogues were drawn up; but these are nearly two centuries apart. That of Christ Church was made some time after 1300, that of St Augustine's shortly before 1500. Peterborough possessed about 350 books in the fourteenth century; Durham, early in the fifteenth, about 950. The class-marks in the books of Bury St Edmunds (of which we have no catalogue later than the twelfth century) indicate a total of somewhere near two thousand volumes. Norwich and Worcester, judged by the same standard, must have been nearly as important. St Albans is perhaps the place which has left us least information of any, in proportion to its size and wealth. Of its library we have no catalogue, and only in a very few instances do its books contain class-marks. Yet we can hardly doubt that it must have possessed treasures in this kind which rivalled, if they did not surpass, those of any other English abbey.

It would be a mistake to leave the smaller establishments altogether out of our survey. We believe that there must have been in England many libraries of limited size, but very high quality. Accident has preserved the catalogues of two of these. That of Dover Priory enumerates some 450 books with the greatest particularity. Not a great many of these have come down to us, but among them are two gems, the well-known Irish Psalter, now at St John's College, Cambridge, and a less-known but very magnificent Bible, now at Corpus Christi College in the same University. The catalogue of the library of the Augustinian Friars at York (which, like that of Dover, awaits publication) is remarkable for including the very interesting collections of a friar and scholar named John Erghom. It possessed also a large stock of books on magic and occult subjects generally. Probably not a dozen of its six or seven hundred books are now to be found. Other collections there are which have left us no memorial in the shape of catalogues, and whose names are not famous, but whose remains show them to have been remarkable. That of the Franciscans of Hereford is an example. Their house was not noted for wealth or size, yet the books that can

be traced to it (they are easily recognisable) are numerous and of very good quality. We have met with them in many libraries; that of the Dean and Chapter of Hereford Cathedral probably furnishes the largest contingent.

A document is in existence, as yet but imperfectly known, which can be made to furnish us with a very fair idea of the staple contents of a large number of our monastic libraries. The English Franciscans of the fourteenth century, it appears, conceived the bold idea of constructing a comprehensive catalogue of the books (or, to be accurate, of the works of certain selected writers) which existed in some 167 monasteries. Their list includes a few Scottish houses, e.g. Kelso, Melrose, Dunfermline, and St Andrew's, and covers England from Carlisle to Bodmin. The authors of whom they take account are, in what may be the earliest form of the work, seventy in number; in another, rather more than eighty. The system of the work is, briefly, this. It begins with a list of the monasteries, digested geographically, as was the order itself in England, into seven *custodias* or warden-ships. To each name is prefixed an Arabic or Roman numeral. Then follow the names and works of the selected authors; and the title of each work is followed by a series of numerals which mean that the book in question was to be found in the libraries of the monasteries so numbered in the list. Thus Pliny's 'Natural History' has attached to it the numbers 126, 163, 8, 2, 95, 1, 9. This means that there were copies of Pliny at Coombe, New Abbey, Battle, St Augustine's (Canterbury), Exeter, Christ Church (Canterbury), and Merton Priory.

The idea of this 'Register of the Books of England' is a fine one, and reflects the greatest credit on the Grey Friars; but in two respects it was capable of expansion. More libraries might be added to the list, and more authors included. This was the view of John Boston, monk of Bury, who, apparently quite early in the fifteenth century, undertook a new and enlarged edition of the register. He did not add more than nine libraries to the field of survey, but he multiplied by seven or eight the number of authors, and increased the utility of the whole work by setting down a short notice of the life of each. He aimed, in short, at constructing nothing less than a dictionary of literature. Unfortunately his work, as we



have it, consists of little more than the skeleton of what he proposed to himself. The names of the authors and of their works are there, and so are all, or nearly all, the references to libraries which had been got together by the Franciscans. But only a few fresh references—and those principally to the library of his own monastery—were inserted by Boston, and he accomplished comparatively little in the way of ascertaining the dates of the more obscure authors. These defects may possibly be due to copyists. We have, in fact, no ancient manuscript of the work at all, but are entirely dependent on a copy of a lost manuscript, made by Bishop Tanner. That Tanner copied his archetype faithfully we are convinced; and of course it may have been a very bad one. Yet the indications favour the view that Boston never completed his great work, for great it deserves to be called.

Many questions naturally arise as to the character of the libraries which these ancient bibliographers have in part revealed to us. These questions we are hardly in a position to answer at present: on one important point only shall a word be said. It is somewhat consoling to be able to say that we have not so far found, in Boston or his predecessors, any indications of the presence in English libraries of lost works of great antiquity or importance. Yet it should be remembered that these catalogues take no account either of small and fragmentary treatises or of works in the vernacular, and that these two classes include much that we should have been glad indeed to possess. More than this it would be premature to say until the texts of the Franciscan register and of Boston are printed in their entirety.

Before we turn to the painful subject of the disappearance of books which these last words suggest, let us say a word or two on the characteristic features of the libraries of the various religious orders. Much cannot be said; the subject is as yet obscure. Some points are evident, as that all kinds of literature were welcomed by the Benedictines; and that the Carthusians—a rare order in England, and of late diffusion—confined themselves almost entirely to devotional and contemplative books. The Cistercians, in their early years at least, are strict in their selection, as became their character. A certain type of twelfth-century folio, of orthodox patristic contents, and written in a

plain, large, narrow hand, is very common in our libraries; and we have so often found positive evidence that such books come from Cistercian houses, that we are tempted to speak of a 'Cistercian script,' though we own to a feeling of rashness. The preaching orders, Franciscans and Dominicans, figure to some extent as the representatives of a new learning. It was to the Franciscans of Oxford that Grosseteste bequeathed his Greek manuscripts; it was from their ranks that Roger Bacon arose, a champion of the study of Greek and Hebrew; and it is among the Franciscans of the succeeding century that we find the chief, though not the only, students of those tongues. We have also seen them figuring as the pioneers of bibliography in this country. They rival the Benedictines, therefore, in catholicity of taste; but their books are neither so early in date, nor so fair to look upon, as those of the older order.

We pass reluctantly to the subject of the dispersion of our ancient libraries. The subject is by no means a pleasant one. However strongly one may be convinced that the monasteries had done their appointed work in the development of our civilisation, no one who has studied the times of the Dissolution can do otherwise than reprobate the methods by which that great spoliation was effected, and bewail the needless destruction of things venerable and beautiful; a destruction so far-reaching that it has deprived us of the means of doing more than guess at its full extent. Of the lost buildings and works of art we need not speak here; the books alone shall engage our attention. In respect of them the criminal carelessness—to use the mildest terms—of the king and of the grantees of the dissolved houses was recognised by men of the time who thoroughly sympathised with the main course of the movement. Mr Clark has once more recited for us the lamentations of Bishop Bale, who was as true a book-lover as he was a monk-hater. So distressing are the details he gives that we willingly spare ourselves the pain of transcribing them here.

There are indications that Henry had at one time thoughts of a better course than that which he eventually adopted. Just as, for a moment, he contemplated sparing a fair number of the greater abbeys and of treating them as he did treat Gloucester, Peterborough, and Oxford, so

he seems to have entertained the project of forming a great royal library out of the thousands of volumes that were to come into his hands. His employment of Leland, as king's antiquary, to visit and note the more interesting books, the single letter of Thomas Cromwell in favour of Leland's researches, and Leland's own expressions in more than one place of his writings, all point in this direction. But the project was soon dropped. As in the other case, the king's desire for immediate gain got the upper hand. The few months which must have been spent in getting the books together were too much to allow, and an irreparable loss was inflicted upon England.

In the next reign another blow fell. It was one impelled, not by desire of gain, but merely by unreasoning hatred of the past. The victims on this occasion were the public and collegiate libraries of the Universities; the assailants were the commissioners appointed under Edward VI for the reformation of these bodies. Whatever good they may have wrought in later days, University commissions began their work as ill as their best haters could have desired. We have before us catalogues of the books anciently preserved in the two public libraries of Oxford and Cambridge, and in the Cambridge colleges of Peterhouse, Corpus Christi, Trinity Hall, Clare, King's, Queens', and St Catharine's. The total content of these amounts to several thousand volumes, all manuscript. With the single exception of that of Peterhouse, these libraries may be said to have disappeared. The University library of Oxford can show three or four out of some 600 volumes; that of Cambridge, nineteen out of 330; King's College one out of 170, others none at all. The Oxford colleges fared perhaps a little better. Balliol and Merton, at least, have many of their ancient books to show. We doubt, however, if a search into the library records of Oxford would not bring forth results very similar to those we have quoted for Cambridge. Comment is needless, and the whole subject is as painful as it can well be.

'The clouded scene,' as Handel's librettist remarks, 'begins to clear' in the early days of Elizabeth. The labours of Archbishop Parker, followed up by those of Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Thomas Bodley, came not quite too late. Many priceless books were rescued by

them from the tailor and the grocer, or from a lingering death in the roofless ruins of dismantled abbeys. Nor were they the only workers in the field. Men whose means and opportunities were smaller exerted themselves notably. Dr John Dee, an honest man and a true enthusiast for learning, however grossly duped by Sir Edward Kelly and Barnabas Saul, deserves our special thanks alike for his achievement and for his intention. He was the means of saving for later generations many excellent manuscripts, and moreover, he had views as to the preservation of literature which, had they taken effect, would have been of inestimable service. His petition to Queen Mary for the establishment of a great royal library, to be stocked, not only with ancient books from the dissolved abbeys, but also with a series of transcripts of Greek and other texts from foreign libraries, is one that does him the greatest honour; but in the fulfilment of this desire, as in the fulfilment of well-nigh every project that was ever dear to his heart, he was disappointed.

Many names, famous and obscure, come before us in the Elizabethan and Jacobean period on which we could willingly dwell. Arundel, Lumley, Southampton, Whitgift, Neville, Ussher, are among the great luminaries; Nicholas Brigam, Robert Hare, William Smart of Ipswich, John White of Southwick, are lesser lights. To set forth adequately the claims which each has upon our gratitude would lead us farther afield than we are warranted in going. We must rest content with pointing out how fair a region lies open to the explorer who will set himself to give us the full, true, and particular history of book-collecting in England.

We have reserved to the last our remarks upon the extant remains of our older collections, whether they be *in situ* or dispersed. It is evident that, among monastic libraries, those only had a chance of continuous life which belonged to cathedral establishments. But the chance was a precarious one. As a matter of fact, one cathedral priory, and one only, succeeded in retaining any considerable fraction of its ancient library. This was Durham: Worcester comes next to it. Such foundations as Norwich, Ely, and Rochester lost practically every book they had. The cathedrals of the old foundation

were slightly more fortunate. Salisbury, Lincoln, and Hereford still have important collections; and until Bodley's days, the same might have been said of Exeter. At that time, however, an enlightened Chapter made a present of over eighty volumes to Sir Thomas's new library, being instigated thereto by a brother of the founder, who was one of their body.

The natural inquiry as to the present resting-places of the books that have been dispersed, both from the libraries already mentioned and from the dissolved houses, is not one that can be answered in a moment. It is possible to give some general indications which are not without interest. Durham books, in spite of the comparatively good preservation of the mother-library, are very frequently to be found in London, Oxford, and Cambridge. A copy of the Pauline Epistles, attributed by the Durham monks (without much reason) to Bede's hand, is divided between the Cottonian collection and Trinity College, Cambridge. A beautiful little Hymnary, famous for its illustrations of the months and their occupations, now among the Cottonian books, comes, as we have recently learned, from Durham. So do an early Ennodius and a copy of John of Tynemouth's '*Historia Aurea*,' both now at Lambeth. For Worcester and Gloucester books we have to turn to that portion of the royal library which was acquired from Charles Theyer. But Parker, as well as Theyer, secured some treasures from Worcester. The importance of the Worcester library, be it noted, was evidently great. We should like to commend it specially to students; they will certainly find it possible to identify a large number of Worcester books; and among them, we venture to prophesy, will be some of the most interesting manuscripts we have.

Norwich is best represented in the University library at Cambridge. One would have expected to find that this was due to the presence there of the library of Bishop Moore of Norwich; but, as a matter of fact, Moore possessed few Norwich books. It is more likely that Dean Gardiner, the destroyer of the Lady Chapel of his cathedral in the sixteenth century, was also the plunderer of the library under his charge. Whitgift and Nevile are responsible for the preservation of a large number of Canterbury books (principally from Christ Church) at

Trinity College, Cambridge; but Christ Church books are very widely scattered. The libraries of Peterborough and Ely seem to have well-nigh vanished. Books from either house are, in our experience, rarely to be found; and this, in the case of Peterborough particularly, is the sadder, since we know from its catalogue that the collection was a fine one, and from extant remains that its illuminators were artists of high rank.

Of the larger abbeys, Glastonbury has left us sadly little. Alone among English abbeys, it passed without a convulsion from the Briton to the Saxon; and one or two of the volumes it has left us bear witness to its story. It might have preserved—Leland thought that in his time it did still preserve—records that should have reached back into a shadowy antiquity. But those records have gone, along with the tombs of Arthur and St Indract and St Patrick. With a few notable exceptions our Glastonbury books are late and commonplace. St Albans is by no means without witness; its thirteenth century script and school of painting we know well. But of all the great abbeys, Bury St Edmunds has perhaps the largest number of extant books to show. A fortunate accident threw a large mass of them into the hands of an intelligent alderman of Ipswich, Mr William Smart, whose name we have already mentioned; and he was persuaded by a friend to present them almost all to Pembroke College at Cambridge. To this important nucleus the other great libraries add their quota, and we find, as always, a few waifs and strays further afield: one at Hereford, for instance, two at Douai, and a Psalter in the Vatican.

The mention of these foreign libraries affords an opportunity for saying a little upon the subject of the exportation of books from England at the Dissolution. Bale speaks of whole libraries being shipped overseas, to the great astonishment of foreign nations; and there is no reason to doubt that what he said had at least a basis of fact. Our own inquiries and investigations of catalogues, however, have led us to believe that comparatively few English books are now to be found in foreign libraries. There are collections, such as that of Queen Christina at the Vatican, and that of Isaac Voss at Leyden, to which we may fairly look for some important contributions; but

the libraries of France and Belgium have hitherto proved singularly unproductive.

One curious oasis seems to exist in Germany. The Wolfenbüttel library contains the collection of Mathias Flacius Illyricus, well known in his day as one of the Magdeburg centuriators, and esteemed by lovers of medieval Latin verse as having first collected and printed a number of the poems that pass under the name of Walter Mapes. The manuscripts from which Flacius Illyricus drew these poems are now, as is not generally known, at Wolfenbüttel; and apparently the most important of them came from Scottish monasteries, notably St Andrew's. Here, then, is a library well worth the attention of the pursuer of British books. Where there are half a dozen identifiable in the printed catalogue, there will certainly be more that will yield up their secret upon examination.

Books came into libraries, it seems, if not in battalions, at least in squadrons. Any one who will analyse the catalogue of the Arundel manuscripts, or Laud's '*Codices Miscellanei*,' or the old royal library, will repeatedly note the presence of large and small groups of books drafted in from some one place. In the case of the Arundel and Laudian collections, manuscripts from Germany—Würzburg, Eberbach, Mainz—are conspicuous. In the royal collection we find a whole series of strata. First come the books actually written for the sovereigns—chronicles, romances, and so forth; then the traces of the half-hearted attempt to found a library out of the spoils of the monasteries. To this, Rochester Priory contributed nearly a hundred volumes, while Leland seems to have brought in a contingent from St Augustine's, Canterbury, and elsewhere. The next great accretion is that of Lord Lumley's library, bought by Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I. Between three and four hundred choice manuscripts came with this; though some of the choicest that Lumley had passed into Cotton's possession, and a few, among which was the Bible of Gundulph of Rochester, went in quite other directions. A number of Lumley's books had been Cranmer's, and nearly all had passed through the hands of Arundel. The Thayer manuscripts—something over three hundred—were bought by Charles II; their collector, Thayer, lived near Gloucester, and acquired

a large proportion of his treasures in that neighbourhood. To these main groups a number of isolated acquisitions, of course, have to be added; and the result is that this library is full of surprises.

Cotton and Parker were collectors of a different type. They did not purchase whole libraries; they picked their books carefully with strict reference to their intrinsic interest. The result is that a coherent group of books from a single source is of rare occurrence in their libraries. Both of them, but especially Cotton, were in the habit of binding up a plurality of small tracts—gathered from the most diverse quarters—into a single volume; a proceeding which, intelligible and excusable as it is, does not tend to elucidate the history of the books thus treated. We should have been exceedingly grateful, for instance, if Cotton had let the *Beowulf* manuscript stand by itself. Yet let no considerations of the kind obscure for one moment our feelings of piety towards these two men, but for whose labours almost all that is of the greatest price in our ancient literature and art, to say nothing of history, must have perished.

We are sorely tempted to dwell longer on this topic of the analysis of collections of ancient books; yet, wishing as we do, to attract readers to the study and not to warn them off, we must desist. Let us end with one word to the intending researcher. Patience, sympathy, imagination, and a fair visual memory will be the best qualifications he can bring with him to the work. To the inquirer so equipped the books will tell their secrets; before the hasty and incurious, relying upon text-books, and prolific in conjecture, they will hold their peace.

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**Art. VII.—THE ART OF LEGISLATION.**

1. *Studies in History and Jurisprudence.* By the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., D.C.L. Two vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901.
2. *Legislative Methods and Forms.* By Sir Courtenay Ilbert, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901.
3. *The Working Constitution of the United Kingdom and its Outgrowths.* By Leonard Courtney. London: Dent, 1901.

**EFFICIENCY** is the political catchword of the day. Lord Rosebery has for some months made it the text of his discourses. It is the first word he wrote upon his 'clean slate.' Instead of the old cry, 'Codlin's the friend, not Short,' it seems that at the next election voters will be invited to support 'Codlin and Efficiency,' while Short, if he be in a humble mood, will perhaps be content to advise them 'not to go further, lest they fare worse.' Lord Rosebery, whatever else may be thought about him, has admittedly a nice sense in saying what everybody thinks; and his present catchword responds to a real mood in the thought of the nation.

The South African war has dispelled many illusions and disclosed many weaknesses. It has impressed even on the least thoughtful minds the burdens of Empire, and revealed to the most indifferent the jealousies and hatreds which Empire inspires. In the pursuit of a *Weltpolitik* there are now many competitors. The United States has entered the lists as a 'world Power'; and the German Emperor has announced that the future of his people is to be on the water. In the economic sphere the 'invasion of America' has brought home to the most complacent the possibility of a struggle, keener than any that has yet been known, for the markets of the world. At all points, indeed, commercial as well as political, it is beginning to be recognised that this country has (in a phrase used by the present Viceroy of India) to maintain in an age of competition positions won in an age of monopoly. In these struggles success will be to the most efficient; and the standard of efficiency is constantly rising. A perception of these facts and factors has induced in the nation a mood of critical self-examination. Lord Rose-

bery says on the platform what Mr Kipling sings in uncouth lines which befit, perhaps, the rudeness of 'The Lesson':—

'For remember (this our children shall know: we are too near for the knowledge)

Not our mere astounded camps, but Council and Creed and College—

All the obese, unchallenged old things that stifle and overlie us—

Have felt the effect of the lesson we got—an advantage no money could buy us.'

To Council and Creed and College we may add the Constitution itself. These are not days in which facile cheers are evoked by references either to the 'glorious British Constitution' or to the majestic example of 'the Mother of Parliaments.' The party which has gone to the Constitution for its distinguishing epithet is as much inclined as any other to question, to doubt, to reconsider. For some time past a feature of the 'Times' newspaper has been the appearance of large-print letters in which the party-system is pronounced extinct, and the Constitution is figured as suffering from senile decay. The House of Commons is devoting much labour during the present session to the reform of its procedure. Nobody suggests that reform is not needed; the general criticism is rather in the direction of a doubt whether the actual proposals are radical enough to effect an adequate cure.

In this critical and introspective mood, special interest attaches to a group of books of which the titles are set forth at the head of this article, and which all deal, in whole or in part, with one aspect or another of the theory and practice of the Constitution. Each is by an author who is an expert in some branch of the subject. Mr Bryce was for twenty-three years Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford. The comparative study of Constitutions is a subject which the author of 'The American Commonwealth' has made peculiarly his own. As a practical politician and an ex-Cabinet-Minister, he brings to his present volumes of 'Studies' a facility of apposite illustration which adds to their freshness and point. Sir Courtenay Ilbert for more than thirty years has had personal experience of 'Legislative Methods and Forms,'

and from the position of Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury has now passed to be Clerk of the House of Commons. Mr Leonard Courtney, who has been occupying some of his leisure in tracing 'The Working Constitution of the United Kingdom,' was once in a position, as under-secretary in more than one office, to watch the work from the inside, and for six years he was Chairman of Committees and Deputy-Speaker.

What these authorities do not know on the subjects with which they deal, cannot, it would seem, be knowledge. They ought to have everything to tell us with regard to constitutional problems and legislative methods. Their books are eminently timely, and a perusal of them cannot fail to be instructive. Yet we must not expect too much. In the field of politics the wise man is often no better enlightened than the simple. If the test of a science be the power of prediction, then political science is as yet far from deserving the name. One of Mr Bryce's more interesting chapters is an examination of the predictions of Hamilton and Tocqueville and others. 'The United States Constitution as seen in the Past,' he calls this study. Things were seen but not foreseen.

'Of the views and forecasts put forth by the opponents of the Constitution, not one has proved true. . . . One is surprised to find that of the many arrows of accusation levelled at the Constitution, all should have flown wide of the mark. The deeper insight and more exact thinking of Hamilton and Madison fastened upon most of the real and permanent weaknesses in popular government. Yet even they could not foresee the particular forms which those weaknesses would assume in the new nation. . . . These wisest men of their time did not foresee what strike us to-day as the specially characteristic virtues and faults of American democracy.' (Vol. i, pp. 874-878.)

Fifty or a hundred years hence, the views and forecasts of our own professors and philosophers may be subjected to an equally unflattering retrospect. Nor are practical politicians any safer guides than the philosophers. Political history is strewn with the wrecks of politicians' forecasts. The late Mr C. H. Pearson collected some of them in the opening pages of his 'National Life and Character.' The South African war would have furnished him with

additions. Mr Morley, for instance, predicted that the Australian attachment to the Imperial connexion would not bear the strain of serious war.\* Mr Balfour, in November 1899, confessed that if 'he had been asked two months ago whether it was likely we should be at war with the Orange Free State, he would have said, "You might as well expect us to be at war with Switzerland."† The argument from authority, then, cannot be pressed very far in the field of political speculation. But the experience of Sir Courtenay Ilbert and of Mr Bryce, and Mr Bryce's historical comparisons, afford much that is suggestive and interesting. To follow our authors in any detail would be impossible in the space of a single article. We propose rather to dip here and there, and see what guidance they have to give us on a few of the questions which are exercising political thinkers or practical politicians at this moment.

Of the works before us, Mr Bryce's is the most important and interesting. It represents his stray studies during a long series of years—studies which he entitles, 'in History and Jurisprudence,' but which, for the most part, would more appropriately be described as 'in Constitutional Law.' He compares under various aspects the constitutions and laws of Rome and Britain respectively. He describes the constitutions of the South African Republics; of the Australian Commonwealth; and of the primitive Icelandic Republic. In some other chapters he examines political constitutions generally from various points of view. Another group of chapters deals with political conceptions, such as the theory of obedience, the nature of sovereignty, and the 'law of nature.' The essay on sovereignty disentangles very clearly several distinct ideas which are too often confused, and destroys, past all recovery, we imagine, the doctrine of indivisibility.

Of the 'law of nature,' a conception which, both in the ancient and in the modern world, has been of real service to civilisation, we seldom hear in these days. Yet it sometimes appears in unexpected places. Mr Bryce refers to an Order in Council for Southern Rhodesia

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\* In his review of Seeley's 'Expansion of England,' reprinted in 'Critical Miscellanies,' vol. III.

† Speech at Dewsbury, November 28, 1899.

(October 20, 1898) which directs the Courts of that territory to be 'guided in civil cases between natives by native law, so far as that law is not repugnant to *natural justice* or morality, or to any order made by Her Majesty in Council' (ii, 171). This reference is an instance of the wealth of illustration which Mr Bryce brings to bear upon his subjects. He writes, too, with a facility of style and urbanity of temper which add greatly to the interest of his pages. To paraphrase what Mommsen said of Renan, we may say of Mr Bryce that he is a true savant although he is readable. If it be sometimes felt that his chapters are only lucid summaries of the obvious, it is seldom that we get, in historico-political writing, anything at once so lucid and so convincing. Sometimes, on the other hand, in arranging his material Mr Bryce hits upon an idea which is at once luminous and novel.

We may take as an instance one of the best chapters in his book—that which discusses and distinguishes 'Flexible and Rigid Constitutions.' The old classification divided constitutions into 'written' and 'unwritten.' This classification was at any rate obvious. It was based on a palpable distinction. Everybody can see the difference between a constitution, such as that of the United States or the Commonwealth of Australia, which is embodied in a single document; and a constitution, such as that of England, which is for the most part impalpable, and embodied in no positive law. But this distinction, though obvious, is not clear-cut. In all written constitutions there is an element of unwritten usage. In all unwritten constitutions there is an accretion of statute. In the case of the British Constitution the succession, for instance, is matter of statute; the exercise of the royal veto, matter of custom. And the old classification, though obvious, is not luminous. It does not indicate the most essential point of difference. Mr Bryce seizes upon this point when he distinguishes between constitutions which take rank above the ordinary laws and cannot be changed by the ordinary legislative authority, and constitutions which proceed from the same authorities that make the ordinary laws and are changeable in the same way. In states of the former class there are two kinds of laws and two legislative authorities, the one higher and more potent than the other. In states of the latter class all

laws are of equal rank and competence; there is one legislative authority competent to pass laws in all cases and for all purposes (i, 151). This is the vital distinction which Mr Bryce embodies in his classification of constitutions as rigid and flexible.

There have been important cases in recent years which bring clearly before us this distinction between the American and the British Constitution. Seven years ago Congress made a very harmless little essay (as it seemed to English standards) in democratic finance. The Act in question imposed an income-tax of 2 per cent. (say 5*d.* in the pound) on all incomes above 800*l.* The legality of the Act was impeached before the Supreme Court. Mr Choate, now American Ambassador in this country, was leading counsel against the tax; and he carried his point. So much of the Act was declared 'unconstitutional' as to make it a dead letter. The Constitution says, 'all duties, imports, and excises shall be uniform through the United States.' The word 'uniform,' it was argued, meant, not only that imposts were to be uniform in all portions of the United States, but that there was to be no graduation of impost as between richer and poorer. Thus was the course of 'triumphant democracy' stayed by the dead hand of politicians who lived a hundred years ago. When we remember the comparative ease with which, a few months before, Sir William Harcourt's democratic budget had passed the British Parliament, we could not have a stronger illustration of the conservative force which resides in the rigid constitution of the United States.

Yet even the most rigid of constitutions is made to stretch sometimes. Of this process a remarkable instance—not very acceptable, we fear, to Mr Bryce—was afforded by the decision of the Supreme Court in May last in what are called the 'Insular Cases.' The substantial question at issue was the power of the United States Government to hold colonies; and thus the whole policy of oversea expansion was involved. Hitherto expansion had been by states—an expansion by equals to equals. Wherever the American flag went, there also went the American Constitution. This was understood to be settled law. 'No power is given by the Constitution,' said a previous decision of the Supreme Court (in the case of *Dred Scott v. Sandford*), 'to the Federal Government to establish or

maintain colonies, or to enlarge its limits except by the admission of new states.' Every political unit added to the Federation became, *ipso facto*, a state for internal purposes, and a 'territory'—that is, a half-way house to a state—for federal purposes. Every individual, in becoming subject to the American flag, acquired at the same time the rights, privileges, and immunities of an American citizen.

If these rules had been maintained, then the Philippines and the other conquered islands would necessarily have been territories. As such they would have been entitled at once to elective institutions, and in course of time to direct representation in Congress. The Filipinos would have become American citizens. They would have had the right as such to settle in the United States, and have enjoyed immunity from all tariffs. The new possessions would all have been within the free-trade zone of the United States, and the President would have had no power to impose duties. Such a result would have cut at the root of McKinley's policy of 'imperial' expansion. The Supreme Court, however, by a majority of one, and by going behind the words of the Constitution to the doctrine of 'inherent sovereignty,' held that the rules we have described did not apply to the case before them. It was very bold law, and, according to some of the greatest authorities, as bad as it was bold. But it met the necessity.

Mr Bryce, whose book was passing through the press at the time, makes but a brief reference to this most interesting case (i, 233, n.). In an earlier chapter (i, 34) he had referred to 'the obtrusive inconsistency' of American imperialism. 'It gives,' he says, 'to thoughtful men among them visions of mocking spirits.' Chief Justice Fuller, who dissented from the judgment of the Court, was, we may remark, among the mockers. He ironically regretted that his predecessor's utterances (in the case cited above) must embarrass the present majority in giving their contrary decision. The more doubtful the law in this decision, the more interesting is the case as an illustration of the stretching of rigid constitutions. After all, constitutions are made for men, not men for constitutions. If public opinion sets strongly enough in a certain direction, the courts which have to interpret

the constitution will find means of going in that direction. There comes a time when the most rigid constitution must bend; the flexibility must be supplied, as Mr Bryce says, from the minds of the judges. And so the constitution stretches, with a wrench and a squeak, and 'mocking spirits,' it may be, to listen; but it moves.

The capacity of flexible constitutions for territorial expansion is obvious; and in the case of states like Rome and Britain, it is one of their conspicuous merits. But just as rigid constitutions sometimes bend, so flexible constitutions do not always change. As Mr Bryce remarks, not instability but elasticity is their distinguishing characteristic. There have been times during recent years when conservative thinkers in this country have suggested restrictions on parliamentary action, and the embodiment of the Constitution, or parts of it, in positive law. At the present time it is the overburdened sluggishness rather than the headlong haste of Parliament of which we hear. It is curious, in connexion with what was said above of political prediction, to go back even to so comparatively recent a work as Bagehot's 'English Constitution.' In 1872, the year in which he wrote the preface to the second edition of that book, Bagehot was 'exceedingly afraid of the ignorant multitude of the new constituencies.' In those days 'the Conservative working-man' was supposed to be an invention of Lord Beaconsfield's fertile brain. The fact is that in English politics the lines of cleavage are vertical, not horizontal according to social strata. This fortunate state of things is due in no small measure to the elastic quality of a constitution which has afforded a means, as Mr Bryce says, of preventing or minimising revolutions by meeting them half-way.

To politicians proposing to make fundamental changes in national constitutions, long views are above all things to be recommended. Those who seek to recast the Constitution, in view of the present obliteration in some degree of party distinctions, should remember that the same phase has come and gone before. One of the greatest advantages of a flexible constitution is the readiness with which it adjusts itself both to new conditions within and to new needs without. This latter reflection applies to aspirations and schemes, now begin-



ning to assume importance, for some new shaping of the Constitution in the direction of Imperial Federation. Mr Courtney, in the last chapter of his book, discusses some schemes, and comes to the conclusion that we had better wait:—

‘The government of the Empire has been slowly developed out of the past. It has grown to be what it is. It will probably continue to grow, adapting itself to new circumstances and satisfying new necessities. The subordinate Federations which have come and are coming into being are part, but only part, of this movement. In the fulness of time they have come into being, and it is not yet known what they will be. . . . We may wait and watch what will follow, not altogether stumbling in darkness, but conscious that we can peer but a little forward on the path which we may hope will preserve in the future the continuity of the past’ (p. 322).

This is a sound conclusion. But that we can peer only a little forward is no reason why we should not, as occasion offers, take one or two steps on the right road. The present Government has missed at least two occasions. It has not seen its way to create, by a fusion of the House of Lords (judicial) and the Judicial Committee, that single Imperial Court of Appeal which was promised in the King’s speech last year. Nor, in the Rules of Procedure introduced this session, has it taken even a tentative step forward in the direction of devolution.

That Parliament, considered as a legislative body, is far from efficient, is common ground with all our three authors. That such should be the case shows how easily things go wrong in the best ordered constitutions. To a theorist the Parliament of the United Kingdom would seem at first sight ‘admirably equipped,’ says Mr Bryce, ‘for securing legislation which shall be excellent in point both of Substance and of Form’ (ii, 323). Yet in fact it is neither. We hear ‘many complaints about the condition of the laws of England, as to the number of points which remain unsettled, as to the confusion in which some great departments of law lie, as to the undue length of our statutes, their obscurity, their inconsistencies, their omissions.’ To which complaints we may add, as was shown in a recent number of this Review,\* that parlia-

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\* ‘The Paralysis of Parliament,’ October 1901.

mentary arrears are accumulating most seriously. The legislative output is deficient in quantity, no less than in substance and in form. With some of the reasons for this deficiency we dealt in the article we have referred to. On the subject of deficiencies in substance and form, Sir Courtenay Ilbert is very instructive. His book appeals for the most part to students and specialists, and will be found of greatest value by those who are themselves engaged in the preparation of legislative measures. But the chapter (x) which discusses 'Parliament as a Legislative Machine' should be read and considered by all who take any serious interest in public affairs.

Sir Courtenay begins by pointing out, what is not always remembered in criticisms of English legislation, that 'the kind of laws with the making of which Parliament is mainly concerned, are not the kind of laws about which jurists are in the habit of speaking and writing' (p. 209). The making of 'lawyer's law'—of the measures which, to use the language of legal journals, 'are of special interest to the legal profession'—though it is within the sphere of Parliament, is nevertheless, for practical purposes, nobody's business, and does not get done.

'The substantial business of Parliament as a legislature is to keep the machinery of the State in working order. And the laws which are required for this purpose belong to the domain, not of private or of criminal law, but of what is called on the Continent administrative law' (p. 210).

Now in countries where the legislative and executive authorities are separated, or where bureaucracy is allowed a free hand, this administrative law is largely left to the executive. In France, for instance,

'sometimes the President of the Republic is expressly given power to make regulations; but even without any special authority he has a general power to make them for the purpose of completing the statutes, by virtue of his general duty to execute the law.' \*

In Italy, says Sir Courtenay Ilbert, 'the power of the executive officials to make regulations is even more extensively used' (p. 38). Of late years Parliament, in very

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\* Lowell's 'Governments and Parties in Continental Europe,' i, 45.

pity for itself, has shown some tendency to leave details to statutory rules or orders. But this process is likely to be kept within narrow bounds. If the Englishman's

'liberty of action is to be subjected to restraint, he prefers that the restraint should be imposed by laws which have been made after public discussion in a representative assembly' (p. 39). 'Rightly or wrongly Englishmen have an instinctive distrust of official discretion, an instinctive scepticism about bureaucratic wisdom, and they have carried this feeling with them into the United States and the British Colonies' (p. 220).

We agree with Sir Courtenay (p. 235) that the day is unthinkable when a British Parliament would follow the example of the French Assembly, and so far divest itself of direct control as to enact—

'Article I.—Stray dogs are prohibited.

'Article II.—The Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of this decree.'

Our Parliament, then, insists on considering details, and for the form of its Acts it cares nothing.

'If an inexperienced enthusiast for legal symmetry observes, in proposing an amendment, that his terms will not affect the substance, though they will improve the form, of the clause, he is impatiently rebuked for occupying the time of the House with what "will make no difference."' (Bryce, ii, 328.)

What the House does diligently busy itself with is described by Sir Courtenay in a passage to which the pangs of personal experience seem to lend peculiar animation. It is too long for complete quotation here, but an extract must be given :—

'Inside the House the Minister is battling with amendments, some from enemies, anxious to make the Bill unworkable or to reduce its operations to a minimum, others from indiscreet friends. Amendments are often framed hastily without reference to grammar, logic, consistency or intelligibility. They are apt to be crowded in at the beginning of each clause or sentence, with the view of obtaining precedence in discussion. The language of a law ought to be precise, accurate, and consistent, but the atmosphere of a crowded or heated assembly is not conducive to nicety or accuracy of expression. Decisions often have to be taken on the spur of the moment,

and in view of the possibility of a snap division. At last the amendments are cleared off the paper; the new clauses, often raising the same questions, are disposed of; and the much buffeted craft, with tattered sails, the deck encumbered with wreckage, and with several ugly leaks in her hold, labours heavily into a temporary harbour of refuge. There is a short interval for the necessary repairs, and then the struggle begins again at the report stage' (p. 231).

Any port is a haven in a storm. Any shift will be resorted to by draftsman and Minister in order to prevent a total wreck. Sir Courtenay Ilbert would not quarrel, we are sure, with what his friend Mr Bryce says:—

'The practice has grown up of drafting Bills, not in the form most scientifically appropriate, but in that which makes it easiest for them to be carried through under the fire of debate. . . . To bury a principle out of sight under a mass of details; to avoid the declaration of a principle by enacting a number of small provisions, which cover most of the practically important points, yet do not amount to the declaration of a new general rule; to insert a number of exceptions, not in themselves desirable, but calculated to avert threatened hostility; to hide a substantial change under the cloak of a reference to some previous Act which is to be incorporated with the Act proposed to be passed . . . these are expedients which are repellent to the scientific conscience of the draftsman, but which are forced on him by the wishes of the Minister who is in charge of the Bill and who foresees both the objections that will be taken to it and the opportunities for obstructing it which parliamentary procedure affords' (ii, 380).

Here we see the legislator as smuggler. At other times he resorts to the practice of jettison, keeping some parts of his cargo on board, but throwing over others which, nevertheless, are essential to a complete piece of workmanship. Sometimes difficulties are shirked or ambiguities retained in order to avoid debate. Everybody remembers the long litigation that followed the Local Government Act, owing to the doubt about the eligibility of women to seats on county councils. Sir Courtenay Ilbert reveals the fact, though in the discreet obscurity of a footnote (p. 234), that this point was deliberately left in doubt for the reasons just named.

Are there any practicable remedies for the evils thus

described? Is there any way of giving greater efficiency to Parliament in its capacity of draftsman of laws? Mr Bryce is inclined to sigh for the Prætor with his edict—‘the central figure in Roman legal history,’ ‘an organ of government specially charged with the duty of watching, guiding, and from time to time summoning up in a concise form the results of the natural development of the law’ (ii, 333). John Stuart Mill proposed, as Sir Courtenay Ilbert reminds us, that Parliament should abdicate its function of amending Bills, and confine itself, like the Roman Comitia, to voting ‘aye’ or ‘no.’ ‘Any government fit for a high state of civilisation’ would, if it took Mill’s advice, entrust the drafting of its laws to a small committee of experts; Parliament would content itself with the rights of initiation, rejection, and enactment.\*

It is, however, hardly within the range of practical politics, for reasons already given, to suggest that Parliament should surrender its power of amending Bills; and it is interesting to know that Sir Courtenay Ilbert—his painful experiences as Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury notwithstanding—considers that the substantial improvements effected by the power of amendment outweigh the disadvantages (p. 233). Sir Courtenay looks for a remedy in the general reform of parliamentary procedure, and in the more systematic consolidation of statutes. It is easy to trace his hand in the last, and one of the best, of the new rules introduced by Mr Balfour in the present session, that, namely, which provides for the automatic reference of all Consolidation Bills to a select committee.

‘If the Committee report that the Bill makes no alterations in the law, the Bill shall stand for third reading. If the Committee report that the Bill makes any alterations in the law, the discussion on the Bill in Committee and on Report shall be limited to those alterations.’

Steady progress with consolidation, which should be rendered easier by the adoption of this rule, would tend to remove the confusion and obscurity which are caused by the multiplicity of statutes on the same subject and by the consequent practice of legislation by reference.

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\* ‘Representative Government,’ ch. v.

But what is wanted further is some means of improving the arrangement and phraseology of each new Act before it receives the royal assent. Mr Bryce makes the suggestion—without, however, any great hope that Parliament is likely to consent to it—that each Act, after it has passed both Houses, shall be referred to

‘a small committee consisting of skilled draftsmen and of skilled members of both Houses, who should revise the form and language of the Act in such wise as, without in the least affecting its substance, to improve its arrangement and its phraseology, the Act being formally submitted once more to both Houses before the royal assent was given, so as to prevent any suspicion that a change of substance had been made’ (ii, 381).

Mr Bryce urges that this is the remedy which ‘seems least inconsistent with our parliamentary methods.’ But, as things are at present, the prospect of introducing an additional stage in the conduct of every Bill in each House is not likely to be regarded with favour.

The present procedure, if the latent possibilities provided by our Constitution were properly employed, would of itself provide a remedy. The Constitution gives us a Second Chamber; and, in theory, one of the principal functions of a Second Chamber is revision. But the House of Lords does not revise. It rejects or amends when the majority in the House of Commons happens to be out of sympathy with its principles. At other times its functions as a legislative body are reduced to vanishing point. While the House of Commons is paralysed from overwork, the House of Lords is atrophied by lack of employment. Yet the Second Chamber is peculiarly well qualified to discharge in practice that function of revision which in theory belongs to it. The House of Lords, for working purposes, consists of men well versed in affairs, and it includes much of the best legal talent in the country. In its judicial capacity it has to interpret the Acts which in its general capacity it assists to make.

We may refer in this connexion to the multitude of appeals under the Workmen’s Compensation Act. No small part of the time of one division of the Court of Appeal has been occupied—to the great delay of other business—with hearing questions of construction of a

statute which was intended to prevent litigation; and of these cases a considerable number has been carried up to the House of Lords. In a recent case (*Veazey v. Chattle*) counsel remarked that 'it was impossible to construe the Act in the same way as a lawyer would any other Act.' 'It is certainly difficult so to do,' said Lord Justice Mathew, adding, 'I can only suppose the Act must have been drafted when all the lawyers were away on circuit.' But the law-lords might have been in their places when the Bill was before their House; and, if they had bestowed upon it even a portion of the attention which their neglect afterwards necessitated, the public convenience would have been promoted, and Parliament, as a legislative machine, saved from some discredit. If the House of Lords, in short, were to discharge its revisory functions, many of the evils of the present system would be abated. It is not the Constitution that is at fault, so much as the slackness of one of its principal organs.

One answer to this criticism would be, no doubt, that the House of Lords, though it has nothing to do during the greater part of a session, is nevertheless driven into a hurry at the end. Even if individual members of the House were willing to postpone their holidays to a conscientious discharge of the duty of revision, neither Ministers nor the House of Commons would thank them for the delay. This objection, and many others of a like kind, would be removed if the principle of continuity from session to session were adopted. Under the existing system, efficiency is sacrificed to hurry-scurry in order that Bills may be rushed through before the prorogation comes to cut off the session's work. Anything left over is abandoned, and has to be taken up in another session from the very beginning. As we argued in an earlier number (October 1901), there is neither sense nor principle in this parliamentary version of Penelope's web. It is a mere anachronism, a meaningless survival from the time when every new session was a new Parliament. The Prime Minister is known from his public utterances to be strongly in favour of correcting this absurdity. It is much to be regretted that the reform was not included in the proposals submitted to the House of Commons.

The defects of Parliament as a legislative machine, with which we have been dealing, are due to many causes.

A cause to which Mr Balfour in all his speeches on the subject refers is the number of members who in these days desire to be heard on every question. Legislation by a committee of sixty might be workmanlike; legislation by a committee of six hundred can hardly be so. But here a curious fact may be noticed. Private members, though they are more consequential than in old days, are of less consequence. They work harder; they talk more; they count less. Mr Bryce, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, and Mr Courtney, all agree in remarking upon a considerable increase of the power of the Cabinet as against the House of Commons. There is certainly nothing in the new rules which is calculated to arrest this tendency. Rather might a cynical critic of them say, with considerable truth, that Ministers have sought to induce members, by appeals to their ease and comfort, to part with yet more of their powers. Members will dine more at their ease, and will spend more freely the 'week-end' in the country. These are boons, no doubt; but the price is a curtailment of questions and the postponement of the private member's day from Wednesday to Friday, when it will be much more difficult to make or keep a House. Sir Courtenay Ilbert traces the process of extinguishing the private member back to the middle of last century. Sir Charles Wood, talking to Mr Nassau Senior, about the year 1855, is reported to have said :—

'When I was first in Parliament, twenty-seven years ago, the functions of the Government were chiefly executive. Changes in our laws were proposed by independent members, and carried, not as party questions, by the combined action of both sides of the House. Now when an independent member brings forward a subject, it is not to propose himself a measure, but to call it to the attention of the Government.' \*

Since Sir Charles Wood spoke, the share of the executive Government in the work of legislation has very greatly increased. In the last session of Parliament only one private members' Act of any importance (the Children's Liquor Act) was passed, and that had to be turned almost inside out by its promoter in order to obtain the acquiescence of the executive. Sir Courtenay Ilbert

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\* Mrs Simpson's 'Many Memories of Many People,' p. 223.



prints an instructive table (p. 215), which shows that, although private members' Bills largely outnumber Government Bills, the proportion of the former which become law is, by comparison, extremely small. The private member, as we have said, has more aspirations than of old, but he is able to accomplish far less.

This is an aspect of recent constitutional development which attracts much attention from Mr Courtney. His account of 'The Working Constitution' is for the most part a plain statement of facts, presented with careful detail and seldom enlivened with 'pleasant resting-places.' The volume would form an instructive text-book in schools and colleges, and all publicists will find it a convenient book of reference. We could not conscientiously recommend it to any 'general reader' whose taste does not lie in the direction of cracknel biscuits. But Mr Courtney's occasional divagations are interesting. He attributes the decline of the private member not so much to any general stream of tendency as to personal causes. Looking at the House of Commons with the severity of an outsider who once was in, he sees that the private member is no longer the man he used to be. 'It is more probable that private members have for a time fallen below their predecessors than that the field for their action is exhausted' (p. 165). The remedy suggested by Mr Courtney for all parliamentary evils, as those familiar with his views will hardly need to be told, is proportional representation.

'What is important is that instead of having so many members on each side, so bound and tied, so labelled and ticketed, so numbered as to be commonly mere pawns for the players, there would be sent to the House of Commons so many active and independent embodiments of the active and independent voters who chose them' (p. 158).

We do not quite see how Mr Courtney is going to guarantee either his 'independent voters' or their 'independent embodiments.' The manipulation of the American Constitution by party-managers is full of instruction from this point of view. But suppose that a system could be devised for ensuring the presence in the House of Commons of 670 members as independent as Mr Courtney himself; is it certain that the efficiency

of the House as a legislative machine would be increased thereby? We very much doubt it. Each of the 670 in turn might have the most excellent legislative projects, but there would always be 669 independent critics wanting to know the reason why. Mr Courtney's counter-assurances are not convincing :—

'It is not believed that the difficulty of conducting business in the House of Commons would be seriously increased. The new freedom would bring a new sense of responsibility' (p. 154).

But of responsibility to whom? To the 'independent voters,' we suppose, who *ex hypothesi* would like their embodiments to be 'independent' also. An assembly of party men is not in all respects a lovely spectacle or an effective machine. But an assembly of the alternative pattern suggested would be a machine with so many cranks that it might not go round at all.

The practical monopoly of legislation by the Government suggests other questions, and entails other consequences than the decay of the private member. 'The efficient secret of the English Constitution,' according to Bagehot, 'may be described as the close union, the nearly complete fusion, of the executive and legislative powers.' The fusion has become more complete since Bagehot wrote (in 1865-6). It is, as he pointed out, the specific quality of Cabinet Government, just as the independence of the legislative and executive powers is the specific quality of Presidential Government. Its advantages are well known and admitted. Recent events and tendencies suggest some of its disadvantages. If Parliament is overburdened, Ministers, or at any rate the principal Ministers, are overburdened also. The office of Prime Minister, as it was understood and filled in former days, has almost ceased to exist. Lord Rosebery's remarks on this subject are well known :—

'It is more than doubtful if it be possible in this generation, when the burdens of empire and of office have so incalculably grown, for any Prime Minister to discharge the duties of his high post with the same thoroughness or in the same spirit as Peel. To do so would demand more time and strength than any man has at his command. . . . In these days of instant, continuous, and unrelenting pressure, the very tradition of such a minister has almost departed; indeed, it would be

impossible to be so paternal and ubiquitous. A minister of these days would be preparing or delivering a speech in the country, when Peel would be writing minutes of policy for the various departments.' ('Sir Robert Peel,' pp. 27, 29.)

Mr Courtney marks the same difference, though, like Lord Rosebery, he refers to Mr Gladstone's first premiership as continuing the traditions of Peel (p. 117). But not all Ministers have the restless energy and powerful physique of Mr Gladstone. It may be said that this is a case in which we may well 'thank God that we have a House of Lords.' A Prime Minister in that House, not being burdened with the legislative labours of the Commons, is free to concentrate his energies on executive functions. Whether this freedom is in fact possessed and used it would be invidious to inquire. But in any case it may be pointed out that even upon a Premier in the House of Lords the burden of legislative responsibility, as chairman of the legislative committee, is considerable, and, except in specially favourable circumstances, is not rendered easier or less irksome by the fact that, while the responsibility is his, the effective power rests with his leading colleague in the Commons. It may well be doubted, therefore, whether that fusion of the legislative and executive powers which is one of the distinguishing features of our constitution, and which tends every year to become absolute, merits all the unreserved praise which some writers have given it. Lord Randolph Churchill, in addressing an audience at one of the Universities, advised them to think as much as they could during their student-days. If they went into public life, he said, they would never again have any time to think. This is the most charitable explanation to offer of some of the want of forethought on the part of the executive which has characterised the South African policy of Great Britain.

At a time when the executive has admittedly been lacking in forethought and preparation, it may seem inappropriate to suggest that its powers are in some respects unduly restricted. Yet this is a conclusion which many observers have drawn—and among them are some of those who have been most behind the scenes—from the course of recent events. There are occasions when a stitch in time saves nine. But a Power whose executive and legislative functions are fused is seldom able to work

that timely stitch. The present Government, when charged with supineness or dilatoriness or inadequate preparation, has generally defended itself by reference to the necessity of carrying public opinion with it at each stage. The executive requires to take Parliament into its confidence; but this can only be done, under our constitution, by shouting from the housetops. Yet where expenditure of money is not immediately involved—as in the case of treaties—the power of the executive is unlimited. There is something illogical in the position that, whereas the executive, in the case of a far-reaching alliance with Japan, is able to confront Parliament and public opinion with the accomplished fact, it dared not (and in some measure could not) move a man or even buy a mule in South Africa for fear of being in advance of public opinion. In the result the British Government was abreast of public opinion, but a good deal behind the Boers. Bagehot perceived the nature of the inconsistency which we have noticed, and in the second edition of his book suggested that the Constitution ought to be amended in the sense of restricting the treaty-making power of the Crown. It is at least open to question whether the inconsistency might not be cured in an opposite fashion.

We return, in conclusion, to the point from which we started. If greater efficiency be indeed required, it must come—in constitutional as in other matters—from pressure of public opinion. Every people, it may be said, has the form of government it deserves. The British Constitution is the expression of the intellectual and moral capacity of the British people for dealing with the conditions of its national life. Hitherto the Constitution has adjusted itself with a minimum of friction and delay to the nation's needs and growth. It is now passing through a time of severe trial; but if the political genius and national character of the British people be unimpaired, it should still be possible so to develop the Constitution as to combine imperial solidarity with local liberty, and democracy with administrative and legislative efficiency.

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**Art. VIII.—MR STEPHEN PHILLIPS.**

1. *Poems*. By Stephen Phillips. London : John Lane, 1898.
2. *Paolo and Francesca*. A Tragedy in Four Acts. By the same. London : John Lane, 1900.
3. *Herod*. A Tragedy. By the same. London : John Lane, 1901.
4. *Ulysses*. A Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts. By the same. London : John Lane, 1902.

THE principle of destruction is the principle of life. It is your business, if you are bringing a new force into the world, to begin by killing, or at least wounding, a tradition, even if the tradition once had all the virtues. There was never a dragon that Perseus or St George killed which had not been a centre of conservatism and a moral support. Perseus or St George, it has never thoroughly been understood, was only able to kill him because his day was over, and he was getting behind the times. Dragons in their old age grow weak, and their teeth drop out before the spear strikes through the roofs of their mouths. It is not always even so hard and heroic to put them to death as is generally supposed. But it is essential.

In poetry there is, indeed, the great unformulated tradition by which all poetry may be recognised, in virtue of which all poets are of the same race, as all well-bred persons are akin. But in exact opposition to this tradition, which cannot be dated, there is a literary tradition, new in every age, and at the most of only temporary value. The writers who found traditions are mostly good writers; but the greatest writers inspire poets without founding traditions. When Wordsworth destroyed the tradition of Pope he founded a new tradition of his own, which has been fatal to every disciple. Keats and Shelley made no schools; we feel their influence to-day in every writer of fine English verse. Tennyson founded a tradition of his own, which has helped more indifferent and uninspired poets to pass themselves off as excellent and inspired poets than almost any other tradition in poetry. Tennyson's work seems to be the kind of work which one can do if one takes trouble enough. Sometimes it is; but, after all, has any one done it quite so

well? is there not always some essential thing left out? Nothing was ever so easy to copy, and to copy well, well enough to take in the ignorant. Now the appeal of poetry must always be chiefly to the ignorant, for in no age have there been enough discriminating people to make what is called a public; that is, if we are speaking of the appeal of the work of any single generation to that generation. People to-day have Keats on their table instead of Robert Montgomery, and some of them are even beginning to have Mr Bridges instead of Robert Lord Lytton, because they have been told what to read by the people whose judgments really matter, and whose judgments only wait for a little of the corroboration of time. But the popular poet of a generation, or of a given moment of that generation, is never chosen because of his merit; if he happens to have merit, as in the case of Tennyson, or as in the case of Victor Hugo, that is a matter largely beside the question. The mob is not logical enough or thorough-going enough to choose always the worst. On the contrary, the mob frequently chooses a writer of merit, a writer who deserves tempered praise as well as not unmeasured reproof.

It is a common mistake to suppose that originality, even if a trifle meretricious, is likely to succeed where quiet merit passes unobserved. In verse, at all events, quiet merit (not perhaps so entirely admirable a thing in an art justly called 'inspired') has every chance of success, where true originality will but disconcert the reader of poetry who has come to love certain formulas, the formulas of his masters, which seem to him, as every form of truth must seem to 'young ignorance and old custom,' forms immortal in themselves. That there is an eternal but certainly invisible beauty, it is the joy of the artist to believe. It is often well for him to believe also that the ray by which he apprehends infinite light is itself the essential light. But a limitation, which in the artist is often strength, shutting him in the more securely on his own path, is in the critic mere weakness of sight, an unpardonable blindness. In no two ages of the world has the eternal beauty manifested itself under the same form. A classic beauty of order to Sophocles, a Gothic beauty of exuberant and elaborate life to Shakespeare, perfume to Hafiz, a self-consuming flame to Catullus, it

has revealed itself to every lover under a new disguise. We cannot study old masters too much, for they, by their surprising divergence from one another, teach us to express ourselves in a way as novel as their own. They ask for our homage in passing, then to be forgotten in a new life which has no leisure for looking back. They say to us: worship your idol, and then turn your back on your idol; we also burned the idols of our fathers, that we might warm ourselves at a fire, and put heat into our blood, and be ready for the next stage of the journey.

Now the merit by which Mr Stephen Phillips has attracted attention is not the merit by which a new force reveals itself. It is not a new revelation of beauty; it is the tribute to an already worshipped beauty by which a delicate and sensitive nature, too reverent to be a lover, proclaims the platonic limitations of his affection.

The problem of Mr Stephen Phillips lies in the answer to two questions: what constitutes original poetry? and, what constitutes dramatic poetry? It is to the bar of these two questions that we propose to summon Mr Phillips.

First, let us state the case for the defence. Turning to the press-notices at the end of Mr Phillips' various volumes, we learn that, to the 'Daily Chronicle,' 'Christ in Hades' 'has the Sophoclean simplicity so full of subtle suggestion, and the Lucretian solemnity so full of sudden loveliness; and the result is Virgilian.' Mr Churton Collins, in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' is sure that 'it may be safely said that no poet has made his *début* with a volume which is at once of such extraordinary merit and so rich in promise' as the 'Poems.' The 'Times' finds in it 'the indefinable quality which makes for permanence'; the 'Globe,' 'an almost Shakespearean tenderness and beauty.' 'Here is real poetic achievement—the veritable gold of song,' cries the 'Spectator'; and 'Literature' asserts that 'no man in our generation, and few in any generation, have written better than this.' The famous names brought in for incidental comparison, on hardly less than terms of equality, are, not only, as we have seen, Shakespeare, Sophocles, Lucretius, and Virgil, but also Dante, Milton, Landor, and Rossetti. Of 'Paolo and Francesca' we are told by Mr William Archer in the 'Daily Chronicle' that here 'Mr Phillips has achieved the impossible. Sardou

could not have ordered the action more skilfully, Tennyson could not have clothed the passion in words of purer loveliness.' In the 'Morning Post' Mr Owen Seaman tells us that 'Mr Phillips has written a great dramatic poem which happens also to be a great poetic drama. We are justified in speaking of Mr Phillips' achievement as something without parallel in our age.' Mr Churton Collins, in the 'Saturday Review,' says that, 'magnificent as was the promise of' the earlier poems, he 'was not prepared for such an achievement as the present work.' He finds that 'it unquestionably places Mr Phillips in the first rank of modern dramatists and of modern poetry. It does more, it claims his kinship with the aristocrats of his art, with Sophocles and with Dante.' Mr Sidney Colvin, in the 'Nineteenth Century,' tells us that 'to the rich poetical production of the nineteenth century it seems' to him 'that Mr Phillips has added that which was hitherto lacking—notwithstanding so many attempts made by famous men—namely, a poetical play of the highest quality, strictly designed for, and expressly suited to, the stage.' Mr William Archer, in the 'World,' discovers in 'Herod' 'the elder Dumas speaking with the voice of Milton'; while the 'Daily Graphic,' the 'Globe,' and the 'Athenæum,' as with one voice, announce in it 'an intensity which entitles it to rank with the works of Webster and Chapman,' and assert that 'its grim imagination and fantasy may be compared with that of Webster,' and that 'it is not unworthy of the author of "The Duchess of Malfi."' To the 'Morning Leader' it is 'splendidly opulent in conception; perfect in construction; far beyond all contemporary English effort in the aptitude of its verse to the subject and to the stage.' Of 'Ulysses' we have no press-notices at hand, but we see from an advertisement in the 'Westminster Gazette,' entitled 'Is modern poetry read?', that one London bookseller is said to have ordered three times as many copies as he 'would have taken of a new poem by Tennyson, four times as many as for one by Swinburne, six times as many as for one by Browning.' Let this end the case for the defence.

Poetry is an act of creation which the poet shares with none other among God's creatures. Poetical feeling is a sensibility which the poet may share with the green-



grocer walking arm-in-arm with his wife, in Hyde Park, at twilight on Sunday. To express poetical feeling in verse is not to make poetry. Poetical feeling can be rendered with varying success; it can be trained, improved, made the most of: poetry exists. But as there is nothing that has not been finely done that cannot be tamely copied, so in poetry we have continually before us copies or paraphrases which are often more successful in their appeal to the public than the originals which have inspired them. And, as all but the best judges in painting can be imposed upon by a finely executed copy of a masterpiece, so in poetry all but the best judges are often imposed upon by work done conscientiously and tastefully after good models. We can imagine the reader of Mr Phillips' 'Poems' pausing before a line or a passage, and saying, That has almost the ring of Landor. Another reader will go a step further, and say, It follows Landor so closely that it is as good as Landor. The third reader will content himself with saying, It is as good as Landor. And as he says it, you will not suspect what really lies at the root of the compliment; you will imagine to yourself something different from Landor, but as good as Landor in a different way.

Now Mr Phillips' poetry is of the kind that seems, when we hear it for the first time, to be vaguely familiar. We cannot remember where we have heard it; we cannot remember if we have heard it just as it is, or if it merely recalls something else. But we are at once disposed to say, It is poetry, because it reminds us of other poetry that we have read. There is a profound sense in which all poetry is alike; in which Villon may be recognised by his inner likeness, as well as by his outer unlikeness, to Homer, while Scott shall be discredited by his outer likeness, as well as by his inner unlikeness, to Homer. But the poetry that is at once recognised by its resemblance to other poetry must always be second-rate work, because it is work done at second-hand, work which has come into the world a foundling, and has had to adopt another man's house for its maintenance.

The most conspicuous influence on Mr Stephen Phillips in his 'Poems' is Tennyson, and not the mature Tennyson, but the Tennyson of 'Enone,' Tennyson at twenty-three. Take these lines, which represent the low average, hardly

that, of 'Ænone,' and read them carefully, weighing all their cadences :

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.  
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,  
In this green valley, under this green hill,  
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?  
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears?  
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!  
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?  
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?  
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,  
There are enough unhappy on this earth,  
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live :  
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,  
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.  
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,  
Weigh heavy on my eyelids : let me die.'

Now read carefully these lines from 'Marpessa,' and weigh every cadence, comparing it with the cadences of Tennyson :

'I should expect thee by the Western bay,  
Faded, not sure of thee, with desperate smiles,  
And pitiful devices of my dress  
Or fashion of my hair : thou wouldst grow kind ;  
Most bitter to a woman that was loved.  
I must ensnare thee to my arms, and touch  
Thy pity, to but hold thee to my heart.  
But if I live with Idas, then we two  
On the low earth shall prosper hand in hand  
In odours of the open field, and live  
In peaceful noises of the farm, and watch  
The pastoral fields burned by the setting sun.  
And he shall give me passionate children, not  
Some radiant god that will despise me quite,  
But clambering limbs and little hearts that err.'

But for the awkward line ending with the word 'quite,' it would be possible to read out those two passages and to puzzle the hearer as to which was Tennyson and which Mr Phillips. It may be said that we are paying Mr Phillips a high compliment by saying that his verse might be mistaken for the verse of Tennyson. Is it, after all, a compliment? Would it be a true compliment if we were able to quote from Mr Phillips lines resembling

these lines, which we take from one of the finer parts of 'Enone'?

'Then to the bower they came,  
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,  
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,  
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,  
Lotos and lilies : and a wind arose.'

That is still Tennyson at twenty-three, a luscious and luxuriant Tennyson. But take him ten years later; take the concluding lines of 'Ulysses' :

'We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.'

Even if, anywhere in Mr Phillips' work, we could find lines of that calibre exactly, so that they could be mistaken for those lines, would it be possible to commend Mr Phillips for any much greater achievement, because he had been able to do over again what Tennyson did well, than because he had been able to do over again what Tennyson did only moderately well? That is not the question. The question is, has this new poet killed the dragon of a literary tradition? has he brought the new life of a personal energy?

Poetry, we have said, is an act of creation; poetical feeling is a form of sensibility. Now in all Mr Phillips' verse we find poetical feeling; never the instant, inevitable, unmistakable thrill and onslaught of poetry. When Dante writes:

'Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona';

when Shakespeare writes :

'O thou weed,  
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,  
That the sense aches at thee,—would thou hadst ne'er  
been born!'

when Coleridge writes :

'She, she herself, and only she  
Shone through her body visibly';

when Blake writes :

'When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?'

we are convinced at once, we accept without question ; there is nothing to argue about. A flower has come up out of the soil of the earth ; it has all the age of the earth in its roots, and the novelty of the instant in its fragrant life. Turn to Mr Phillips, and to an admired passage :

'So bare her soul that Beauty like a lance  
Pierced her, and odour full of arrows was.'

One hesitates ; one says, is that really good, or only apparently good ? There is something in the idea, but has the idea found its 'minutely appropriate words' ? Change a word or two, turn it into prose, say it without inversion : 'Her soul was so naked that Beauty pierced her like a spear, and odour was full of arrows to her.' Is not that, in prose, finer than it was in verse ? The verse, in Mr Phillips, reaches a high general level, but never the absolute. Now a high general level, without the absolute, means infinitely less than a general level, imperfect either in substance or in workmanship, with here and there the absolute. It is the difference between the 'bounding line' of life and the more or less discernible outline of a shadow. In real poems, slight or brief though they may be, we have the single imaginative act ; something has been done which has never been done before, and which will never be done again. Until that has been done it is of slight interest to consider how many other excellent qualities a work may contain. Mr Phillips has laid the paper, the sticks, and the coals neatly in the grate, where they remain, in undisturbed order, awaiting the flame that never wakens them into light or heat.

But we have as yet considered only one of the two questions we proposed to ourselves, the question : what constitutes original poetry ? A second question remains : what constitutes dramatic poetry ?

The essential thing in drama is that the drama should be based upon character, that the action should be made by the characters. Every speech which is not a new

revelation of character is an intrusive speech, whatever irrelevant merit it may have as verse. In the poetic drama it is impossible to disentangle poetry from character, or character from poetry. If the two are not one, neither is satisfactorily present. Coleridge jots down, in one of his priceless notes: 'Item, that dramatic poetry must be poetry hid in thought and passion—not thought or passion disguised in the dress of poetry.' In the poetic drama every line of verse must come out of the heart of the man or woman who speaks it, and as straight from the heart as if it were in prose. Verse throws off none of the responsibilities of the playwright, but rather adds to them, though with its own compensations. Even a prose speech on the stage is not a precise verbal imitation of the words which people would probably use under given circumstances. It is permitted to the dramatist, by the very convention which makes drama, to express what his characters would like to express, in a more precise and a more profound way than that in which they would express themselves if they were real people. He must do so within the limits of plausibility; that is part of his art as a dramatist. But he must do so, or he will not convey to his audience what the imperfect stammerings of ordinary conversation convey to those who know already what to read into the words and how to interpret the pauses and the gestures.

In the poetic drama, which, by the mere fact of the language in which it is written, takes us still further from the external realities of ordinary conversation, speech may be, indeed, must be, still further lifted, its meaning still further deepened. All speech is an attempt, an admittedly imperfect attempt, to express the mind's conception of itself, of the universe, and of its relation to the universe. The best words that have yet been invented go only a little way into that mysterious inner world, of which the outer world is but a shadow. Who can say that the first words which come to my lips when I am trying to tell some intimate secret of myself, a secret which I have only half understood, are nearer to the innermost meaning of that secret than the carefully chosen and, in some strange way, illuminated words by which, if I am a poet, I can hint at what no human tongue can wholly tell? When we talk with one another, in any

grave moment, we are like children who talk loudly in the dark to give themselves courage. We speak out of the midst of an enveloping darkness; we understand only a part of what we are saying, and only partly why we are saying it. The words are most often false to their real meaning; they are nothing. To imitate them precisely would be to come no nearer to your heart who hear and to mine who speak them. The dramatist must bring speech nearer to that obscure thing of which speech is but a suggestion; the poetic dramatist, who speaks in a finer, more expressive, and therefore truer, language, may come much nearer to the truth, to the real meaning of words, than the dramatist who writes in prose can ever come.

Speech, then, in the poetic drama, is not the imitation of ordinary conversation, it is not the mere turning of ordinary conversation into verse; it is a beautiful and expressive saying aloud of what people have only thought, or meant, or felt, without being able to put those thoughts, or intentions, or emotions, into words. It comes nearer to humanity as it goes further from a merely literal turning into verse of a speaker's failure to express himself. It must carry always the illusion of words actually spoken; it must seem to us as if such or such a person of the drama might have said just those words if poetry had really been his native language, as it might be the language native to his soul; we must be tricked and led into believing some more subtle truth than that which our ears hear and our eyes see. But let us remember at what distance we are from the market-place.

Now in all Mr Phillips' plays the action is conceived first, the characters are fitted into it afterwards, and the verse is embroidered upon a stiff and empty canvas, with a merely decorative intention. Mr Phillips has attempted, to some extent, to copy the form of the Greek, rather than of the Elizabethan play, to follow Sophocles rather than Shakespeare. The attempt is interesting; it might have resulted in the creation of a new and wholly modern thing. The only dramatist since Sophocles in whom the essential qualities of Sophocles, as a dramatist, are to be seen, is Ibsen. Ibsen has invented for himself a form which seems to us absolutely new, and, above all things, modern. It is new, it is modern, but it is new and

modern in a fine sense because it goes back to the moment when the drama was most faultlessly conceived and developed, and finds there, not a thing to copy, but a principle of life, to which its own principle of life corresponds. Mr Phillips has tried to copy an outline, but the outline, drawn, as it is, with skill, remains empty, is neither filled nor finished, and, at the best, remains academic, not vital, the outline of Bouguereau, not of Ingres or of Degas, in whom a similar purity of drawing achieves such different ends.

Mr Phillips has written for the stage with a certain kind of success, and he has been praised, as we have seen, for having 'written a great dramatic poem which happens also to be a great poetic drama.' But this praise loses sight of the difference which exists between what is dramatic and what is theatrically effective. In 'Paolo and Francesca,' in 'Herod,' and in 'Ulysses,' there are many scenes which, taken in themselves, are theatrically effective; and it is through this quality, which is the quality most prized on the modern English stage, that these plays have found their way to Her Majesty's Theatre and to St James's. But take any one of these scenes, consider it in relation to the play as a whole, think of it as a revelation of the character of each person who takes part in it, examine its probability as a natural human action, and you will find that the people do, not what they would be most likely to do, but what the author wishes them to do, and that they say, not what they would be most likely to say, but what the author thinks it would be convenient or impressive for them to say.

What Mr Phillips lacks is sincerity; and without sincerity there can be no art, though art has not yet begun when sincerity has finished laying the foundations. One is not sincere by wishing to be so, any more than one is wise or fortunate. Infinite skill goes to the making of sincerity. Mr Phillips, who has so much skill, devotes it all to producing effects by means of action, and to describing those effects by means of verse. Paolo and Francesca say gracious things to one another, gracious idyllic things, which one hears the poet prompting them to say; but they always say things, they do not speak straight out. Nothing that is said by Herod might not

as well be said by Mariamne; nothing that is said by either Mariamne or Herod might not better be said by a third person. When Calypso and Ulysses talk for the last time on the island, we feel neither the goddess nor the hero; but the obvious thought, the expected emotion, is always exact to its minute. The characters of a great dramatist seem to break away from their creator; having set them in motion, he is not responsible for the course they take; he is the automaton, not they. But Mr Phillips' characters do but decorate his stage, on which they profess to live and move and have their being. They pass, and the scenery is changed, and they pass again, or others like them pass; and they have said graceful verse, with literary intentions, and they have committed violent actions, with theatrical intentions; and nothing that they have done has moved us, and nothing that they have said has moved us; and we can always discuss the acting and the staging.

The characters of a great drama are not limited for their existence to the three hours during which they move before our eyes on the other side of a luminous gulf. Their first words seem to echo back into a past in which they have already lived intensely; when they have left the stage at the end of the play, they have all eternity before them in which to go on living. The first words of Cleopatra to Antony,

‘If it be love indeed, tell me how much,’

have told us already, before she begins to live her passionate, luxurious, and treacherous life before us, all that Shakespeare intends us to know of her secret. When she says proudly, at the moment of death,

‘I am fire and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life,’

she is but accepting her rank among the immortal forces. The mind cannot limit her to the frame of five acts; the five acts have existed in order to set her for ever outside them.

This, then, is the effect of great drama; we might say, of all genuine drama. With the end of ‘Ulysses’ the masque is over; of ‘Herod,’ the melodrama; of ‘Paolo and Francesca,’ the idyl. The three plays, with their



slight differences of method, their slightly varying merit, are identical in effect, if we look closely enough into them. 'Paolo and Francesca,' which seems at first sight to be more nearly a work of art than 'Ulysses,' because it has nothing quite so bad as the prologue in heaven, and because it has a certain neatness of movement, a certain prettiness of verse, has the same essential insincerity, with an even more faulty human logic. 'Ulysses' is frankly a spectacle; 'Herod' is almost frankly a melodrama; but 'Paolo and Francesca,' in which so much that is melodramatic is woven so softly into so much that is spectacular, comes to us as if in disguise, plausibly, begging a welcome. What remains with us, when the three are over? First, the tumult and glitter of the spectacle; next, the qualities of the acting; lastly, a few separate lines, not essential to the play as a whole, or to the revelation of any one of the characters, but interesting in themselves for their idea or for their expression. The canvas is stretched and threadbare, the pattern indistinct; here and there a colour asserts itself, coming self-consciously out of the pattern.

We have now examined Mr Phillips' work from the point of view of poetry, and from the point of view of drama; we have indicated why it seems to us that this work is neither original as poetry nor genuine as drama. We have indicated why the poetry has been praised by the critics; it remains to consider why the drama has been accepted by the public.

First of all, the public wants, or has been trained to want, spectacle at the theatre; and Mr Phillips provides them with spectacle, on which they can repose their eyes without troubling their minds by any further considerations. An enthusiastic admirer of 'Ulysses,' advising a friend to go and see the most beautiful play he had ever seen, and being answered, 'But I have read the play, and do not care for it,' exclaimed with conviction, 'Oh, you won't hear the words!' Yet there are those who wish to hear the words, and to whom the words seem full of beauty. These are the people into whose hands modern education has put all the great books of the world, all the treasures of all the arts, and whom it has not taught to discriminate between what is good and what is second-rate. Ignorance has its felicities; the peasant who has

read nothing but his Bible has at least not been trained in the wrong direction. But there is one thing more fatal than most other things in the world: the education which gives facts without reasons, opinions without thoughts, mental results without the long meditation through which they should have come into the mind. There is something which education, as we see it in our time, violently and ignorantly at work upon ignorance, can do; it can persuade the public that the middle class in literature is a fine form of intellectual democracy; it can change the patterns of our wall-papers into less aggressive patterns; it can exclude the antimacassar from the back of the chair on which we rest our head, and the mental image of the antimacassar from the head which rests on the back of the chair. But the change in the furniture, the vague consciousness that a certain piece of furniture is ugly or unseemly, has not turned an inartistic mind into an artistic mind; it has merely changed the model on the blackboard for a slightly better model. The taste for melodrama stark naked has faded a little in the public favour; we must have our melodrama clothed, and clothed elegantly. The verse which seemed good enough for poetical plays ten years ago is not good enough for us any longer; we were in the 'third standard' then, we are in the 'fourth standard' now.

In the 'Cornhill Magazine' for March Mr Yeats has pointed out, with unquestionable truth, that

'what we call popular poetry never came from the people at all. Longfellow, and Campbell, and Mrs Hemans, and Macaulay in his Lays, and Scott in his longer poems, are the poets of the middle class, of people who have unlearned the unwritten tradition which binds the unlettered, so long as they are masters of themselves, to the beginning of time and to the foundation of the world, and who have not learned the written tradition which has been established upon the unwritten.'

'There is only one kind of good poetry,' he reminds us; 'for the poetry of the coteries, which presupposes the written tradition, does not differ in kind from the true poetry of the people, which presupposes the unwritten tradition.'

We live in a time when the middle class rules, and will have its say, even in art. The judgments of the crowd are accepted by the crowd; there are, alas, no longer tyrants.

No man any longer admits that he is ignorant of anything; the gentleman who has made his money in South Africa talks art with the gentleman who has made his money on the Stock Exchange. Once he was content to buy; now he must criticise as well. The gambler from abroad takes the opinion of the gambler at home; between them they make opinion for their fellows. And they will have their popular poetry, their popular drama. They, and the shopkeeper, and the young man brought up at the board-school, form a solid phalanx. They hold together, they thrust in the same direction. The theatres exist for them; they have made the theatres what they are. They will pay their money for nothing on which money has not been squandered. A poetical play must not be given unless it can be mounted at a cost of at least 2000% ; so much money cannot be risked unless there is a probability that the play will draw the crowd: is it not inevitable that the taste of the crowd should be consulted humbly, should be followed blindly? Commercialism rules the theatre, as it rules elsewhere than in the theatre. It is all a simple business matter, a question of demand and supply. A particular kind of article is in demand at the theatre: who will meet that demand? Mr Phillips comes forward with plays which seem to have been made expressly for the purpose. Their defects help them hardly more than their merits. They have just enough poetical feeling, just enough action, just enough spectacle; they give to the middle-class mind the illusion of an art 'dealing greatly with great passions'; they give to that mind the illusion of being for once in touch with an art dealing greatly with great passions. They rouse no disquieting reflections; they challenge no accepted beliefs. They seem to make the art of the drama easy, and to reduce poetry at last to the general level.

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Art. IX.—ENGLAND VIEWED THROUGH FRENCH SPECTACLES.

1. *Essai d'une Psychologie Politique du Peuple Anglais au XIX Siècle.* Par Emile Boutmy. Armand Colin : Paris, 1901.
2. *L'Angleterre et l'Impérialisme.* Par Victor Bérard. Colin et Cie : Paris, 1900.
3. *Les Anglais aux Indes et en Égypte.* Par Eugène Aubin. Armand Colin : Paris, 1900.
4. *L'Anglais est-il un Juif ?* Par Louis Martin. A. Savine : Paris, 1895.
5. *Études Anglaises.* Par André Chevrillon. Hachette et Cie : Paris, 1901.
6. *Les Nouvelles Sociétés Anglo-Saxonnes.* Par Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu. Armand Colin : Paris, 1901.

WE have never been able to make up our minds whether the fulfilment of Burns's aspiration,

‘ O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us ! ’

would benefit either individuals or humanity. There is, we fancy, a sounder philosophy in the old saying that in every John there are three Johns—John as he sees himself, John as his neighbour sees him, and John as his maker sees him. The last of these three points of view is manifestly the only correct one ; but, as the estimate of omniscience can never be known to us, in this life at any rate, we have to form our judgment of John from a comparison between his own estimate of himself and that placed upon him by the outside world ; and these two estimates will, as a rule, differ very widely. What is true of men in this respect is also true of nations, with this difference, that since nations, generally speaking, know each other less, and dislike each other more, than individuals do, the average estimate formed by one nation of another is likely to be less favourable than that formed of a man by his neighbours.

Englishmen are fairly conscious of the defects, as well as the virtues, of their national character. They are prone to oscillate between fits of humility and fits of self-glorification ; but, on the whole, they have no need to utter the

prayer, 'Lord, give us a good conceit of ourselves.' As to the views of our neighbours, we have long been aware that we were not exactly popular on the Continent; but, until lately, we had no idea that we were universally detested. It is easy, therefore, to understand the astonishment with which our countrymen have recently been made acquainted with the opinion entertained of England by her neighbours. If ever a nation had an opportunity for seeing herself as others see her, we are that nation.

Since the commencement of our quarrel with the Boer Republics we have been told from well-nigh every quarter of the civilised world that not only is the war a wicked, cruel, and unjust attack upon a feeble and unaggressive power, but that it is a signal illustration of our national character. We are informed day by day that throughout our existence we have been a compound of bully and hypocrite; that our policy has been directed steadily and wilfully to undermining the strength and prosperity of our neighbours; and that the British Empire is the creation of a system of perfidious intrigue, of brutal disregard of every one's interest but our own, of culpable mendacity, and of an unreasoning jealousy against every power, whether great or small, whose existence places any obstacle in the way of our own aggrandisement. Our claims to morality, to benevolence, to fair-dealing, to ordinary humanity, to patriotism, and even to brute courage, have been held up to ridicule in the parliaments and in the press of the Continent. Every defeat we have sustained throughout a very arduous campaign has been hailed with delight, and that less as a gain for the Boers than as a triumph for Europe. Every victory we have won has been ascribed to the weakness of our opponents, or has been declared unworthy of belief because it was vouched for only by British bulletins. Our methods of conducting the war have been denounced as a disgrace to humanity, and a violation of the military code recognised by the law of nations. Our army has been held up to infamy as a horde of mercenaries actuated by cruelty, lust, and greed of plunder; and this crusade against the army which in bygone years drove the French out of Spain, defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, and by so doing secured the safety and peace of Europe, has actually been carried to such lengths that the German Chancellor did

not hesitate to declare, in the German Parliament, that any attempt to place the British and the German armies on the same level of humanity is a studied insult to the German nation.

But of this enough. On recent German utterances it is difficult for Englishmen to write calmly; moreover, they hardly lie within the scope of this article, which deals chiefly with the attitude adopted towards us by France throughout the war. It is naturally the cue of the pro-Boer party at home to lay great stress upon the reprobation expressed by the French nation for British policy in respect of the South African Republics. Nor are these tactics devoid of adroitness. We believe ourselves that popular sentiment in England has usually been at heart more friendly towards France than it has ever been towards any other continental nation, except perhaps the Italian. There is a well-known story in diplomatic circles, that on one occasion, when a number of the representatives of foreign Powers at the Court of St James's happened to meet together by themselves, one of the body made the remark, 'I suppose that though the English we meet are most courteous and polite to us personally, they all have an equal contempt for us collectively as not being Englishmen.' The then French Ambassador demurred to the statement, saying, 'When Englishmen are out of hearing they call you wretched foreigners, but they always call me that blackguard Frenchman.'

In epigrams, truth is necessarily sacrificed to wit; but the anecdote, whether authentic or apocryphal, does illustrate a certain phase of our British turn of mind. Somehow Frenchmen, whatever their defects may be in our opinion, are more sympathetic to us than Germans or Russians. We understand them better, or, what comes to much the same thing, we think that we do so; we appreciate their literature, their intellectual ability, their national character, their ambitions and aspirations, more easily than we do those of other continental nations; and we can see no reason why our relations with France should not be as amicable, and even as cordial, as would seem natural from our close proximity and our comparatively intimate acquaintance with one another. That France is our natural ally has, ever since the close of the

Napoleonic wars, been the creed of English politicians as a body, irrespective of party; and down to a recent date there was a general belief on the part of the British public that France, after all, was the best friend England had on the mainland of Europe; while the Liberal party, more especially, contended that this sentiment was reciprocal, and that British foreign policy should be based on an amicable understanding with France. The question how far such an understanding is practicable, or, if practicable, is consistent with our Imperial interests, is far too large to be entered upon here. All we wish to point out is that the Liberals have taken advantage of our traditional sympathy for France to impress upon the British mind the paramount importance of studying French susceptibilities in respect of the war in South Africa, and have lost no opportunity of representing that the Anglophobe attacks which appeared in the gutter-press of Paris were undeserving the attention of the British public, and were in no sense representative of French opinion.

The caricatures which had such an enormous sale in the streets of the 'Ville Lumière,' only a few months ago, were, it cannot be denied, unmannerly, coarse, and repulsive to any man of taste and decency, no matter to what nationality he might belong. We may indeed admit that the Parisian Gillrays were a shade less brutal and vindictive than their imitators at Berlin; and we are glad to believe that no small number of educated Frenchmen felt in their hearts the justice of Mr Chamberlain's reprimand when he declared, in addressing a public meeting, that 'France had got to mend her manners.' But we demur with much regret to the contention that the outrages against good taste and public decency, of which the 'Journal pour Rire' and other garbage-mongers of the boulevards were guilty, were out of harmony with French sentiment. *Mutatis mutandis* the language usually employed by the two papers in Paris, which may fairly be said to represent the educated public of France, the 'Débats' and the 'Temps,' was identical in spirit, though not in tone, with that employed by the lowest journalistic publications. It may be said that in all countries newspapers are written, in {the main, with a view to increase their circulation, and that sensational intelligence and per-

sonal attacks attract far more readers than a statement of solid facts explained by impartial comments. We do not altogether admit the truth of this; and, even if we did, we should say that the well-nigh universal animus displayed against England by the French press indicates a noteworthy animosity on the part, not only of French newspaper writers and editors, but of French newspaper readers, or, in other words, of the French public.

We think, therefore, that it may be of some use at the present time to call attention to the higher class of French literature, and to show that, in the upper as well as the lower ranks of the world of letters, the end and aim of French authorship have been to hold England up to ridicule, to denounce her ambitions, to disparage her grandeur, and to make out that the war with the Transvaal is the commencement of the downfall of the British Empire. The day in which such flattering, if not very well-informed treatises as M. Demolins's '*A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons?*' were possible, seems to have passed; and another order of works holds the field. The recent publications referred to under the heading of this article are what, in France, are called *études sérieuses*, that is, works addressed to educated and, presumably, thoughtful readers. They belong to the same category of literature as that which forms the staple of our own high-class reviews, and, in consequence, are not written to suit the masses, but are intended for the perusal of a cultivated and intellectual class. We will endeavour to show from a brief survey of their contents how far they substantiate the assertion that the diatribes against England and the English, which form the delight of the populace in France, do not commend themselves also to educated Frenchmen. It is only fair to say that in the works to which we refer there is ample evidence that their authors are, as a rule, well acquainted with the language and literature of England, that they have studied English history and English politics, and that their criticisms, however unjust, cannot be ascribed to mere ignorance.

The first of the works on which we would comment is the '*Essay on the Political Psychology of the English Nation in the Nineteenth Century*,' by M. Boutmy. We



assign it this priority because it is more learned and less unfair than most of the books under notice. M. Boutmy is a man of distinction. He is head of the 'École Libre des Sciences Politiques' in Paris: he is, in many respects, well acquainted with this country: he has devoted careful study to its institutions; and he is not actuated by the unreasoning animosity which characterises most of our self-constituted critics. But for this very reason his outbursts of Anglophobe extravagance are more remarkable and less pardonable. This is how he sums up the English character (p. 87):—

'No man who has lived long in England can dispute the bestiality of the great majority of the [British] race. To-day, as of old, sport, betting, intoxication count among the pleasures most appreciated by Englishmen. To-day, as of old, they need the overloading of a full stomach to stimulate their genius. If we can believe the testimony of a statesman at the commencement of the [last] century, all their grand resolutions and all their most ingenious combinations have come into being during the half-hour that Englishmen consecrate after dinner to copious drinking and to conversation between men.'

M. Boutmy is not more flattering to our self-pride in the following summary of our national genesis (p. 95):—

'All the successive occupants [of the British Isles] who have constituted the English nation, were without exception adventurers, pirates, soldiers of fortune who might have different motives for quitting their native countries, but who all possessed the energy necessary to quit them. A struggle forthwith commenced between the original occupants and the successive arrivals, composed indeed of discordant elements, but alike remarkable for an exceptional vigour, moral as well as physical. This struggle presented a character of extreme barbarity and inhumanity. In the end, however, a large and favourable elimination was accomplished; the weak were mown down; only the most enduring, the boldest and the strongest were left to propagate the race. A nation was thus formed which, notwithstanding differences of race and latitude, offers a striking analogy to ancient Rome, at its outset, a city of refuge to robbers and rebels, but which gradually brought the energies of its citizens under discipline, and, finally, ruled the world, thanks to the brute forces deposited in its cradle.'

We suspect that this account of our origin closely resembles that of every nation which has ever made its

mark on the surface of the globe. But it is obvious that M. Boutmy considers that it applies especially, if not exclusively, to the genesis of England. The passage has no meaning at all if its object is not to make Frenchmen believe that we are the offspring of successive generations of pirates, inheriting from our forefathers the instincts of a piratical race. This hereditary tendency serves, as M. Boutmy appears to think, to explain our attitude towards foreign races subject to our authority. We had hitherto flattered ourselves that by common consent we had been more successful than our neighbours in reconciling semi-civilised or savage communities to our rule. Even now, much as we may puzzle our memory, we cannot recall a single master-nation, since the downfall of the Roman Empire, which has manifested a faculty of ruling subject-races equal to, or even comparable with, that of Britain. M. Boutmy, however, assures us that our claim to be a civilising force is utterly groundless. He tells us (p. 149) that 'in no part of the world have the English formed a hybrid race with the autochthonous population of the countries they have subjugated.' He omits to mention that where other European colonists have taken to themselves wives from the natives of the land, as was the case with the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru, with the Portuguese in Brazil and East Africa, and with the Dutch in the Cape Colony, the result has failed to be satisfactory either to the rulers or the subject-race.

We doubt, however, if any such considerations would modify M. Boutmy's preconceived theory that England is incapable of anything but maltreating subject-races.

'Nowhere,' he informs us (pp. 148-150), 'have Englishmen raised these [subject] populations to their own level, or shown the power of conciliating their sympathies. They have only known how to oppress, to exploit, to stamp down, or to destroy them. The French colonists were loved by the North American Indians, and found them faithful allies. The Spaniards, by intermarriage with the natives of Mexico, Peru, and Central America, have formed a population that has gradually been elevated to a high degree of European culture. . . . The same incapacity [of England] to understand inferior races, the same reluctance to stoop to their level so as to raise them to her own, manifests itself in all the lamentable

history of Ireland, in the records of India, and in the present administration of Egypt. English rule procures for these countries the material benefits of order, security, and prosperity. Their authority, for instance, is exercised throughout India with good intentions, honestly and regularly. But after a century of rule they still form amidst the native population an isolated and disconnected body. They are still as much strangers as ever; and a cry of deliverance would salute their departure, even if they were to carry away with them both prosperity and peace.'

We should like to ask in what respect this description of the relations between England and her Indian Empire, in so far as it has any foundation on fact, differs from that which every Frenchman resident in Algeria would give of the relations between France and her Arab provinces. The Algerian problem is simplicity itself as compared with that of the administration of the Indian Empire. But yet, during their seventy odd years of undisturbed tenure, the French have so far failed absolutely to reconcile the native population to French rule.

The chauvinism which, perhaps unconsciously, sways all M. Boutmy's studies of our political psychology, betrays itself in the almost personal virulence which animates all his comments on Mr Chamberlain. Let us cite one passage amidst many (p. 442):—

'I do not intend to examine in detail all the affairs in which he [Mr Chamberlain] has been involved. In all of them he is the populace, he displays the passions of the populace. As to arrogance, who ever displayed more than he did when, behind the scenes, he directed the negotiations conducted with France on the subject of Fashoda? when he insisted that the demands of England, which at bottom were perfectly legitimate, should be expressed in a humiliating form at the risk of a war he desired to bring about? . . . He intended to make war for the sake of war. He was anxious to attack France, not to redress a grievance that had already been redressed, but in view of the positive advantages upon which he had calculated; and to make this attack at the precise moment when he judged the defeat of France a foregone conclusion owing to the overwhelming superiority of the British naval forces.'

This attempt to make Mr Chamberlain responsible for the attitude adopted by England in reference to Fashoda

throws some discredit on M. Boutmy's claim to have made a thorough study of British politics. The most elementary knowledge of our political institutions should have sufficed to teach our critic that the Colonial Secretary had nothing specially to do with Egypt, and that he can do nothing of his own initiative with regard to military, naval, or diplomatic affairs. Even assuming—an assumption which is utterly ludicrous—that Mr Chamberlain was personally anxious to force on a war with France without rhyme or reason, he could only do so by persuading the Premier, the Secretary of State for War, and the First Lord of the Admiralty to give their approval and co-operation to his bellicose designs. As a matter of fact Mr Chamberlain occupies to-day much the same place in popular French imagination as Pitt did in the imagination of their fellow-countrymen a hundred years ago, though with less reason. In order, therefore, to gratify French prejudices, M. Boutmy does not hesitate to accuse the bogey of modern France of a crime which there is no reason to suppose was ever contemplated by any serious British statesman.

There is more justice in M. Boutmy's identification of Mr Chamberlain with what has come to be called Imperialism, though he thoroughly misunderstands the aims and motives of that movement. His theory is that the democratic legislation of the last century has brought to the top a new *couche sociale*; that the old England, led by the aristocracy and educated by philosophers, has disappeared; that a new and brutal spirit of conquest permeates British policy—the spirit of the populace, at length emancipated from aristocratic control, and conscious of its liberty and strength; and that of this spirit Mr Chamberlain has made himself the mouthpiece. Consequently he is a danger to the civilised world. We cannot now examine this theory; we merely state it for what it is worth, remarking only that the assumed novelty and purely democratic character of modern Imperialism are inconsistent with M. Boutmy's previous statement that a brutal lust of conquest has been characteristic of British policy ever since this country became a power in Europe.

In 'L'Angleterre et l'Imperialisme,' M. Victor Bérard strikes a somewhat similar note. Birmingham is, in his

opinion, the political as well as the geographical centre of England, and Mr Chamberlain is Birmingham embodied in the flesh. In order to support this theory on ethnological grounds, M. Bérard informs us (p. 2) that England, from the date of her first invasion up to the present day,

'has ever been divided between two races and two nations which confront each other. Towards the East lie the flat districts of the Thames and the Trent, the meadows soaked by fogs, the moist fields, surrounding the estuaries of the winding rivers, the cultivated plains, where the sturdy peasants dwell. On the West, there is only a narrow shore of sand and mud, a few bays without any exit running into the marshes; and, overhanging the sea, an almost desert range of mountains with barren valleys and half-starved flocks. For ten centuries the fertile plains [of the East] attracted the conquerors from abroad—Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans. The mountain-districts [of the West] became for ten centuries the refuge of the conquered natives, Britons, Picts, or Gauls. At the end of this period the Norman conquest seemed installed in power for ever. The Normans were masters of all the plain; they established there their own law, their own religion, their language and their feudal system. But the mountains and the western shore remained unsubdued and always ripe for rebellion. Centuries must still elapse before peace and union can be established between the two Englands of the conquerors and the conquered. The history of England consists, in fact, in the rivalry, first warlike then political, of these two Englands. It is to this rivalry that Birmingham owes her creation and, subsequently, her importance and her fortune.'

Birmingham, in virtue of its central situation between east and west, became the 'City of the Marches,' dividing the two Englands. This is how M. Bérard describes the England which came into existence with the development of the coal trade:—

'Restored to energy by the preachers of the Nonconformist sects and by the discoveries of science, black, haggard, rendered gloomy by smoke and by Puritan ideas, bent under the misery of her daily life and under the oppression of ages, this England of the coal-pits hungered for white bread and for centuries had hungered for revenge. Her hereditary struggles had trained her to patient efforts. The memory of her bygone spoliation had never been forgotten. She had retained the

notion of her ancient rights. Her freedom of religious speculation had impressed upon her the sense of duty. At last, the conquered England, so long captive within the nets of privilege, raised her head. Since that period a line drawn across England from the gulf of Bristol to the gulf of Newcastle marks once more the frontiers of the two peoples.'

It would take us too long to explain how, step by step, Mr Chamberlain, according to M. Bérard, made himself the leader of the Black-Country England, which, in accordance with his theory, has overthrown the grand old England of the days of Gladstone and the Manchester school. We are not surprised to learn that the apostles of free-trade, who used to be regarded in France as the underhand enemies of French commerce and French influence, are now held up by M. Bérard to the respect and admiration of his countrymen.

'Formerly,' he says (p. 52), 'we were accustomed to note in English Radicalism the teaching and the spirit of philosophers. This English political philosophy, though experimental and utilitarian, had assuredly taught the English Radicals to calculate forces and to respect facts. But it had also taught them the futility of individual experience not controlled by the experience of mankind, and the immorality of personal aims not in conformity with the interest of all. By "all" this philosophy understood the whole of humanity. Bentham and his disciples held themselves to be citizens of the world, not of Birmingham. Their Radicalism was humanitarian, not Brummagem. . . . They spoke the language of humanity. . . . They professed a philanthropy which knew nothing of frontiers. They were good patriots; but aggressive chauvinism always seemed to them a monstrosity in the present, or a reproach on the past.'

Mr Rudyard Kipling shares with Mr Chamberlain the burden of M. Bérard's disapproval (pp. 63, 64):—

'Each of his words, under the thin varnish of civilisation which covers our native barbarism, rouses the brutal temperament of the race and sets in vibration some ancient idea or some old animosity, with the genuine Imperialist note, the pride of force, the vanity of wealth, the Pharisaism of virtue, the intoxication of flowing blood, the glow of adventure, the fanaticism of the nation's mission, the pride of Anglo-Saxon superiority, the hatred or contempt of other races. Thus he

creates in every one of his readers an Imperial soul. . . . The Empire is already created in the brain of Rudyard Kipling. In all his writings he creates the Empire in the brain of his readers; and the whole [British] race are his readers.

'The other "manager" of Imperialism, though with less of genius, is an equally good apostle. Him we know already; it is Joe Chamberlain. This practical man "started the business" of Imperialism—for it is a "business"—in which he has contrived to interest all Great Britain and even Greater Britain. . . . The power and popularity of Chamberlain are due to this cause. The man of Birmingham has become the man of all England because he has made himself the apostle of the new faith.'

After this outburst of sonorous clap-trap we learn without surprise that Imperialism, in M. Bérard's opinion, is bound to be the ruin of England in general, and of Birmingham in particular. From Blue-books, from the evidence of witnesses before parliamentary commissions, from consular reports, and from the writings of Little-Englanders, he has collected a variety of statements tending to show that poor old England is going to the dogs; that her commercial supremacy is decaying; that her home industries are being destroyed by foreign competition; and that her only chance of prolonging her national existence is to abjure Chamberlain and all Imperialist ideas, and to contract her Imperial liabilities while time is yet given her for repentance. We are informed by M. Bérard that the evidence of our commercial decline has produced an enormous effect on British public sentiment, though he admits that somehow or other the Imperialist idea has made way notwithstanding. His explanation appears to be that the downfall of Imperialism in England has only been averted by the machinations of Chamberlain, who has stimulated British passions by reviving the old jealousy of France. England, being in possession of an overwhelming naval power, feels that now is the time for her to crush her ancient foe (p. 99):—

'The weapon is there, all ready. It is a pity to let it rust for want of use. In a few hours it [the fleet] would bring us an immense profit. The business would "pay." To begin with, war would empty the Birmingham shops where masses of war-materials have been stored unsold for years.'

As the result of a successful war, France would lose her fleet, would be compelled to surrender her colonies, and would have to pay any indemnity that England might think fit to impose. In order to carry out this programme, England, it is intimated, availed herself of the Fashoda incident to impose terms unnecessarily humiliating to France, in the hope that these terms might be rejected, and that thereupon she might be able to declare war against France. Happily this Machiavellian scheme was thwarted by the dignified self-control of the French Republic, and England was compelled to defer her vengeance. All this may seem to the British mind sheer midsummer madness, but it is madness which is regarded as sanity by French writers who have made a serious study of British politics, and, what is much more important, commends itself to the mass of educated Frenchmen, to whom England is still the 'Perfide Albion' of their forebears.

The same inability to comprehend that British policy in every part of the world is not actuated by an almost sublime greed, and an utter disregard of everything beyond our own interests, is displayed in M. Eugène Aubin's '*Les Anglais aux Indes et en Égypte*,' a work which has actually been crowned by the Académie Française as entitled to the Furtado prize. The style is singularly lucid and elegant; the matter is not disfigured by the virulent personal invective which mars the effect of the other works we have mentioned; and the main facts of the Egyptian situation have obviously been studied carefully by the author. In fact the work in question might have been a valuable contribution to the history of Egypt under the British occupation if its value had not been destroyed by the assumption that everything which England has done or left undone in Egypt has been the result of a persistent, far-sighted, and unscrupulous desire to bring about the annexation of Egypt. The author declares (p. 199) that from the outset we regarded Egypt

'as a country which must be annexed gradually to the British Empire, as the annexation could not, to their annoyance, be effected in an immediate and direct fashion. While British diplomacy secured a respite by multiplying promises of impending evacuation intended to blind the benevolent



credulity of continental statesmen, the task of the British officials in Egypt consisted in taking definite possession of the country.'

The first step in this policy of deception was taken, we are told, by the late Lord Dufferin. Our present Pro-consul at Cairo is described as follows (p. 201):—

'The British agent, who, since the occupation, has been charged with the duty of absorbing Egypt, would have been absolutely incapable, by virtue of his temperament, of putting into practice the refined hypocrisy of Lord Dufferin. . . . Lord Cromer is not a diplomatist either by taste or by education. The development and even the interests of his career have identified him with all the passions of British Imperialism. His violence of character disposed him towards brutal methods, worthy of the representative of an Imperial race which foresaw the approach of the moment when it would be in a position to impose its authority on all humanity. Actuated by these tendencies, he demurred from the outset to the complicated process recommended by Lord Dufferin; and without even thinking for a moment of employing gentle methods, he set himself to establish British authority in Egypt by kicks and blows, without care or consideration, but with the supple and deliberate violence so characteristic of Englishmen.'

According to M. Aubin, 'Divide et impera' is the motto of England, as it was of ancient Rome (p. 244):—

'There is not,' he declares, 'a nation in the world more skilful than England in isolating, dividing, enervating, irritating, or frightening her adversaries and provoking them to give way to dangerous impulses. Her skill is all the more redoubtable from the fact that her malignity and her suppleness are covered under a show of rigidity of principle and of perfect integrity. It would be impossible to describe the infinite variety of devices England has employed in the valley of the Nile in order to provoke between its different communities and interests the self-same conflicts which have contributed so largely to the success of British rule in India. Christian and Mahomedan, native tillers of the soil and Greek usurers, the fellaheen and the large landed proprietors, the Arabs and the Soudanese, not to mention the different European nationalities resident in Egypt, have been repeatedly incited to take action one against the other.'

We need not trouble our readers with further extracts

from M. Aubin. It is, however, only fair to thank him for the kindly manner in which he speaks of our British officers and our British officials in their personal capacity, and for the tribute which he pays to the example set by the English residents as a body. A Frenchman so seldom gives any credit to England for anything she has done in Egypt, that we welcome M. Aubin's recognition of the services we have rendered by the abolition of the *kurbash* and the *corvée*, and by the partial abolition of domestic slavery. Still the fact that M. Aubin is in some respects so fair-minded, so well-informed, and so intelligent, renders it all the more unpleasant to note that he can discover nothing in our policy beyond a system of deliberate fraud and cynical hypocrisy. Even a careful and candid observation of the good work we have accomplished in Egypt cannot modify his preconceived opinion that England has been actuated solely by sordid greed and ignoble motives in her dealings with that country, and has attempted to cover acts of wilful aggression under a sham pretence of humanity and justice.

A work of a very different character is presented by M. Louis Martin in his 'L'Anglais est-il un Juif?' When we first took up this volume we supposed it was a French reproduction of a crazy theory which some years ago had gained a body of adherents in England sufficiently numerous to have a newspaper of their own. The theory, if our recollection is correct, was that somehow or other some of the lost tribes found their way *en bloc* to the British Isles, and identified themselves so closely with the native population that, though they gave up their creed, they perpetuated their race. The idea commended itself favourably to a certain section of the evangelical world, who derived great consolation from the notion that by some remote possibility the British nation might form part of God's chosen people, and who considered that if our descent from Abraham could only be recognised, the recognition would add greatly to our status both in this world and the world to come. The organ of the new evangelists was called, we believe, the 'Banner of Israel.' We suspect that M. Martin had never heard of the 'Banner of Israel,' or he would certainly have alluded to it in order to enforce his thesis.

The general principles on which M. Martin bases his indictment against England are too lofty to need the support of hard facts. He divides the world into masculine and feminine races. The masculine races, we gather, are France and Russia. The feminine, we are told explicitly (p. 37), are the English, the Jews, and the Chinese.

'It is impossible,' says the author, 'to understand the character of these feminine races unless we realise the intensity of their "autoritarism" and of their spirit of dissimulation—fundamental qualities of those races which have no activities of their own; unable to exist without controlling other nations whose labour they exploit to their own advantage; compelled, therefore, by necessity to revolutionise other countries, to upset everything; and insinuating themselves everywhere, like the serpents of the tropics.'

We need hardly say that M. Martin is the most virulent of Anti-Semites. It is thus he portrays the nature of the French Jews (p. 43):—

'The Jew, being of a feminine race, is incapable of doing anything for himself; he is obliged, therefore, to make others work for him. . . . But of two things one must happen. The Jew, acting purely by instinct, and having, like all creatures guided by instinct, no gift of foresight, will either commit acts of folly . . . will awaken suspicion, and will cause himself to be massacred in a moment of popular frenzy; or he will extend his ravages like an internal ulcer, will kill the organism which has admitted him as a parasite, and will end by perishing on the corpse of his victim, having no one left whom he can compel to do the work he cannot do for himself.'

It is the latter of these alternatives which M. Martin predicts for France, though he has not apparently abandoned the hope that the former may come to pass in time to save his country. As to the manner in which the Jews drifted to England after the dispersion, and succeeded in Judaising racially the whole population of Great Britain, we get little information from this champion of the masculine races. M. Martin suggests that the red or blond Jews may have drifted to Saxon lands, and may have participated under false pretences in the Anglo-Saxon invasions. He makes no attempt to confirm this supposition by evidence, and he obviously considers any technological research a mere waste of time. The common

nationality of the Jew and the Briton is satisfactorily established, in his opinion, by the identity of their character and nature. The objection that the physical characteristics of Hebrews and Britons differ fundamentally is met by the following argument (p. 96) :—

‘The Jews are not one race, but a nation composed of heterogeneous elements. It would seem that all the races which inhabited Judæa at the period of the crime of Golgotha, as well as the members of their races dispersed and settled in foreign lands, shared in the Divine malediction and are wandering about the earth carrying with them the burden of the blindness which makes them incapable of foresight, incapable of reasoning, and renders their action unconscious. . . . Thus has been fulfilled the prophecy of Jacob that his children would be as numerous as the sands of the sea. The Jews called Israelites number, at the outside, six, eight, or ten millions. This is nothing. But if you add to this number the English and the Chinese, the prophecy has been more than fulfilled.’

So far as we can follow M. Martin's line of argument, the great proof of our Judaic origin is that we have been the chief promoters of freemasonry. Whether Satan himself was, or was not, the actual founder of freemasonry, is a matter concerning which M. Martin declines to commit himself positively; but he is sure that the origin of this institution is diabolical, its main object being to promote the triumph of evil over good. It was freemasonry which brought about the French Revolution, freemasonry which led to the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, freemasonry which established the Second Empire, freemasonry which upset the Government of the Restoration because England had taken umbrage at the French conquest of Algiers, freemasonry which protected Kossuth, Mazzini, and Crémieux, all Jews and all masons, just as it protects the anarchists of to-day.

To ordinary apprehension a Scotsman has a marked individuality which, for good or bad, has nothing in common with the Jewish type. M. Martin, however, knows better; he can trace the cloven foot; and in proof of his infallible powers of discernment he informs us that both Lord and Lady Aberdeen display the true type of the blond ‘Youpin’ (the modern slang name in France for Jews) to be seen on the boulevards of Paris. He adds

the information that the Aberdeen Hebraic type is very common in Scotland, and that he himself was once present in a hall at Ballater filled exclusively with individuals of the genus of which the late Governor-General of Canada is the typical representative.

It may be a proof of our national stupidity, but, after a careful perusal of '*L'Anglais est-il un Juif*,' we have failed to discover why M. Martin includes the Chinese amongst the three feminine nations of the globe. All he states is that the Chinese are cowards to the core, and that the proof of their cowardice is the stoicism and indifference with which they encounter torture and death.

'The plain truth is that the Jew, the Englishman, and the Chinaman, if they are maltreated or in terror of maltreatment, remain impassive. Not a muscle of their face is contracted; no sudden flush or pallor alters their countenance, especially when they know their fate. This is not because they are more masters of themselves than we are, but because they are better adapted by race to dissimulate their feelings. But—and this truth is one which it may be well to recall to Frenchmen and to other nations who may one day be called upon to engage in conflict with these races—their terror can be observed by the twitching of their eyelids. It is a terror which is only visible under a magnifying glass, while our terror may be seen from any distance. But for all that the former terror is the more abject of the two.'

The only further evidence produced by M. Martin to show that the Chinese are essentially a feminine race is that one of their traits, common to all the feminine races, is a belief that they are the special objects of divine favour. According to this theory the Boers should have been included in the same category with Jews, Chinese, and Englishmen; and Mr Kruger is the most feminine of mankind.

It may be thought that we have devoted too much space to this rigmarole—so absurd that one can hardly avoid the suspicion that it is secretly intended as a satire upon the Anti-Semite. Our excuse must be that straws show the way the wind blows. If the French mind is so saturated with unreasoning suspicion and distrust of England as the works we have described appear to indicate, it is intelligible that the outbreak of the war in the Trans-

vaal should have been greeted by the French press and the French people, almost without exception, by a torrent of abuse which ignores not only common justice but common decency and even common sense.

In his '*Études Anglaises*' M. Chevrillon has included essays on British art, on Shelley's poetry, and on Rudyard Kipling's popularity, which display a careful study of English literature, and are really valuable as criticisms of our art and poetry from a French point of view. But, as soon as M. Chevrillon takes up his parable about the war between England and the Boer Republics, he seems to lose all sense of moderation and equity. He assumes (p. 268), without even attempting to support his contention by facts, that

'England refuses to know anything about her adversary, his merits or those of the cause he defends. . . . In lieu of the genuine foe, of whom she has lost sight, she has set up an imaginary being whom by degrees she has learnt to hate because she is his enemy, and whom she loads with contempt and clothes with every moral defect, hypocrisy, cowardice, brutality, ignorance, savagery and treachery.'

In the attack on Paardeberg, M. Chevrillon can see nothing but the heroism of the Boers. When the London newspapers announced the bombardment of the Boer camp with vulgarly sensational headlines, such as 'Cronje dying hard,' 'Boers withering in a hell of fire,' 'Cronje caught in a death-trap,' etc.—phrases the bad taste of which we condemn as strongly as M. Chevrillon—he was overcome with horror, 'hurried from the spot' where these bill-heads were displayed, and took refuge in a country-house whose occupants were eminently cultured and devoted to literary studies. Here, if anywhere, he might have expected to find the war discussed with philosophic calm and impartial appreciation of the Boer cause as seen through French spectacles. His English friends seem to have done everything to appease M. Chevrillon's wounded susceptibilities. They told him, according to his own statement (p. 286), that they

'felt as if they had received a slap on the face when they discovered what France thought of the war against the Boers. We value' (they said) 'the opinion of France. For so many

years. we have lived in close social relations with you, with you alone amidst all other nations. Yes, we read your books, your reviews, your newspapers. What does it matter to us what people think about England in Germany, in Russia, or in the moon? You have condemned us too hastily; you have not studied our case.'

These blandishments, however, appear to have failed to influence M. Chevrillon's convictions.

'What (p. 291) does it matter,' he retorts, 'that, when you have conquered the Transvaal, you intend to increase the personal freedom of the burghers and to liberate them from compulsory military service? You will have destroyed a nation, a noble and original race which, by its active virtues, its courage, its power of reproduction, its indomitable pride, the force of its convictions, its belief in its own destiny, . . . has shown what a right it has to live. In lieu of this nation you are going to substitute an agglomeration of individuals whose social bond of union will be of an English character, who will gradually be guided to adopt English ideals, who will be happy, as you assert, when their transformation is effected, but who will be reduced to the same commonplace [British] type of which you can find millions upon millions in every quarter of the globe.'

M. Chevrillon, like the rest of our continental critics, is utterly blind to the facts that the Boers brought the 'destruction' of their nation upon themselves, and that it has been a life-and-death struggle for the British Empire as much as for the Boer Republics.

Of all the works under notice, 'Les Nouvelles Sociétés Anglo-Saxonnes,' by M. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, seems to us the one evincing least animosity towards England, and least likely to provoke animosity in its readers. His narrative of the history of England in South Africa is a very fair statement of facts, though the deductions drawn are not what would suggest themselves to the mind of an impartial narrator. M. Leroy-Beaulieu attributes a somewhat exaggerated importance to the influence produced upon the Dutch colonists by the immigration of some three hundred Huguenots, who, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, fled to Holland and were subsequently offered lands at the Cape by the Dutch East

India Company. He admits (p. 247) that they were treated by the Boers with characteristic intolerance.

'The refugees were compelled to incorporate themselves with the Dutch Reformed Church; and the use of the French language amongst them was discouraged so far as possible. . . . The two races were thus completely assimilated, and the French language was completely forgotten.'

In fact, the stronger and less civilised of the two parties absorbed the weaker and the more intelligent; and, so far as we can discern, the infusion of French blood has left absolutely no trace in South Africa beyond the existence of a certain number of French names amongst the Boer population, so mutilated by pronunciation as to be unintelligible to a French ear.

M. Beaulieu fully admits that, according to the standards of the time, the British, after they had become masters of the Cape, behaved liberally and considerately towards the Boer settlers; and he does more justice than is commonly done at home to the efforts of Mr Cecil Rhodes to establish political equality and harmony between the two white races of British South Africa, to the extraordinary work he accomplished in the creation of Rhodesia, and to the wisdom of his native policy. We are not surprised to learn that Mr Chamberlain receives far harsher criticism from M. Beaulieu (p. 369). There is, he assures us, reason to believe that there was

'an understanding between Mr Rhodes and Mr Chamberlain—the latter of whom was heavily interested in a number of Transvaal mining speculations. This belief is confirmed by all we have learnt since as to Mr Chamberlain's personality, and the violent and perfidious policy he has pursued in South Africa. . . . The utmost that can be said on behalf of the two associates, Rhodes and Chamberlain, is that their understanding may have been a tacit one.'

Naturally enough M. Beaulieu treats all the alleged grievances of the Uitlanders as non-existent. He declares that they could have got anything that reasonable men could claim if they had been respectful and submissive to the Government of Pretoria; and that neither Mr Kruger, his ministers, nor his people ever dreamed of ousting England from South Africa till after the Jameson



Raid. He makes, however, no secret of the energy and perseverance with which the Boers made preparations for the coming war during the time which elapsed between the Jameson Raid and the despatch of President Kruger's ultimatum (p. 383):—

'Can we be astonished,' M. Beaulieu asks, 'that they prepared themselves for a desperate contest, that they took advantage of the sympathy they inspired in Africa and Europe, and among men of their own race justly indignant at the violence of England, and themselves menaced in their own freedom?'

The enormous outlay required for these preparations for war was concealed, M. Beaulieu states with ingenuous frankness, by cooking the state budgets of the Transvaal for a long series of years. The uncharitable world thereupon accused the South African Republic of gross corruption and speculation. M. Beaulieu asks his readers to appreciate (p. 384) 'the truly tragic grandeur of the situation, that of this small people arming in silence for a forlorn conflict without paying any heed to the insults to which they were subjected by deceptive appearances.' He is even more impressed by the Boer ultimatum issued on the 10th of October 1899. He considers the demands of that document not only just but moderate, and holds that it was the duty of England to give way at once. And yet this critic of ours obviously believes that he is taking a fair and impartial view of both sides of the British-Boer controversy.

On the other hand, we see little to complain of in M. Beaulieu's criticism of the war from his own point of view. He does far more justice than most of our candid friends to the extraordinary difficulties, material and geographical, as well as moral, of the campaign in which we are engaged. He is comparatively lenient to our military defects, the chief of which he holds to be the inadequate military training of our officers and soldiers, the unfitness of our overfed troops to endure the hardships of a prolonged campaign, and the impossibility of keeping a large force of mounted infantry in such a country as the Transvaal. We suspect, from phrases dropped in the course of his narrative, that M. Beaulieu is really of the opinion that no other European nation would have done better than ourselves; but even his

sense of fairness is not sufficient to prevent him from giving the weight of his opinion to the charges of brutal cruelty and 'the methods of barbarism' levelled against our soldiers in all parts of the Continent (p. 423):—

'The women and children [of the Boers] were either left [by the British] to wander about the veldt without shelter and without food . . . or they were crowded into unwholesome camps without sufficient protection, and no care was taken to guard them against the outrages of the British soldiers or even of the natives.'

Lord Roberts, we are assured, became the rival of General Weyler, and has now been replaced by Lord Kitchener,

'the "Butcher of Omdurman," under whom the policy of systematic devastation has been carried out more implacably than ever. . . . The two Republics have been made deserts: the labour of three generations has been destroyed in a few months.'

If M. Beaulieu were personally acquainted with South Africa he would be aware that the most striking feature of the country, before the outbreak of the war, was the utter absence of any evidence of labour on the part of the inhabitants, except in the mining districts. The Boers had had sole possession of the soil for threescore years. Three generations had lived, or, more correctly speaking, squatted upon it. Yet, if the whole Boer population had been swept away by an epidemic, they would have left no marks of their rule other than the railways which had been constructed for them by the energy and at the cost of the Uitlanders, for the most part men of British birth. We do not question for one moment the attachment of the Transvaal farmers to their homes and grazing-grounds; but to deplore the destruction, by British troops, of the labour of generations of Boers on the soil of the Transvaal is almost as absurd as to say that the waves of the ocean have been devastated by British fleets.

We have dwelt perhaps at undue length upon the anti-British animus which has pervaded, and still pervades, French literature, in order to show how it is that the outbreak of the war in South Africa was greeted in France with a well-nigh universal consensus of hostility

to England, which, to the British mind, was utterly unexpected and unintelligible. Ultramontanes and 'Librepenseurs,' Catholics and Protestants, Republicans and Monarchists, soldiers and civilians, literates and illiterates, financiers and tradesmen, Conservatives, Radicals, and Socialists vied with one another in their unreasoning animosity towards England. The plain truth is that France has been so long saturated with this anti-British virus that any other opportunity which had presented itself for decrying and disparaging England would have been seized upon with equal alacrity and unanimity. The French have been taught to look upon England as a sort of monster mole, working underground and engaged in sapping the foundations of every country she traverses in her tortuous progress. If any European Power, other than Great Britain, had attempted to annex the Transvaal, we doubt whether one Frenchman in a thousand would have taken the slightest interest in the issue of the conflict. To France, as to every other Latin or Catholic nation, the polity, the institutions, the religion, and the character of the Boers, in so far as they are understood at all, are far more unsympathetic than they are to ourselves. Their stolid ignorance, their contempt for science and progress, their narrow dogmatism of creed, their sordid mode of life, their oligarchic form of Government, based on the denial of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and of the 'immortal principles of 1789,' are all alike opposed to French tastes, French convictions, and French principles. The spectacle of a small and weak state engaged in a conflict for life or death with a powerful and wealthy Empire—no matter what may be the rights or wrongs of the conflict—will always enlist a certain amount of sympathy in all countries. But we contend that minds capable of such sympathy are infinitely more common in Anglo-Saxon than in Latin communities. However mistaken or however mischievous our domestic pro-Boers may, in our opinion, be, we are convinced that more genuine believers in the justice of the Boer cause are to be found in Great Britain than in the whole of the rest of Europe.

It is no liking for the Boers, but sheer dislike of England, which lies at the bottom of the whole pro-Boer agitation throughout the Continent. If the Mahdi had

defeated the first onslaught of his British assailants, and had compelled England to make utterly unforeseen efforts in order to retrieve the fortunes of the war and to carry out the emancipation of the Soudan, the Mahdi and the dervishes would have had, we are convinced, the benefit of the same sympathy and laudation which have been lavished so freely on the Boers by the public of every important continental country. No matter that the dervishes were fighting in the cause of Islam against Christianity, of barbarism against civilisation, they would, in the circumstances we have supposed, have been hailed with the applause of European public opinion owing to the simple fact that their resistance had inflicted a blow on England, and held out some prospect of her impending decline and fall. It is no exaggeration to say that the keynote of the outburst of pro-Boer sympathy abroad is to be found in a sentiment similar to that of the *delenda est Carthago* of the Punic wars.

We wish we could flatter ourselves that this sentiment is confined to France or to the Latin countries. If space permitted, we could give any number of instances of anti-British feeling to be found in the literature of almost every continental country. We find this sentiment most pronounced amidst nations from whom we might naturally have looked with confidence for more friendly and fairer consideration. By race, by language, by character, by her political institutions and by her religion, Germany is more in harmony, if we may use the phrase, with England than with any other country in Europe. Yet the German nation has equalled, if it has not surpassed, France in the virulence with which her press, her politicians, her professors, and her pastors have inflamed public opinion against England, by perverting the truth, by circulating every baseless charge that malevolence could invent against our armies in South Africa, and by holding up our rulers, our statesmen, and our soldiers to public obloquy and contempt. The only reason why, in this article, we pay special attention to France, is that, while the flood of anti-British speeches and pamphlets in Germany is endless, the Germans do not appear to have produced, at least of late, any books of the type of those whose titles stand at the head of our article. Austria is a shade less embittered than Germany; but this, we think,

is mainly due to the kindly, easy-going nature of the German of the South as compared with that of the German of the North. The Scandinavian kingdoms, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, whose hopes of maintaining their independence against Russia would reasonably lead them to fear any diminution in the might of England, cannot resist the temptation to join in the chorus of our traducers and vilifiers. Belgium, whose well-nigh sole safeguard against annexation, by France on the one hand or by Germany on the other, consists in the guarantee of England, has not hesitated to do her utmost to alienate popular sympathy in England from her side. The animosity of Holland, though equally indiscreet, is more intelligible, as the violent suppression of the Boer Republics affects not only her pride of race but her material interests. Russia has no special cause to love England, any more than England has to love her. Still it is curious to note that pro-Boer sympathy has been most rife in the Russian educated classes, who are anxious to see introduced into their own country the political freedom of which England is the foremost champion throughout the world. The Slav communities outside the Czar's dominions of course follow the lead of Holy Russia, and lose no opportunity of displaying their gratification at the difficulties which England has encountered in the effort to uphold her authority in South Africa.

The only countries on the mainland of Europe which have not shown themselves actively pro-Boer in their sympathies are Italy and Hungary. The Magyars and the Italians have apparently not forgotten how much they owed—in the days when they were fighting for their own independence—to the sympathy and, in some cases, the active support of Great Britain. It is to England they have learnt by experience to look in case their independence should again be assailed; while close and friendly intercourse during many years has led both Italians and Hungarians more or less to understand Englishmen, and has thereby disposed them to hesitate before giving credit to the allegations made against this country. Still even their support, welcome as it is, has been, we are bound to state, rather of a negative than a positive character. They have certainly not been against

us, but we can hardly say that they have been with us. Thus, if our view is correct, we are forced to the conclusion that our unpopularity abroad is not due in the main to local, personal, or temporary causes, which we might expect to lose their power with the lapse of time, but to general and permanent causes, which are likely to exert their influence whenever an opportunity should occur for the manifestation of the ill-will towards this country so widely, and, we fear, so deeply entertained by our neighbours.

No doubt, as Dr Max Nordau recently showed in an admirable article,\* every nation has some special grudge against us, some old score to wipe off. France has Fashoda and, we may add, Dreyfus, in whose cause, however just, we certainly showed ourselves very obtrusive and overbearing advocates. The rancour of Germany is largely, perhaps mainly, due to the disappointment which the occupation of Rhodesia and more recent events have inflicted on the hopes of that large and active party in the Fatherland which thought to cut us off from the centre of the African continent, and by dominating the Transvaal, to inherit our supremacy in all South Africa. But, whatever the special considerations that may have affected particular peoples, there is one which affects them all. We believe that the general and primary cause of our unpopularity is the extraordinary prosperity which we have so long enjoyed. It would be unjust to regard the unfavourable view taken of us by other European nations as simply the outcome of greed and envy. We should rather ascribe this view to a sort of instinctive conviction that England enjoys a greater share of this world's good things than is consistent with the interests of other states, or with the welfare of the universe. No Englishman, who is able to realise mentally the view taken of England abroad, can say that this instinct is altogether illogical and unreasonable. The comparative immunity, secured to us by our insular position, from the dangerous complications of continental countries seems to foreigners an unjust exemption from the burdens which they have to bear. Our great, and to their minds, boundless wealth, the position that this small island has won

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\* 'National Review,' February 1902.

for herself as the centre of the world's commerce and industry, our virtual command of the seas, the freedom combined with order which is due to our political institutions, the enormous outlying possessions we hold in all parts of the globe—all these things strike the mind of a foreign observer as constituting a lot unduly fortunate as compared with his own. The explanation that the position which England has achieved for herself is due mainly to the superior energy, industry, and courage of her people, is one that foreigners, especially of French and German origin, seem to find inconsistent with their profound conviction of their own moral and intellectual pre-eminence. They prefer to attribute our good fortune to a run of luck which cannot be expected to last much longer, or to a political immorality which is doomed eventually to work out its own damnation.

This latent ill-will has, within the last few years, been fanned into active animosity by a cause which, from our English point of view, ought to have produced a diametrically opposite result. The movement for the confederation of the various outlying possessions and dependencies of England throughout the world was, down to the period of the first Jubilee, roughly speaking, regarded at home, and still more abroad, as a mere vague aspiration, entertained by a few arm-chair politicians, but having no real basis of solid fact. Suddenly the idea of a united British Empire seemed to our neighbours to emerge from the category of Utopian dreams, and to be on the verge of accomplishment.

It is not necessary for us to dwell here upon the manifold and grave difficulties which surround the task of uniting Great Britain with Greater Britain in any workable form of common administration—difficulties which cause even the most sanguine of British Imperialists to despair of any very early attainment of their aims. These difficulties, however, are not easily intelligible to foreigners not conversant with our political institutions, the conditions of British trade and industry, and the necessary limitations of our naval, military, and financial strength. They see what we have already accomplished, and they entertain a reluctant conviction that England can achieve by her own force of will well-nigh anything on which she has once set her heart. They are able to understand that,

be the cause what it may, the idea of a British Empire, united by close ties of blood and language, has taken hold upon the imagination of the British nation; they see that this idea has been responded to with enthusiasm by the English-speaking colonies of the Empire; they perceive that the cause of Imperialism has been espoused as his own by the most powerful and popular British statesman of the day; they recognise that under Mr Chamberlain's leadership the creation of a confederated British Empire has been presented to the artisans and traders of England in a form which appeals to their material interests as well as to their national sentiments; and, taking these various considerations into account, they have come—not unreasonably, from their own standpoint—to the conclusion that the British Empire is on the eve of its reorganisation as the greatest Imperial Power which the world has known, at any rate since the days of Rome. By an analogous process of reasoning they argue that the United States of America, the greatest Anglo-Saxon Power in the New World, as the British Empire is in the Old, will even, without any formal alliance, work in harmony with the latter as against the rest of the world; and they are confronted therefore with the apprehension that, before many years have passed, Anglo-Saxondom will reign supreme.

Now we can scarcely wonder that, to the Latin, Slav, Teutonic, and other peoples of Europe, the notion of the world being subjected to a sort of Anglo-Saxon hegemony should be bitterly distasteful. Their ways are not our ways, their religion is not our religion, their thoughts are not our thoughts. Even assuming, therefore, that there had not been any preconceived animosity against England, it is only natural that the peoples whose influence, whose interests and, possibly, whose very existence would, as they imagine, be endangered by the promotion of a world-wide British Empire, should have welcomed with delight any occurrence which seemed likely to avert, or at any rate to postpone, the triumph of British Imperialism. Such an occurrence was believed abroad to have presented itself with the outbreak of the South African war, for which England, from whatever cause, was utterly unprepared. The series of reverses which attended our army during the earlier period of the war created a belief on the



Continent—the wish being father to the thought—that the Boers would carry the day. A Boer victory meant the loss of South Africa to England; and the loss of South Africa would knock on the head, at any rate for a long time, any prospect of Great Britain consolidating Greater Britain into a united British Empire. Hence this outburst of enthusiasm for the Boer cause among all the continental nations of Europe, who, whatever might be their internal disputes and discussions, were united in their common fear of Anglo-Saxon supremacy.

The course of events was not long in dispelling the delusion, so current abroad, that England lacked either the will or the power to hold her own in South Africa. The courage with which she bore her reverses in the field, the energy with which she repaired her losses, the determination she showed to admit of no foreign intervention and to fight out the war by herself, the enthusiasm with which her people responded to the call upon their patriotism, the alacrity with which her colonies came to the aid of the mother-country, the lavishness with which she shed her blood as well as her money for the prosecution of the war—all these things combined to impress foreign nations with the conviction that, to use Lord Salisbury's phrase about the Crimean War, they had put their money on the wrong horse when they identified themselves with the cause of the Boer Republics. This conviction naturally impressed itself upon the Governments of the Continent much sooner than it did upon their citizens; but gradually it has filtered down from the Ministries to the masses, and even the most rabid of continental Anglophobes have learnt that in agitating for European intervention, under any form whatever, in favour of the Boers, they are simply wasting their breath.

Thus, for the time, the danger has been averted. It would, however, be folly to imagine that it will not recur. The causes which, as we have endeavoured to show, render England unpopular with her continental neighbours must continue to operate; and, whenever in the course of affairs any complication should arise which might threaten England's Imperial interests, she will be exposed to an outburst of popular hostility on all sides similar to that she has just experienced. We may be told that, throughout the war, the Governments of

Europe have set their faces against any action at which England could fairly take umbrage, and that we may count in future upon a similar determination on their part not to give way to popular clamour. It may be so; but to rely upon such a conviction would be to live in a fool's paradise. We are convinced that the main, if not the sole, cause of the immunity which England has enjoyed in respect of foreign interference during the war has been the well-founded belief entertained by foreign Governments that England was too strong, at least from a naval point of view, to justify any action which might possibly issue in war. The moral of this statement, if its truth be admitted, is too obvious to require recital.

In conclusion, we would say that we are by no means indifferent to 'the opinion of the civilised world,' and that it would be a great satisfaction to us if we could see that opinion more just, more impartial, and therefore less unfavourable to England than it has been of late years. The perusal of such literature as that on which we have commented in this article is by no means pleasant for Englishmen, proud of their country's fame. If, by abandoning the attitude of contemptuous indifference with which we are apt to regard all foreign criticism on our national character and our national policy, or if, by trying to realise the point of view from which foreign nations judge our action and our ideas, we could render foreign critics less hostile, we should deem the result well worth any trouble spent on its achievement. But we have little faith in these and similar expedients for cultivating a more friendly feeling abroad. To speak the plain truth, the head and front of our offending is our existence as the mother-country of the English-speaking races throughout the world. If England would consent to abdicate her Imperial mission, the main cause of her unpopularity would at once disappear. But to such an abdication England is unlikely to consent while she has a ship afloat or a shot in the locker. This being so, there is little or nothing to be done save to pursue our Imperial mission in the future as we have done in the past, knitting closer and closer the ties, racial, lingual, social, and material, which tend to unite all branches of our English races into one common brotherhood.

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## Art. X.—TWO OXFORD HISTORIANS.

## 1. JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

1. *Letters of John Richard Green*. Edited by Leslie Stephen. London : Macmillan, 1901.
2. *A Short History of the English People*. By John Richard Green. London : Macmillan, 1874.
3. *The Making of England*. By J. R. Green. London : Macmillan, 1881.
4. *The Conquest of England*. By J. R. Green. Edited by Alice Stopford Green. London : Macmillan, 1883.
5. *Stray Studies from England and Italy*. By J. R. Green. London : Macmillan, 1900.
6. *Oxford Studies*. By J. R. Green. Edited by Mrs J. R. Green and Miss K. Norgate. London : Macmillan, 1901.

THE author of the 'Short History of the English People' was a man whose attractive and brilliant personality will be of interest to a large circle of readers; and this personality is admirably displayed in the work which stands first on our list. Mr Leslie Stephen has modestly called his memoir, the 'Letters of J. R. Green,' though he might fairly have called it a 'Life,' for the letters and bits of autobiography and talk are so artfully pieced together, with concise and luminous elucidations, that the whole constitutes a biography which for completeness and justness of presentment may well be compared with Dykes Campbell's 'Life of Coleridge.' Green, like Coleridge, has been allowed, so far as may be, to speak for himself; and the reader is placed face to face with the living man, not with an interpretation of him, that, however faithful, must lack the intimacy and individuality of the original. Mr Stephen's studied and masterly brevity is a most laudable quality in these days, when every one thinks he has a licence to write at length on any subject. He has also followed Carlyle's advice and given three most helpful portraits of his subject. Very characteristic is the frank square face, defiant, humorous, alert, and determined, of the photograph taken at Florence in 1860. A second portrait, from a collodion print, shows him at a later stage, when resolution has taken the place of mere

determination, steadfastness of defiance, and a keen pilot-like look has come into the face, in lieu of the careless boyish humour of the earlier presentation. Again, in Mr Sandys' delicately drawn and finely engraved head, there is a marked refinement that comes of sorrow well borne, replacing the cubic strength of former years. The ironies of life have left their subtle but unmistakable traces on the face. There is wit and kindness as well as eager courage in the look of this bright-eyed nervous man, with the seal of his doom on his drawn temples and hollowed cheeks.

It is not very complex, Green's life-story, though it is by no means void of interest even to those who are not concerned with the studies that occupied most of it. Born of an old and respected Oxford family at 5 St John Street, Oxford, in 1837, John Richard Green was the first son of his parents. His father and grandfather were both robe-makers and (like Webster's father) parish-clerks, serving the city church of St Martin. His mother, a woman of marked musical ability, came of another well-known Oxford family. His father was a man of intelligence, of artistic tastes, and of a sunny, gentle, and unselfish nature. Green was sent to Magdalen College School when he was only eight years old, a precocious, weakly, tiny boy, whose chief pleasures were reading the few books within his reach, and revelling in the antiquities, alive or dead, of his native city. He was a lonely little fellow, for he had no one but his father to sympathise with his particular tastes, and was always more engrossed by his own theories of politics, history, and religion, than with the games of his schoolfellows, though he by no means disdained to take his share in these. His father, who died in 1852, had resolved to send him to college; and in 1854 he gained an open scholarship at Jesus. At school he had already won the notice of two men who were to be his friends in after-life—Mr Sidney J. Owen, whose history prize he carried off, and to whom he was indebted, not only for advice as to his reading of history, but also for the loan of books; and Mr E. A. Freeman, to whom he was introduced by Mr Owen, and to whom he was specially recommended by his thorough study of the Gothic mouldings and sculpture of the diocese, acquired by half-holiday excursions to all the old churches within reach of Oxford.

He came up to Jesus, a zealous antiquary, with leanings towards tractarian views, which he was only beginning, by help of his history-books, to reason over. The college was not very active or very wisely managed; and its atmosphere was not at all congenial to the eager, restless, intelligent, and ambitious lad. Save for three friends, Mr Trevor Owen, Mr Brown, and Mr Boyd Dawkins, he found few who cared even to discuss the ideas that occupied the greater part of his time.

'Partly from ill-health, partly from disgust at my college, I had' (he says in a notable letter to Dean Stanley) 'cut myself off from society within or without it. I rebelled doggedly against the systems around me. I would not work, because work was the Oxford virtue. I tore myself from history, which I loved, and plunged into the trifles of archæology, because they had no place in the University course. . . . It was the same with religion. High Churchism fell with a great crash and left nothing behind—nothing but a vague reverence for goodness, however narrow and bigoted in form, which kept me as far from the shallow of the current Oxford Liberalism as I had already drifted from the Mansel-orthodoxy. I saw only religious parties, unjust to one another, as I stood apart, unjust to them all. I had withdrawn myself from Oxford work, and I found no help in Oxford theology. I was utterly miserable when I wandered into your lecture-room, and my recollection of what followed is not so much of any definite words as of a great unburthening. . . . Of course there were other influences—Carlyle helped me to work—above all Montaigne helped me to fairness. But the personal impression of a living man must always be greater and more vivid than those of books.'

His diaries, often minute and always carefully written, show him as a hard worker, interested in the people, things, and books about him, delighting in congenial talk, and full of hopes and aims for the future. During his student days he wrote, for the 'Oxford Chronicle,' his admirable Oxford sketches, a brilliant set of articles on the Oxford of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from the times of Anthony Wood and Aubrey to the days of the last Nonjurors. These articles show him already the possessor of a picturesque style, a vivid imagination, and a certain decision of view over a wide tract of varied material—qualities characteristic of his

literary and historic work to the very last. After all, though he felt bitterly that the opportunities which the college possessed were not properly used by either dons or undergraduates, he saw that he had gained by his college career; and, as he looked back after he had achieved his degree in physical science (for he persisted in flouting his college tutors and throwing up the certainty of brilliant honours in modern history), he could write:—

‘These four years have been the Medea’s kettle from whence I came out renewed. Oh, how I laugh at myself as I came up—that little restless animal in black, covetous of applause, of society, of ambition, and only hesitating whether my choice should make me a Pitt or a Fox; prating of Love, with the self-conscious air of an expert; sharp, sarcastic, bustling, pressing to the front—and now!’

He decided, after due deliberation, and against his kinsfolk’s wishes, for the Church rather than the Bar. He wanted leisure for the historical work which he was feeling to be more and more his duty, and he had absorbed the Broad-Church Liberal views of the school of Maurice, for which clerical duties among the poor formed a natural and satisfactory practical outlet. After a short stay at Theale, learning geology from his friend and pupil Dawkins, whom he coached for his ‘smalls,’ making plans for the *opus magnum*, and relishing to the full the pleasant society he was in, he passed his qualifying examination and was ordained deacon.

His youth was at an end; he was conscious of his own powers and his own shortcomings, and keen to plunge into the battle of life. Poor, ambitious—for his work at least, if not for himself—intensely appreciative of all that was beautiful to hear or see, he was yet unselfish beyond his years, and willing to sacrifice much to make a home for his younger brother and unmarried sister. Impatient of formulas, intensely sincere, and as honest with himself as he was with others, difficult to turn in argument, but open enough to the logic of facts, he was at the same time eager for friendship and companionship, clinging to those he had once made his friends with an admirable fidelity not always fully repaid. Regarding cheerfulness as a duty, he triumphed over ill-health and physical weakness; and a combination of moral and intellectual

strength made him sounder in his judgments than most men of twice his years.

For nine years he spent two thirds of his waking time as a hard-working, practical, stirring, East-end clergyman, and the other third as a patient, methodical, historical student and an active and versatile journalist. He overtaxed his strength in his zeal for work and in the conscientious fulfilment of his clerical duties. He allowed himself far too few holidays for his health, though he was always longing for the breath of the country and the sight of the green of the Oxford water-meadows, as he laboured in the murkiest and most miserable parts of Hoxton and Stepney. One thing he gained by his London exile; he made a new friend, whose value to him he felt he could never overrate, in Mrs Ward, the wife of his vicar, a woman of saintly and beautiful nature, wise, tender, instinctively unselfish, beneficent and sympathetic, patient and hard-working. Her loss, after an acquaintance of little more than two years, was one of the great griefs of his life. In a funeral sermon, that has in it some memorable phrases, he speaks of her as one in whom

‘were fused in an admirable unity qualities and gifts the most various and opposed . . . for hers was a mind of no common order, a rare nature, and a rarer grace. . . . Nobleness was the characteristic of her life, the nobleness of high longings, of a sublime reaching forward to all that was lofty and true, an instinctive scorn for all that was base and mean, a quiet indifference to the pettiness of the world’s common converse, a resolute aversion for the trivial gossip that eats away truthfulness and charity. . . . Over all, like the silver haze of dawn, brooded the reserve of a gentle melancholy, broken indeed by gleams of childlike playfulness, a sunny humour . . . the natural blitheness of a heart chastened but not darkened by the sad discipline of her life.’

It is a privilege to have known such high and gentle souls; and Green was especially open to the wholesome and refining influence they exert. His gratitude was shown in his touching care for the interests and welfare of her children.

Next perhaps in importance to him was his friendship with the Von Glehn family, to which he often gratefully alludes in his correspondence. In 1862, at a meeting of

the Somerset Archaeological Society at Wellington, he renewed acquaintance with Freeman, whom he had not seen since his schoolboy days.

'I read in great fear and trembling my "St Dunstan." It "took," was much applauded; and the critic I so much dreaded took me by the hand as I came down, and congratulated me. "You remember me, do you?" "I remember little Johnny Green! . . . You not only read your books well, but you know how to use them." I really was very proud of the praise. He followed it up by requesting me to write for the "Saturday."'

Henceforward they were friends to the end. One of the last messages Green sent from his death-bed was to Freeman. When Green was gone there was scarce a day but Freeman would talk of 'Johnny.' 'Ah, what a Johnny it was!' 'No, there was never any one like Johnny!' 'Do you know what Johnny said about that?' were phrases most familiar to his friends and household. Through Freeman too he came to know his great fellow-workman Stubbs, and other friends and pupils of the Somerleaze historian. The 'Saturday' work was of great help to him. It paid; and he was not well off, and yet the most generous of men. It gave him an opportunity of getting into shape many ideas he had set down in his notes; it taught him to write brightly, to use every sentence and word, for space might not be wasted, and the reader's attention must be held. It allowed him to record his observations on society, to do for his day what the essayists he loved and knew so well had done for theirs. And though he possibly thought too highly of his essay-work, as Freeman probably thought too low of it, it certainly did him no harm, even if it only confirmed him in his persistent habit of watching curiously and closely the track of the currents of popular thought, the shape of the passing traits that show change as it sweeps over a community. To him facts that, isolated, looked trivial, were often significant because he knew how to correlate them with others and gauge their meaning. His humour saved him from extravagance in pushing his conclusions too far.

His historic studies were now gradually shaping themselves toward definite ends. He had been greatly attracted toward the critical history of early Irish



Christianity; but after much work he relinquished this because he saw that it could only be properly achieved by a well-trained Irish scholar; and it was not easy in 1860 to learn old Irish, even if time and inclination were present and unlimited. Plan after plan was taken up and dropped, till at last he settled upon a monograph on the Angevin Kings and Earls, or, 'what the book is in reality, "England and the Great Charter; a history of the final formation of the English people and the final settlement of English liberty and the English Constitution; in three volumes."' For this he had read wide and deep, but he never lived to print his results. Another project gradually taking shape was a brief but comprehensive sketch of the development of the English nation; and this in time became the 'Short History.'

At the end of the year 1865 Green was made incumbent of St Philip's, Stepney, a parish of 16,000 people, with a nominal stipend of 300*l.*, which 'various deductions reduce to two thirds of that amount.' It meant independent work, and as much of it as there was time for in the day. However he was now able, for the first time, to take holidays abroad. His journeys with Freeman to the places they knew so well from the chronicles were luminous episodes to Green. His companion marvelled at his enthusiasm and the *flair* with which he tracked out the things in which he was especially interested, and used to laugh at his enthusiasm for Italian municipal buildings—'Johnny houses,' as he called them; while Green would reproach Freeman with caring more for German emperors than for Italian free cities. Some of the best work of both travellers was the result of their French and Italian journeys; and Freeman thanked Green in his own way both then and years after.

'Now, O Johnny, as I have been rambling over endless cities, telling the towers thereof, let me once more thank you for having first taught me to do a town as something having a being of itself, apart from the churches, castles, etc., within it.'

Meanwhile Green's health was getting worse; and it was becoming borne in upon him that he would not be able to stand the strain of his double work. The experience of human nature that his East-end incumbency

enforced, and the deepening knowledge of the past that he had gained in his historical studies, were ripening his critical faculties. The Voysey judgment stirred him deeply, and possibly quickened the revolution that would have been inevitable in any case by reason of the serious state of his lungs. It was without much of a struggle that he resigned his incumbency. The offer of the Lambeth librarianship (a titular office once held by Stubbs) was a graceful acknowledgment of his talent and his good services that he thankfully appreciated and accepted. He now had liberty and leisure; but the question before him, in the face of Clark's serious verdict, was whether he could maintain his strength long enough to do even a part of the work he had been preparing for years.

There was a curious irony about his position. At the age of thirty-two he was face to face with the chief work of his life, without a settled income, and without hope of advancement to one of those canonries that represent, in a haphazard way, the endowment of research in the English Church, with impaired health and the need of spending at least a quarter of every year away from libraries, with but few books at hand. But he faced it all cheerily, rejoicing, as he said, in the good side of his picture, and meeting the bad side without bitterness or illusion. He was going to write a history in his own way.

'I shall never be content till I have superseded Hume, and I believe I shall supersede him—not because I am so good a writer, but because, being an adequate writer, I have a larger and grander conception than he had of the organic life of a nation as a whole. If I fail I have at any rate fought.'

Through Macmillan's acceptance of his

'offer of a "Short History of the English People" (600 pp. 8vo), which might serve as an introduction to better things if I lived, and might stand for some work done if I didn't . . . for 350*l.* down and 100*l.* if 2000 copies sell in six months after publication,'

he was able to drop most of his 'Saturday Review' work and give his whole time to the work he wished to do.

He could not get the right pitch of 'Little Book' (as he called it) at first, and he wrote and rewrote till he was

better satisfied, in spite of his poor health and his isolation, for San Remo was not at its brightest during the winter of 1870-71. But he made the best of it all in his letters home; his wonderful spirits kept him up, and he made progress. By October, 1872, he had reached the end of 'The New Learning.'

'I must own' (he writes to Freeman from Florence) 'the more I have worked and thought over our own story as a whole—and I shall always thank "Little Book" for making me do this—the more its political history has seemed to me to spring out of and be moulded into form by the "social and religious" history you like to chaff me about. You see I shall die in my sins.'

In March, 1873, he was in Capri, home-sick, lonely, by no means reconciled to an invalid life, but cheery and helpful as ever to his beloved correspondents.

'I brighten up at the thought of a really merry companion. Why are people so grave, so solemn, so afraid of laughter, of fun, of irony, of quiz, of nonsense in all its delicious forms? . . . I wonder whether there will be another world where the people will be very amusing? It might make up a little for this.'

By August, 1873, he was able to say, 'I have now only about a chapter and a half to do, so far as writing goes, and about half the book is in type, and the rest printing fast.' Only the loneliness oppressed him. Italy and its blessed sunshine were in themselves delightful; but, to get this healing bliss, he must be an exile, and his thoughts were much with his friends at home. Success, at times, even accomplishment of his life's task, seemed small beside the common joys denied to him.

'With me Happiness means simply a Home and a wife and some wee things. If I don't get these I don't care for anything else, except a few friends and a little sunshine; and H. and W. and W. T. I shan't get.'

During the progress of his 'Short History' he paid earnest attention to the criticisms (not always just) he got from friends who read his sheets, and he corrected freely.

'I have always said to myself that . . . the book may utterly fail, and that I ought not to grumble if it does. I give English

History in the only way in which it is intelligible or interesting to *me*, but it does not follow that others will find my rendering of it interesting or intelligible . . . It is quite likely people may turn away from a story which strives to put facts on a philosophical basis and to make events the outcome of social or religious currents of thought. Then, too, others may quite fairly feel that, however interesting the attempt to work in literary and moral influences may be, it is safer and less confusing to stick to a purely political mode of viewing things. I put aside . . . people who will condemn it as "superficial" because it is picturesque; or as partizan . . . because no party finds itself really represented in its pages.'

At last the 'Short History' was finished and published in 1874. It was successful far beyond its author's hopes. As Mr Bryce said, 'It was philosophical enough for scholars and popular enough for schoolboys.' It interested everyone that took it up. It sold largely on the railway book-stalls. It was read in trains and hotels as popular novels are read. And it deserved its popularity. Stubbs's verdict is worth citing.

'Green combined . . . a complete and firm grasp of the subject in its unity and integrity, with a wonderful command of details and a thorough sense of perspective and proportion. All his work was real and original work; few people besides those who knew him well would see, under the charming ease and vivacity of his style, the deep research and sustained industry of the laborious student. But it was so; there was no department of our national records that he had not studied, and I think I may say, mastered. . . . Like other people, he made mistakes sometimes; but scarcely ever does the correction of his mistakes affect either the essence of the picture or the force of the argument.'

Nor was Stubbs alone among good judges in his admiration of the book. The general view is that of a Whig writer; and here and there, as in the story of the American Rebellion, the Tories are maltreated; it is not, however, the book of a doctrinaire, but of a fair-minded man with strong opinions, trying to judge justly in matters that touch him nearly. There is no bigotry about it. It remains the best general history of England, and, when it comes to be superseded, it will be by a history on the lines of Green rather than on the lines of his critics. The

new book will have to be a constructive history also, not merely an uncoördinated array of facts.

No history-book since Macaulay's had been so successful in England. A well-deserved chorus of praise greeted it from the Press. Mr J. Rowley's articles in 'Fraser' (intended as a damaging attack from a partisan of Froude upon one who was regarded as of the school of Freeman) were only effective in so far as they supplied (not without mistakes of their own) a useful list of *errata* for Green's next edition. An enlarged Library Edition was at once called for and put in hand, while new editions of the 'Short History' itself have followed each other rapidly from that time till now.\*

Green had toiled for fifteen years, and had at last won an acknowledged position as a historian, and the probability of a competence. His success pleased him, though he took it coolly enough. The 'poor curate' of yesterday was elected to the Athenæum, under 'rule ii'; made an honorary fellow (along with his friend Dawkins and a far less illustrious person) in the college where he had suffered much in his struggling and sensitive youth; and created LL.D. by the generous and timely appreciation of Edinburgh University. He met all attacks upon his writings with admirable temper, but without budging from his own historic standpoint. In February, 1876, he analyses his critics thus:—

'There is, for one thing, the natural reaction against success; then there are my own faults, which I strive to correct, but of which plenty are sure to remain; then there is the ill-will of the people who identify me with the "Freeman School"; then there is the inevitable hostility of the "pragmatic historians." . . . The rest I can bear, but I shall feel keenly the condemnation of these last, such as Gardiner. . . . I respect the men, and I know and have always owned how good and valuable their work is, nor do I think them at all unjust in denouncing me. It is very natural that, working as they do to bring out the actual political facts and clear away loose talk, they should look jealously at what is in effect a protest against their outside conception of history, and what must look, to many of them, an attempt to bring the loose talk back again. . . . For me,

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\* We are authorised by the publishers to state that upwards of 235,000 copies of the 'Short History' have been sold in this country, not to speak of sales in America.

however lonely I feel at times when I think of this, "I can no other." . . . Every word I have written, . . . through the last ten years, went to the same point, to a protest, that is, against the tendency to a merely external political view of human affairs, and to a belief that political history, to be intelligible and just, must be based on social history in its largest sense. . . . I don't doubt that the English ideal of history will in the long run be what Gibbon made it in his day, the first in the world; because it can alone combine the love of accuracy and external facts with the sense that government and outer facts are but the outcome of individual men, and men what body, mind and spirit make them.'

This is, surely, the real justification of the 'Short History.' It has, no doubt, its shortcomings, its *lacunæ*, even errors, as its author knew well enough.

'I shall do far better work than "Little Book" before I die. . . . It is full of faults, unequal, careless, freakish, with audacity often instead of a calm power, only rising when the subject caught me, and hurrying over topics I didn't fancy. There is a good deal of *me* in it; but I shall have a nobler, a juster, a calmer *me* to reflect in other books.'

The style of the book is sometimes flamboyant; there are too many phrases and expressions that smack of the newspaper office rather than the study.

'All through the earlier part,' says Green, 'I see the indelible mark of the essayist, "the want of long breath," as the French say, the tendency to "little vignettes," the jerkiness. . . . I learnt my trade as I wrote on. . . . You see I should make a harsher critic of my own work than any of my reviewers. I hope I always shall. But I love it too, though I see its faults.'

He perceived, in fact, that there is a fire, a life in the book; it is an organic whole; it gives a consistent picture of the development of the English nation, drawn by a sympathetic and judicious hand.

In 1877, at the age of forty, Green married Miss Alice Stopford, and in her love and companionship he found his stay and support during the rest of his too short life. His health had lately been better, and he was hopeful himself; but he had been trying himself too hard. He never could work save with his might. The Mediterranean winters were not always as mild as they should have been, and he was feeling the long annual exile more and more. His

friends hardly understood how much his friendship for them meant to him, how greatly he desired their presence, how delighted he was with their letters, what interest he took in all they were doing. It was everything to him to have the most devoted of companions always with him; and it was really her tireless care and affection and his own courage that kept him alive and working month after month to the wonder of his doctors. At last, when he could no longer hold the pen, his wife took to writing at his dictation. The long-continued exertion brought on writer's cramp; but still they both persevered, and, in spite of all difficulties, the 'Making of England' (his detailed study of the genesis of the English state) came out, to his great joy. Its companion volume, the 'Conquest of England,' was all but completed; but before it appeared, the author himself had passed away. 'He died learning' was his chosen epitaph; and it was a true one.

We have lost at least one great book by his untimely death; and the flaws he most deplored in the work he left were largely the results of the illness that dogged him and crippled his hours of work for so many years. But, even as it was, his output was remarkable, both in amount and quality. The 'Short History,' the 'Oxford Studies,' the 'Making' and the 'Conquest of England,' represent much toil and much thought rightly directed. They are the outcome of a mind active, well-trained, perspicuous, reasonable; they give their author a settled place among English historians; and they are the fruit of scarce more than half an average working life.

Green not only loved history himself, but he loved to see others working in that great and scantily-tilled field. So far back as 1867 he planned out a Historical Review; and some years later he was offered the editorship of such a periodical by Mr Macmillan, who was willing to start it if he would take charge; but he declined, modestly fearing that the opposition which his leadership might rouse would injure the journal's success. So it was not till three years after his death that a little band of Oxford students got Dr Creighton to co-operate with them, to promise to be editor, and to find a publisher for what in Green's words was to be 'a purely scientific organ of historical criticism and means of information as to the progress of historical study at home and abroad.' The

'English Historical Review' has justified Green's aim, and done credit to those who carried out his ideas.

The 'Oxford Historical Society' was started not long before Green's death, on lines he had laid down years before. The series of 'Primers of History and Literature' that he edited and organised has been a great and legitimate success, bringing home to the poorest teacher or student the results of the best scholars' work in many directions, and preparing a reading public to receive and welcome books of more detailed information. He was indeed, throughout his life, a man with practical aims, who saw much more clearly than most students the right way to teach pupils who have never been taught, the right way to make them care about the subjects he cared about and knew to be important, the right way to make them think out things honestly for themselves, without prejudice and without credulity. His series was successful because it deserved success.

His diaries and note-books show how observant he was; how patiently he noted facts and thoughts that would, he felt, be useful to him; how he studied character (not forgetting his own); how he trained himself to write by writing on many different topics—from a country walk to a problem of ethics, a journey or a conversation—as brightly and concisely as he could. A description of the field of Senlac, written on the spot in one of his note-books, is a model of clear topographic exposition; and a set of rough notes on a 'town-and-gown' gives the best sketch yet put down of the aimless, disconnected, sporadic turbulence of an Oxford 5th of November in the sixties or seventies.

It is but just to touch on his remarkable critical powers. Of his brilliancy, of his quickness, his laborious study of his authorities and his clear head, there can be no question. But he had also a potent sense of justice that often curbed his wit and made him restrain his gleeful humour lest he should do an injustice or cause another pain. He took the trouble to think; and so, though some of his verdicts are quite wrong—for he was fallible as the rest of us—many of them are quite excellent. If he undoubtedly misjudges Seeley badly and mistakes Gardiner's attitude towards his subject, he is in no error about Ranke's shortcomings or Mommsen's. His analysis of historic personages often shows remark-



ably fine handling. Mr Stephen cites his pictures of Cromwell and of Madame Roland. He thoroughly understood persons so different as Stubbs and Garibaldi, and was enthusiastic about both. He is even fair to that bogey of the advanced Whigs, Napoleon III, though he cannot help rejoicing at his fall.

His keen insight, his skill in controversy, his power of hard hitting made him a formidable antagonist; but he disliked wasting labour on disputes that do not convince. Again and again he strove to get his friend Freeman to be content and cease from further attacks on foes no longer formidable or dangerous. He never feared offending his best friends by remonstrating where he thought friendship required him to speak plainly; and yet, to him who loved those friends so dearly, this was by no means a congenial obligation. Self-sacrifice was an integral part of his daily life, and yet he was one to whom the *joie de vivre* appealed far more strongly than to most. One can see from his letters how he loved and made good talk; but he was capable of renouncing the insidious pleasures of conversation in order to drudge, not only for the purposes he had set before him as his life's work, but also to provide those who had but scant claims on him with extra pleasures.

One lays down the book of Green's 'Letters' with some pain. There is revealed in them a personality never allowed its full development. This fine spirit was capable of far more than it was allotted to it to accomplish. Ill-health, scant means, small leisure, many cares could not, however, prevent him from doing in his brief life more than would have taxed to the fullest the powers of most of his contemporaries. If he had not been, as he was, a scholar of mark, he would still have been distinguished in his generation, a conversationalist of quite abnormal wit and power, a man of most sympathetic and luminous nature, a sincere friend, a true follower of the best, a champion of all that was good and made for higher things, an abiding memory to all who knew him. As he held, a man should be content if, when he dies, he can be said truly to have done good work and to have had an inmost place in his friends' hearts; and he, at least, knew long ere his own swift death came, that he had achieved so much.

## 2. SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.

1. *A History of England (1603-1656)*. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Sixteen vols. London: Longmans, 1863-1901.
  2. *An Introduction to the Study of English History*. By the same (in collaboration with J. Bass Mullinger). London: Longmans, 1881.
  3. *Constitutional Documents of the Puritan Revolution*. By the same. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1889.
  4. *Cromwell's Place in History*. By the same. London: Longmans, 1897.
  5. *What Gunpowder Plot was*. By the same. London: Longmans, 1897.
- And other works.

THE life of a scholar, in so far as it concerns the public, is usually uneventful. The years glide by him as he steadily fulfils some self-selected task. The landmarks of his journey are the discovery of a document, the publication of a volume, or perhaps the tardy conferment of some long-deserved reward. Such a life is too monotonous to recount in detail, and it lies too remote from the common paths of men to attract their curiosity. The interest of Gardiner's life is in the history of a purpose conceived in early manhood, and pursued in spite of difficulties which would have discouraged a weaker man, until its fulfilment seemed near at hand, and only the last stone was needed to crown the fabric.

Born on March 4, 1829, Gardiner was educated at Winchester and at Christ Church. He took a first-class in the school of 'Literæ Humaniores' in 1851, and left Oxford in the same year. For though he had been given a studentship at Christ Church in 1850, theological reasons prevented him from keeping it and from taking the degree of M.A. It was therefore without aid from any institution designed to promote learning that he boldly undertook to devote his life to English history, and chose for his subject the most controverted part of our national annals.

The first two volumes of Gardiner's intended history of England from 1603 to 1660 were published in 1863, and successive instalments, two volumes at a time, appeared

in 1869, 1875, 1877, and 1881. Six other volumes followed, the last of which saw the light in 1901, and carried the story as far as the year 1856. Illness then obliged him to lay down his pen, and he never took it up again.

But the production of these sixteen volumes absorbed only a portion of Gardiner's energy. His minor historical works are represented by nine books, ranging from an 'Outline of English History' for schools to the excellent and magnificently illustrated life of Cromwell in Goupil's series. There were few enterprises for the promotion of historical learning in which he did not take a leading part. From 1869 to 1897 he was director of the Camden Society, for which he edited twelve volumes of documents. He also edited two volumes for the Navy Records Society, and one for the Scottish History Society. From 1873 to 1878 he practically sub-edited the historical department of the 'Academy'; and from 1891 to 1901 he was editor of the 'English Historical Review.' He contributed numerous articles to both those journals, and many to the 'Athenæum,' the 'Contemporary Review,' and the 'Revue Historique.' Moreover, during the greater part of the period within which Gardiner's history was produced, he was continuously engaged in teaching. From 1872 to 1877 he was assistant, and from 1877 to 1885 professor of Modern History at King's College, London, and between 1877 and 1898 he regularly lectured for the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching. He taught for many years in several ladies' schools, and conducted a class at Toynbee Hall. For two years he was examiner in history at Cambridge, for three at Oxford, and for ten or more at the University of London.

In order to relieve him from some of this drudgery, and to facilitate the completion of his history, Mr Gladstone obtained for him in 1882 a pension of 150*l.* a year from the Civil List. All Souls' College elected him to a research fellowship in 1884; and, when this came to an end in 1892, he was elected to a similar endowment at Merton. Honorary doctorates were successively conferred upon him by Edinburgh, Göttingen, Oxford, and Cambridge; and in 1894 he was offered the Regius professorship of Modern History at Oxford. Being now sixty-five years old, and feeling that he needed all his strength for the completion of his book, he wisely declined the offer.

He accepted, however, a temporary lectureship, and delivered six lectures on Cromwell's place in history at Oxford during 1896.

It is a source of great regret that, during the years when Gardiner was spending much of his time in elementary teaching, neither Oxford nor Cambridge offered him the opportunity of instructing more advanced students. A French or German historian of equal merit would have been provided with a place in one of the national universities, even if it had been necessary to create a special post for the purpose. In all branches of learning, the inspiring influence of a master of the subject is of more value than the most diligent drilling in text-books or the most elaborate system of examination. But the rigidity of our university system prevented Gardiner's employment in the history schools of Oxford and Cambridge, thus depriving of the benefit of his training and of the stimulus of his character those who might have most fully profited by them.

For this reason Gardiner's direct influence upon the development of historical studies in England was less than it ought to have been; but the originality of his method and the thoroughness of his work gave his history a wide influence upon scholars. To estimate his place amongst historians, it is necessary to consider the method by which he conducted his researches, as well as the manner in which he presented his results. Both must be taken into account—the process as well as the product; for it is the glory, and sometimes the misfortune, of the English historian that every man who can read a serious book or frame a sentence, confidently pronounces a sentence upon his work. He appeals not only to a narrow professional audience, but to the general mass of educated men. Yet the ordinary critic who regards a historical book merely as if it were a piece of literature must fail in estimating its real value. For history belongs half to science and half to literature. In so far as it aims at the discovery of the truth about the past, it partakes of the nature of a science; in so far as it aims at a representation of the past, it partakes of the nature of an art. And since the qualities of the man of science and the qualities of the artist are not often united in one man, there are few historians who perform both their functions

equally well. Let us examine Gardiner's work from this standpoint.

At what date Gardiner first conceived the purpose to which he devoted his life it is impossible to say; but between 1851 and 1860 the resolution to make history his vocation must have taken a definite shape in his mind. Gardiner's preliminary studies were wide and thorough, for he was not the man to plunge headlong into a great subject without adequate preparation.

'No one' (he afterwards wrote) 'can really study any particular period of history unless he knows a great deal about what preceded it and what came after it. He cannot seriously study a generation of men as if it could be isolated and examined like a piece of inorganic matter. He has to bear in mind that it is a portion of a living whole.'

The fidelity with which Gardiner adhered to this precept is shown by the summary of earlier English history prefixed to the first volume of his great work. It fills some forty pages in the edition of 1863, but is omitted from the edition of 1892. In the interval it had appeared in a more mature form, and upon a larger scale, as the first part of a volume entitled 'An Introduction to English History,' published in 1881. Gardiner is usually described as a specialist; and sometimes a disparaging meaning is implied by the word. If by specialist is meant one who never looks beyond the narrow plot in which he labours, this one book is enough to refute that charge. No more masterly summary of the development of the English nation ever appeared in print. It possesses the finish of style and the power of generalisation which many critics deny him, and it shows not only familiarity with the facts of every period, but a full understanding of the ideas which governed the minds of men in different ages. ✓

To those who knew Gardiner personally the charge that he was only a specialist seems absurd. His interests were never limited to a single century of British history. Ancient history he had studied with care; and few scholars possessed so wide a knowledge of the history of modern Europe. He habitually read all the new historical books of any merit which were published in England, and many foreign books of the same character. He acquired six European languages with sufficient thoroughness, not

only to read modern historical writers, but to translate seventeenth century documents.

After equipping himself with an adequate knowledge of general history Gardiner proceeded to concentrate his energies upon one particular subject. Some remarkable papers on the position of the English Catholics during the reign of James I, published in June, 1860, show that by that time he had made his choice. Gardiner himself said that the motive which led him to choose the history of the Puritan Revolution was largely the repulsion inspired by the exaggerations of popular historians. The libraries were full of books upon the period, but its history had never been impartially treated.\* Whig historians would not take the trouble to understand the position of the King and the Cavaliers, nor Tory historians to understand that of the Parliamentary leaders. The importation of the prejudices of the present into the past, and the constant comparison of the past with the present, vitiated all that these historians had written. Gardiner's scientific interest in the past for its own sake and his hatred of injustice united to make him the historian of the Puritan Revolution.

According to Gardiner's conception of his task, it was necessary to begin at the accession of James I. Other historians had judged differently; Guizot starts with the accession of Charles I. This was a serious error, thought Gardiner. He admitted that the reign of James I had not 'that striking dramatic interest' which might be found elsewhere, but it was peculiarly attractive to 'the real student of history' who sought to understand the constitutional struggle of the seventeenth century, and indispensable if he wished to understand its leaders. Beginning later, it might still be possible to form sound conclusions as to the principles at stake, but it was utterly impossible to judge the actors fairly; for 'it is only after investigating the circumstances under which certain dominant ideas have arisen that it becomes possible to enter into the feelings of those who entertained them.' The decision cost Gardiner ten years additional labour. Looking back upon it in 1882 he congratulated himself on the result:—

'It has not, I hope, been for nothing that many years ago, as a young and unknown writer, I deliberately refrained from  
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selecting a subject more attractive in its own nature than the reign of James I could possibly be. It seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, that it was the duty of a serious inquirer to search into the original causes of great events rather than, for the sake of catching at an audience, to rush unprepared upon the great events themselves. My reward has been that, whether the present work is well or ill done, it is at all events far better done than it could have been if I had commenced with the tale of the Puritan Revolution itself.\*

The first business of the historian is the collection of the materials upon which he bases his narrative. Gardiner's rule was to see all the printed and manuscript authorities upon his subject which were anywhere accessible. No one was more indefatigable in the search for new sources of information either at home or abroad. He repeatedly visited the archives of Paris and Brussels, examined the Venetian records for himself, and made several journeys to Simancas. In later years the copies of documents relating to English affairs, procured by the Master of the Rolls from foreign libraries, rendered some of these expeditions unnecessary, but to the last he was sometimes obliged to have transcripts made at his own expense.

At home his investigations were equally thorough. He had one great advantage over previous enquirers into the history of the reign of James I, for Mrs Everett Green had completed in 1859 her *Calendars of State Papers* of that period. He had also the advice and encouragement of Mr John Bruce, editor of the *Calendars* of those papers for the first fifteen years of Charles I's reign; and to Bruce he always professed that he owed a great deal. Gardiner did not content himself with searching public repositories such as the Record Office and the British Museum, but sought admission to all private collections in which he had reason to believe that documents relating to his subject were preserved. Such labour as this is now lightened, and sometimes made unnecessary, by the publications of the Historical Manuscripts Commission; but that body was not established till 1869.

Whenever he had obtained documents throwing new light on the history of his period, Gardiner was anxious

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\* 'Fall of the Monarchy of Charles I,' i, vi.

to get them published. His object was to lay before enquirers the evidence upon which his conclusions were based, not only to support his narrative, but in the hope of eliciting useful criticisms. In some cases these documents were transcribed for him, but often he copied them with his own hand. One instance will suffice to show how industriously he worked. About 1879 he got leave to examine the Duke of Hamilton's papers for evidence as to the relations of Charles I with the Covenanters, and found there a number of interesting letters. 'It struck me,' he says, 'that it would be a pity not to utilise for the benefit of the Camden Society the permission which I had obtained; and I set to work to make copies as well as the limited time at my disposal would allow.' In thirteen days he copied 176 letters, which fill 254 quarto pages of print. Gardiner's eagerness to make his discoveries accessible was also shown by the generosity with which he placed his own copies of unpublished manuscripts at the disposal of enquirers. Ten volumes of such manuscripts, two of which consist of documents copied by himself at Simancas, he subsequently presented to the British Museum.

While Gardiner thought no labour too great in obtaining fresh evidence, he was equally careful to sift and weigh the materials he collected. His superiority to previous historians of the period consists not only in the amount of new information utilised, but in the fact that all information, both old and new, was rigidly tested. The basis of his narrative is throughout the State papers of the time, supplemented by the evidence of well-informed contemporaries. His predecessors, in their accounts of the reign of James I, had relied far too much on the memoir-writers. Gardiner used authorities of this kind very sparingly, and frequently rejected them altogether.

'Many a well-known anecdote' (he wrote) 'will be missed from these pages. The great mass of the anecdote-mongers, with Weldon at their head, are so thoroughly untrustworthy that the total omission of all such stories, however amusing, excepting when they can be authenticated, seems the preferable course. Of all these offenders, Weldon is incomparably the worst. I believe there is not a single instance in which his assertions can be in any way tested, in which they cannot be shown to be, if not downright lies, at least recollections



so distorted as to be utterly worthless for the purposes of history.' ('Hist. of England,' ed. 1863, vol. i, pref. p. vii.)

On examination, some more recent authorities turned out to be of very doubtful value. Forster based his account of the early parliaments of Charles I mainly upon a manuscript written by Sir John Eliot, entitled, 'Negotium Posterorum.' It appeared to be an unexceptionable authority. Eliot was a man of the highest character: he was a principal actor in the debates which he recorded: he wrote very soon after the events which he described. Gardiner compared this narrative with other evidence, showing that Eliot had inserted as spoken a speech which he had never delivered, that he had omitted another which he really made, that he had misstated many facts, and coloured all his statements. Nothing, therefore, which the narrative contained could be accepted without independent confirmation.

In Gardiner, critical acuteness was accompanied by a common-sense which prevented him from pushing destructive criticism too far. There was no pedantry about his treatment of authorities, and he knew how to utilise inferior evidence when the best was not to be had. As he pointed out, the hearsay evidence which a court of law would reject the historian may, under certain restrictions, legitimately employ. Even a tradition is not to be set aside as worthless, if it is not too far removed from its source. In short, there is a grain of truth in many statements that look like fiction, 'would men observingly distil it out.'\* Gardiner's method of dealing with a traditional story is admirably exemplified in the case of the forged letter by which Lord Savile induced the Scots to invade England in 1640, and in that of the letter hidden in a saddle, by intercepting which Cromwell discovered the double-dealing of Charles I. He demonstrates that the first story is substantially correct, the second probable.

Gardiner was remarkably ingenious in handling fragmentary evidence. The Journals of the two Houses are

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\* The chapter on 'Historical Evidence,' which stands first in Gardiner's book on the Gunpowder Plot, sets forth his views on this subject. If he had expanded the chapter, and illustrated its precepts by examples from his own practice, it would have made a very useful little treatise for teachers and researchers.

often the only authority we have for what took place in Parliament; and they contain nothing but bare facts which do not explain themselves. By skilfully interpreting the slight indications which the Journals afford, and supplementing them from the reports of foreign ambassadors, letters, and other sources, he generally succeeded in putting together an intelligible account of the party-struggle which lay beneath the formal record of votes. His accounts of the Short Parliament of 1640 and of the Parliament of 1654 are excellent examples of this process.

On the other side, all that can be said is that Gardiner was at times not sceptical enough, and often rather too anxious to reconcile conflicting accounts of the same incident. He admitted the existence of this tendency, saying, in one of his prefaces, 'I am afraid I have been led too far by a desire to reconcile discrepant authorities'; and the remark is true in other instances besides the one to which he referred. With the exception of these slight defects, his method of treating evidence was perfect. Its dominant characteristic is neither acuteness nor ingenuity, but a rare intellectual honesty. He never presents his hypotheses as facts, never conceals facts which bear against his theories, and never distorts their natural meaning to make them square with his own conclusions. Unlike some historical writers, he recognises the inevitable limitations of the historian's knowledge, and never assumes that he knows everything because he knows all that can be known.

'Even the richest materials' (he says) 'fail to yield all that the historian requires. Again and again, however the frontier of knowledge may be advanced, the enquirer is confronted by darkness into which he cannot safely penetrate.'

How much Gardiner himself extended those frontiers few of his readers can appreciate. To do so it is necessary to approach his books fresh from those of his predecessors, and to compare the picture which they give of the period with that which he has left us. It is like comparing an eighteenth century map of Africa with a modern one. The outline of the country is the same in both; but we know now where the great rivers rise, and can follow their windings.

When the historian has collected his materials and determined their value, a second task awaits him. A new set of qualities are called into play, and his individuality finds freer scope. To use Gardiner's own phrase—when the work of investigation is ended, 'the work of constructive imagination comes in.' The historian has 'to pick out from the manifold facts of history those which seem to him to be more important than the others,' and to group them together in the form of a narrative. In selecting and arranging them he is guided by the conception of the period which his reading has led him to form, and by his conception of what history ought to be. Gardiner defines history in one place as 'the record of change, of the new circumstances into which communities of men are brought, and of the new ideas called forth by the circumstances, and by which circumstances in turn are moulded.' In another place he advances the opinion that 'the causes of moral changes form the most interesting subject of historical investigation.'

Holding these views, Gardiner undertook to record the changes produced by the rise and fall of Puritanism in England, showing how circumstances furthered its growth and shaped its action when in power; with what old ideas it contended, and to what new ideas it gave birth; how far it succeeded in modifying the life of the nation, and how far it was itself subdued to the world it worked in. His book was to be not merely a segment of English history bounded by dates, but an organic whole—a real 'History of the Puritan Revolution,' as he intended to call it. The little book\* which he published under that title in 1876 is a sketch of what the great book would have been if it had been completed. Both strike the same keynote. In both, the unity of interest which history requires is supplied by the effort of the English people to secure a double object—the control of its own fate, and the free expression of religious opinion. We see these two principles working at first in harmony, and afterwards in antagonism, until their clashing brings back the Stewarts, whom their union had overthrown.

Though the main interest of Gardiner's book lies in

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\* In the series entitled 'Epochs of English History' (Longmans).

the solution of two domestic problems, he does not limit his view to English ground. Ere long the constitutional struggle between the Stewarts and their people became inextricably entangled in the web of European politics. During the last seven years of the reign of James I, says Gardiner, 'every English interest rapidly becomes a continental one; and it can only produce confusion to attempt to unravel the politics of England without understanding the intentions of continental statesmen and the aims of continental diplomatists.' The situation is the same during the early years of James's successor; and it is always necessary to consider the diplomatic and military relations of England with other countries, in order to understand whether the Commons were justified in impeaching Buckingham or refusing money to Charles. If continental relations sank into insignificance during the Civil War, they regained all their importance when the fleets of the Republic swept the seas, and the sword of Cromwell decided the long contest between France and Spain. Gardiner therefore devoted a large part of his space to showing the influence of Europe upon England, and of England upon Europe. It is the only part of our annals in which the diplomatic history of the time has been accurately and adequately treated. But this is not the only result of Gardiner's attention to European history. The inclusion of continental, as well as English, politics within the field of his observation gives him a breadth of mind which few English historians possess. He is not only better informed about European affairs than Macaulay or Froude, but he is also more free from national prejudices. He is less insular than either.

In addition to this, Gardiner possessed in the highest degree the special quality which the historian of his particular period most requires. A broad and elevated view of public events tends naturally to produce impartiality; but his fairness was an instinct rather than an acquired habit of mind. It revealed itself not only in his writings, but in his ordinary dealings with men; for it was part of his nature to judge others leniently, to make large allowance for their faults and weaknesses, to estimate very liberally their little merits and small acquirements. Gardiner approached the statesmen of the past with the same inclination to see what was best

in them, and to judge them by that. 'Probably,' he says, speaking of the German statesmen of the Thirty Years' War, 'the most lenient judgment is also the truest one.' In the same sympathetic spirit he judges English political parties and their leaders. Without being blind to their faults, he is very kind to their virtues. He assesses what each contributed to the development of the national life, the attainment of English liberties, and the common fund of English political ideas. We owe something, he concludes, to the Cavaliers as well as to the Roundheads. 'Not on one side alone of the civil struggle of the seventeenth century are our moral and intellectual ancestors.'

This fairness is not the only mark which distinguishes Gardiner's treatment of the men who figure in his pages: his method of depicting their character is singularly unconventional. For many of the time-honoured traditions of historical writing he had no respect at all. Instead of drawing elaborate portraits of his chief personages as they come to the front of the stage, he introduces them briefly, preferring to let a character elucidate itself by action, and calling attention in a sentence or a paragraph to the particular quality which the particular act exhibits. There is no very minute analysis of their motives: it is enough to point out the one which predominated at the crisis in question.

'Historians' (he says) 'coolly dissect a man's thoughts as they please, and label them like specimens in a naturalist's cabinet. Such a thing, they argue, was done for mere personal aggrandisement; such a thing for national objects; such a thing from high religious motives. In real life we may be sure it was not so.'

His own rules for representing character are clearly stated:—

'To start by trying to understand what a man appears to himself, and only when that has been done to try him by the standard of the judgment of others, is in my opinion the first canon of historical portraiture. . . . Every satisfactory effort to understand the character of a man must be based upon his own spoken and written words, though it is always possible to throw in further light and shade from other sources.'

Acting on these principles, Gardiner builds up his men bit by bit, from within instead of from without. The

influence of Carlyle's *Cromwell* is perhaps to be traced here; but in another respect Gardiner's method is diametrically opposed to Carlyle's. Of the exterior of his personages he says next to nothing. Contrast his description of James I with those of Macaulay and Green:—

'His big head,' begins Green, 'his slobbering tongue, his quilted clothes, his rickety legs, stood out in grotesque contrast with all that men recalled of Henry or Elizabeth.'

'It was no light thing,' says Macaulay, 'that on the very eve of the decisive struggle between our Kings and their Parliaments, royalty should be exhibited to the world stammering, slobbering, shedding unmanly tears, trembling at a drawn sword, and talking in the style alternately of a buffoon and a pedagogue.'

Such details have, no doubt, a certain value; but picturesque touches of this kind had no attraction for Gardiner. It was not merely that he rightly distrusted the memoir-writers from whom they are derived, but, even if the facts were true, he thought them trivial. He was not anxious to make his readers see the men he described, because to him 'the outward shows' were 'least themselves.'

There is a similar disregard of the conventional methods of historical narration in Gardiner's treatment of events. Take, for instance, his accounts of battles. The picturesque historian regards a battle as an opportunity for a little word-painting. As he approaches a battlefield, he feels that the Lord hath delivered the public into his hands. While he will truthfully relate what happened, he will also attempt to bring it before the eyes of his readers. They shall see the charging squadrons and the steadfast squares; they shall hear the thunder of the guns, and catch, through the smoke, a glimpse of the great captains at their work; they shall share the suspense of the critical moment and the triumph when the long lines reel and break. Generally the picturesque historian fails. It is better not to try to draw the bow of Macaulay, for few men have his rare power of visualising the knowledge they have gathered from books; and it requires something more than courage to imitate his descriptions of *Killiecrankie* and the *Battle of the Boyne*. Gardiner's conception of the historian's task was different.

'I cannot,' said he, 'describe battles which I have not seen as if I had. . . . To describe a battle as if he saw it is no part of the historian's business.'

Declining, therefore, any attempt to be picturesque, he undertook simply to relate what happened. He visited the fields where the battles were fought, not to get local colour, but to understand the tactics of the opposing armies; and he studied old maps to learn how the hand of man had altered the features of the original sites. By this means he succeeded in fixing the precise spot where Cromwell breached the walls of Drogheda, and in explaining how the conformation of the ground determined the line of attack at Newbury, and the movements of Fairfax before the battle of Naseby. Many other instances of the same kind might be enumerated. When he had gathered all that local knowledge could give him, and compared all the contemporary narratives, he sat down to construct a plain, straightforward narrative of the battle, in which there was no lack of animation, but in which every detail depended on the testimony of a witness or an actor. Then instead of seeking to convince his readers that the things happened as he related them, he urged them to suspect rather than believe.

'I am only afraid' (he wrote) 'that I have often given to my narrative the appearance of greater accuracy than is attainable, and I must therefore ask any reader to supply a chorus of doubt, and to keep in mind that they read, not an account of that which certainly happened, but of that which appears to me to have happened after such inquiry as I have been able to make.'

Sea-fights Gardiner treats in the same fashion. Just as he had disclaimed any knowledge of the military art, so he disclaims any acquaintance with naval war, adding, however:—

'I can only hope that a landlubber who has examined the evidence may sometimes be right, where an admiral who takes everything for granted may be wrong.'

When he did examine the evidence upon which the received accounts of the sea-fights with the Dutch were founded, he discovered that it had never been critically studied. The results of his first-hand investigations were

received with a chorus of approval from the experts whose criticisms he had deprecated. The story of the Dutch war, wrote Professor Laughton, was told with an accuracy hitherto impossible: 'We have had nothing at all comparable with it'\* A military critic who had studied the campaigns of the Civil War was equally laudatory:—

'His descriptions of actions are invariably correct from a technical point of view, his references to contemporary military customs and usages generally very pertinent, and his estimates of the capacity and conduct of those officers who served during the war as commanders and leaders usually well founded and just.'†

There is one other characteristic of Gardiner's method which calls for comment, and that is his strict adherence to chronological arrangement. It was adopted deliberately; and he gives good reasons for the decision. According to his view, the object of the historian should be not merely to relate what happened, but how it happened. It is therefore incumbent upon him to insist upon the sequence of cause and effect, and to make his readers see how everything followed naturally from that which preceded it. In one of his prefaces he blames previous writers on seventeenth-century history for having adopted a different plan.

'Much confusion has been caused by the habit which prevails, where it would least be expected, of classifying events rather according to their nature than according to their natural order, so that the true sequence of the history is lost.'

Moreover, in dealing with any complicated question it is only by the application of the chronological method that it is possible to understand the true character of either events or men.

'Here' (says Gardiner, speaking of the conflict of evidence about Cromwell's conduct during the year 1647) 'as in so many other knotty matters, the thread leading out of the maze is to be found by a strict adherence to chronology.'

In his hands this process was eminently successful. It enabled him to elucidate much that had been obscure, to set in their true light things which had been distorted,

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\* 'English Historical Review,' xiii, 167.

† *Ibid*, v, 377.



and to clear away many fictions and misconceptions. Besides being useful to him as a guide to truth, it was also a security against error. One of the most insidious of the dangers that beset the historian is the danger of being biased in his statement of a problem by his knowledge of the way in which it was actually solved. Unless he is careful, history may become in his hands, as sceptics have called it, the science of justifying foregone conclusions. Seeley did not always escape this danger. Gardiner's way of avoiding it was to put the sequel out of his mind in order that both he and his readers might better understand the actual evolution of events. He traces, therefore, month by month or year by year, the development of a policy, the growth of a principle, or the gradual culmination of a crisis, in order that we may see how much circumstances, and sometimes accidents, shaped results which appear to us inevitable. And thus by eliminating one great cause of error, he not only elucidates the connexion of cause and effect, but shows more clearly than before the relative share of personal and general causes in producing great events.

Gardiner's success as an author was not equal to his merits as a historian. In England and on the Continent men of the same profession freely recognised the lasting value of his book, and hailed each new part with applause. But at home the novelty of his method stood in the way of his success. English readers in general had grown accustomed to a different kind of history. They expected something more artistic in conception, something less dispassionate and less scientific in treatment. They missed the dramatic and the picturesque side of the past, and the clean-cut narrative that leaves its impress on the memory without costing the recipient any intellectual effort. Though Gardiner's style was clear and vigorous, it was too sober to attract those who had no special interest in the facts under discussion. When they were told that the book was accurate and impartial, they answered as M. Bonnard answers the pedlar in M. France's novel,

"C'est un livre d'histoire vrai," dit-il en souriant, "un livre d'histoire véritable." "En ce cas," répondis-je, "il est très ennuyeux, car les livres d'histoire qui ne mentent pas sont tous fort maussades."

Critics entitled to respect, while estimating Gardiner's accuracy and impartiality at their real value, complained of the defects of his exposition. His narrative, they said, had neither the large, easy flow of Gibbon's, nor the rapid march of Macaulay's. It was too much broken by episodes and digressions, and its progress was slow and circuitous. The arrangement also was faulty, and some events of subordinate importance were treated too fully. Gardiner admitted the truth of this last criticism.

'I have become aware' (he said in 1883) 'of a certain want of artistic proportion in the book as a whole, and can perceive that some incidents have been treated of at a greater length than they deserve.'\*

The defect was owing rather to the inherent difficulties of Gardiner's task than to the fact that he was himself lacking in a sense of proportion. In his smaller books, such as the two little volumes on the Thirty Years' War and the Puritan Revolution, which he contributed to the 'Epochs of Modern History,' the subordination of the parts to the whole is admirably maintained. But it was more difficult for him to maintain it when he was dealing with events which previous historians had ignored, and with masses of evidence hitherto unknown. He was naturally tempted to state the results of his discoveries in full detail; and there were times when it seemed absolutely necessary to do so.

'This very abundance of information is not without its drawbacks' (he writes in the preface to 'Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage'). 'It has necessitated my going at greater length into many matters than would have been sufficient if I had been traversing a better known period, where a hint would have been enough to call up a more or less complete picture before the reader.'

Such difficulties are an inevitable result of the conflict between the requirements of the two functions which the historian has to perform. The scientific side of history demands one thing, the artistic another. Again and again the historian must face the question whether he shall spend his limited space in the statement of that

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\* Preface to the 'History of England from 1603 to 1642' (ed. 1882-83).

which was hitherto unknown or in the recapitulation of that which is known already. Again and again he must decide whether he shall spend his limited time in the search for fresh facts or in the better presentation of the facts he has already accumulated. His choice is determined by his conception of the relative importance of the two duties imposed upon him.

A comparison between Gardiner and Macaulay will illustrate the point under discussion. It is a legitimate parallel, for they had at their disposal the same kind of materials, dealt with similar subjects, and treated them upon much the same scale. Both produced their histories at much the same rate. In the fourteen years, from December 1841 to December 1855, Macaulay covered the period from 1685 to 1697, and between about 1860 and 1901 Gardiner carried his narrative from 1603 to 1656. But here the resemblance ends and the contrast begins. Macaulay devoted the greater part of his time and energy to the work of exposition; he wrote and rewrote, arranged and rearranged, until he produced the masterpiece of narrative skill that is one of the glories of English literature. The process was slow and laborious, as it always must be. His biographer aptly quotes the words of Chaucer:—

‘There is na workeman  
That can both worken wel and hastille;  
This must be done at leisure parfaitlie.’

But the time was well spent, for nothing but patient and unremitting industry could achieve the end he had in view.

‘The materials for an amusing narrative are immense’ (wrote Macaulay). ‘I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the table of young ladies.’

It would be unfair to interpret a casual expression too literally, but these words do express the fact that the paramount aim of Macaulay was to make his story readable, and that, without neglecting the work of investigation, he subordinated it to that object. Gardiner took the opposite course. The work of investigation absorbed the greater part of his time and energy. His researches were

far wider and more prolonged than those of Macaulay, and he weighed the evidence which he collected with greater care. Without neglecting the lucid and orderly statement of his results, he regarded the business of discovering the truth as of paramount importance. He had less time therefore to devote to the turning of his periods, the management of his transitions, and the construction of a perfect narrative. His natural gifts, too, lay in a different direction, and he wisely devoted himself more to the scientific than to the artistic part of the historian's task. He attained his object, and left us the most exact and impartial account which we possess of any period in the annals of the British race.

After all, what is the practical value of the truest history to the people for whom it was written? Like other scholars, the historian, labouring in his vocation, cheers himself with the thought that he too does the State some service. Gardiner's own estimate of the political value of history deserves consideration. Its value, he says, is rather indirect than direct. The problems of the present are never quite the same as the problems of the past; the conditions always vary; and historical parallels are mostly political pitfalls. On the other hand, it is impossible to over-estimate the indirect assistance which the historian can give the statesman. Though he cannot advise, he can enlighten both the statesman himself and the people whom the statesman represents.

'If the aims and objects of men at different periods are different, the laws inherent in human society are the same. In the nineteenth, as well as in the seventeenth century, existing evils are slowly felt, and still more slowly remedied. In the nineteenth as well as in the seventeenth century, efforts to discover the true remedy end for a long time in failure, or at least in very partial success; till at last the true remedy appears almost by accident, and takes root because it alone will give relief. He, therefore, who studies the society of the past will be of the greater service to the society of the present in proportion as he leaves it out of account. If the exceptional statesman can get on without much help from the historian, the historian can contribute much to the arousing of a statesmanlike temper in the happily increasing mass of educated persons, without whose support the statesman is powerless. He can teach them to regard society as ever evolving new

wants and new diseases, and therefore requiring new remedies. He can teach them the true tolerance of mistakes and follies which is perfectly consistent with an ardent love of truth and wisdom. He can teach them to be hopeful of the future, because the evil of the present evolves a demand for a remedy which sooner or later is discovered by the intelligence of mankind, though it may sometimes happen that the whole existing organisation of society is overthrown in the process. He can teach them also not to be too sanguine of the future, because each remedy brings with it fresh evils which have in their turn to be faced. These, it may be said, are old and commonplace lessons enough. It may be so, but the world has not yet become so wise as to be able to dispense with them.\*

Such, according to Gardiner, was the kind of instruction which the story of the past gives to those who rightly understand it, and such were the special lessons which his book was designed to convey. He does not confine himself to telling a story: in his reflections on men and things a didactic purpose is constantly apparent. The spirit of the great movement which he relates seems to influence its historian. He has the seriousness and enthusiasm of the Puritan, and the same constant pre-occupation with the moral aspect of worldly events. Seeking truth as the one thing needful, he disregards the picturesque externals of history, as the Puritan disdained the pomps and the fripperies of life. But his Puritanism is purged of all harshness and narrowness, tempered by the largest knowledge, restrained by sympathy with the faith of others, and softened by charity for men. It is not the militant Puritanism of the Civil Wars. Only that which was best in it has passed into his book, as the best in it passed into the life of the English people after its brief reign ended.

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\* 'History of England from the Accession of James I' (1884), vol. x, preface, p. viii.

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# Art. XI.—THE LIBERAL DÉBÂCLE.

FOR the second time in sixteen years we seem to be confronted with the disruption of a great historic party. That alone is a remarkable fact, having regard to the strongly cohesive power of old-established political ties, especially among Anglo-Saxon peoples; but that is only half the wonder in the present instance. The other half lies in the fact that the grounds of the split are in essence, and even to a very large extent in form, identical with those which resulted in the great schism of 1886. In the letter to the 'Times' (February 21st), in which Lord Rosebery announced his 'definite separation' from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, he referred to the fact that the Liberal leader in the House of Commons had 'anathematised my declarations on the "clean slate" and Home Rule,' and added, 'it is obvious that our views on the war and its methods are not less discordant.' But, according to Lord Rosebery's own opinion, as expressed in his speech at the City Liberal Club on July 19th, 1901, foreign and Imperial questions had really quite as much to do with the disruption of 1886 as Home Rule had, and even more. The more or the less need not now be considered. The Irish question, of course, seemed to engross men's thoughts at the time; but it may well be that members of the Cabinet, upon whom had fallen the staggering humiliation of the betrayal of Gordon at Khartoum, coupled with the Majuba peace, felt convinced that continued association with the leader of the Liberal party would involve risks of participation in national calamity abroad, as well as at home, which they dared not face.

Lord Rosebery himself, not having been in the Cabinet of 1880-85, clung, we gather, to the hope that the flag need not suffer under another Gladstone Government; and it will ever stand to his credit that he justified this hope by his own discharge of the responsibilities of the Foreign Office during the brief life of the Home Rule Ministry of 1886, and again in that which enjoyed office, but not power, as the result of the elections of 1892. To him, as no patriotic Englishman can ever forget, we owe the happy re-establishment of the principle of continuity in

the administration of foreign affairs. To him we also owe, without doubt, a very important stimulus, applied alike when he was in office and out of it, between 1886 and 1895, to the growth of the desire at home, and also in the Colonies, for a more intimate and effective Imperial union.

There seemed good cause to believe that the Little-England tendencies which had for a long period exercised a baleful influence within the Liberal party, and which, after the loss of the Unionist section, might well have threatened to dominate it, were being steadily driven back. But then, in an evil hour for his own fame, and for the welfare alike of his party and of his country, Lord Rosebery abandoned the leadership which he had accepted. The secret history of that most singular action remains unelucidated. To justify it, one of three explanations was required—a change of political convictions on the leader's part, the repudiation of his authority by the bulk of his party, or a breakdown of health. None of these things occurred. Lord Rosebery was undoubtedly suffering from ill-health, but it can hardly be supposed that the duties of a peer at the head of a party recently consigned by the country, with great emphasis, to opposition, placed too severe a strain upon Lord Rosebery's physical powers. His views, no doubt, were undergoing a change which was eventually to become a serious divergence; but other leaders have changed their minds, and yet have carried their party with them. That there was an indefinite amount of disaffection and intrigue against his leadership, on grounds political or personal or both, is likely enough—indeed, we may take it for granted. Therein, however, lay no sufficient cause for the abandonment of leadership. On the contrary, whatever evidence existed—and it certainly was not conspicuous—of dissatisfaction with Lord Rosebery's leadership, it should only have prompted a statesman of high patriotic ambition to take all possible means for the establishment of his authority, and for the general acceptance of the policy, Imperial and domestic, in which he believed. Lord Rosebery allowed himself to think and act otherwise; and the advanced state of disintegration in which the Liberal party is floundering, and the consequent practical suspension of party-government, without any preparation of the country

for the adoption of any more satisfactory system, must in justice be largely charged against that lamentable abdication.

The anti-Imperial element in the Liberal party, which, to do it justice, has always been animated by a zeal worthy of a better cause, was immediately and agreeably conscious of the removal of a powerful repressing influence. All that was left for it to desire was a suitable field for the evolution of its activities; and that, as the Empire bitterly knows, it found all too soon in the South African war. All too soon Lord Rosebery was made sharply aware of the robust virulence of the spirits to whose energies his retirement had given free scope. Let us admit that in his impressive but casual fashion he took early action with a view to neutralising or restraining them. Very soon, indeed, after the ultimatum, so madly flung in England's face by the two Boer Republics, his voice was to be heard appealing for national union in presence of what his keen eye recognised as being a national struggle of first-rate consequence. Finely-worded appeals they doubtless were, and pitched in a tone of profound conviction. But unfortunately, through the speaker's own ill-judged act three years before, they lost more than half the value they might have possessed; for instead of the authoritative voice of the responsible leader of a great political connexion, going far to bind his party, Lord Rosebery's had become the voice of that much-suspected person, the independent outside observer, whose patriotism, indeed, is not disputed, but whose disconcerting influence upon the ordinary working of the machinery of party-government is regarded by most politicians with impatience and resentment.

A politician in Lord Rosebery's position can, of course, only deliver himself occasionally on public questions, while the ordinary front-bench man has frequent opportunities, both in and out of Parliament, of developing and reiterating any opinions that he may have adopted as to the conduct of public affairs. Moreover, the anti-Imperialist section had the good fortune of having secured an efficient representative of their point of view in the person of the chosen leader of the Liberal Opposition in the House of Commons. If, indeed, at the time when Sir William Harcourt retired from that position, Sir H. Campbell-



Bannerman had been known to be as anti-national in temper as he has subsequently proved, it is improbable that the seniority and geniality, combined with a certain familiarity with affairs and adroitness in debate, which were the principal reasons for his selection, would have availed to secure for him a position of such importance. If Mr Asquith had been a few years older, and a little more 'sympathetic,' the choice of the party, in all probability, would have fallen upon him. As things were, the passing over of Sir Henry Fowler, whose record of public service in high office was certainly more distinguished than that of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, seemed hardly intelligible, unless on the theory that he was considered inconveniently apt to prefer national to party interests.

Be this as it may, it was on Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman that, at a moment when no Imperial issue of great import appeared to be pressing, the choice of the Liberal Opposition fell; and a most disastrous choice it was. In effect it secured that in at least nine cases out of ten, when a lead had to be given to the Liberal party on any burning Imperial question, a doubtful or a wrong lead would be given. For a considerable period, indeed, even after the great dividing issue of the South African war had arisen, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman did not definitely declare himself. Indeed it seems probable that what we have witnessed in this politician has been a gradual development of tendencies which he himself may hardly have realised that he possessed. Quite conceivably, if a prophet had foretold to him that, at a crisis when his country was plunged in a critical struggle—her successes minimised and her failures rejoiced over, her motives traduced and her methods vilified by envious critics throughout Europe—his would be the words quoted by the calumniators of England, he would have cried with Hazael, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing?' Yet he did it; and, in doing it, with the emphasis belonging to his position, he put fresh heart and hope into what had seemed to be a declining body of anti-national opinion and sentiment.

We do not propose here to trace minutely the course of the malady within the Liberal party illustrated by the growing pretensions of its Little-England section. It had of course gone so far as to make the result of

the General Election of 1900 a foregone conclusion. For that occasion, it is true, the great majority of the anti-Imperialist section entered into a kind of self-denying ordinance by publicly acknowledging that the annexation of the territory of the two former Boer Republics was inevitable. This Imperial lip-service, however, deceived nobody; and a sense of the futility of the strain which they had put on their consciences reacted unfavourably upon the temper of those who had been subjected to it. On the other hand, the elections were hardly over before there was shown among Liberals of a genuinely Imperial temper a recognition of the urgent need for active and organised effort on their part in order to establish as widely as possible among the party an attitude more in accordance with that of the nation as a whole. The announcement of the formation of the Liberal (Imperialist) League was very early made the occasion of indignant remonstrance by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, who condemned at large every organisation designed to accentuate differences within the Liberal party, but has only found occasion to be specific in his reprobation when such sectional action has tended to the enforcement of Imperial principles. The League went on, however, and in other ways the rift between the two sections of the party steadily widened.

Through the first half of 1901, except for a brief season of truce, which corresponded to that between Lord Kitchener and General Botha, the anti-war section of Liberals made themselves much more prominent than their opponents. In doing so they were encouraged by the presence in England of Mr Merriman and Mr Sauer, as delegates of the Afrikaner Bond. These gentlemen were not allowed, as they desired, to present themselves at the bar of the House of Commons, there to expound their views of the proper settlement to end the war; but they addressed various meetings in different parts of the country, at which the policy of the Government was denounced and that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman applauded, and resolutions were passed demanding the restoration of the independence of the Boer Republics. Those who personally supported the Bond delegates, however, were politicians of no considerable standing, with the possible exception of Mr Edmund Robertson,

the member for Dundee, who occupies a seat on the front Opposition bench, in virtue of having acted as Secretary to the Admiralty in the last Liberal Government. It was not until June 14th that an event occurred which, for the moment, appeared likely to bring the differences within the Liberal party to an open issue. This was the banquet given to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt by the National Reform Union, at which the former politician propounded his insufferable conundrum, 'When is a war not a war? When it is carried on by methods of barbarism in South Africa.' Mr Morley, noting the apparent sympathy of the company with the humour of their principal guest, claimed that this gathering was typical of all that was best, truest, and most strenuous in the party, and represented no cross-current or eddy, but the main stream of Liberalism. As to the unfortunate Liberal-Imperialists, Mr Morley added the contemptuous indication of his belief that facts were rapidly teaching them the error of their ways, and that they might soon be expected, if only their past perversity were treated with reasonable indulgence, to give proof of their conversion to sound principles.

Never, we imagine, were the exuberances of an evening of political junketing more bitterly repented by those who indulged in them, when calm reflection ensued, than in the case of these tactless buffooneries at the festive board presided over by Mr Philip Stanhope. In the course of his speech, Mr Morley had avowed the opinion that the banquet would 'make its mark in the history of the Liberal party.' His own observations helped powerfully to secure the fulfilment of this forecast, but not in the sense which he anticipated. Three days later Mr Lloyd-George moved the adjournment of the House of Commons in order to attack the administration of the concentration camps in South Africa, and was supported by the leader of the Opposition, who, judging himself committed too deeply for withdrawal, deliberately reiterated the charge of barbarity. On this occasion nearly fifty Liberals abstained from voting. One of them, Mr Haldane, expressly regretted the language of his nominal chief; and the list of abstentions included the names of Mr Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr Lawson Walton, Mr Perks, Mr Robson, Mr Trevelyan, and Mr Fletcher Moulton.

Full and clear utterance was given to the protest of this school of Liberals against the tone and attitude of that section with which the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons had now definitely associated himself, by Mr Asquith's speech at a dinner of South Essex Liberals held in London on June 20th. Nothing could have been more decisive than the manner in which Mr Asquith reasserted, on behalf of himself and those who acted with him, the opinion that the war had been forced upon this country, and that the blood and treasure which had been lavished on our behalf had been spent, not in a criminal venture, nor for the purpose of replacing the ascendancy of one race by that of another, but with the fixed and deliberate intention ultimately to establish a free, federated, self-governing South African dominion. There cannot be a doubt that to a large number of Liberals, who had not forgotten that they were Englishmen first, Mr Asquith's emphatic and resolute claim of the right to hold Imperial opinions within the Liberal party came as a profound relief.

The claim was not an extravagant one; and the fact that it should have been needful to make it was evidence, only too cogent, of the extent of the mischief which had been wrought through Lord Rosebery's abandonment of the leadership of the party. By this time he appears to have realised—to some degree at any rate—the gravity of the situation for the existence of which he bore so large a measure of negative responsibility, and to have recognised that there lay upon him the duty of making some definite effort to repair the evil. The task, it must be allowed, was one of immense difficulty; and we have no desire to lay undue stress on the eccentricities and inconsistencies marking the line of action which has resulted from the reawakening of a distinguished statesman's conscience and ambition. Yet they cannot be entirely ignored. At the outset no one could fail to be struck by the want of consideration shown by Lord Rosebery for the other leaders of Imperial Liberalism. With little active assistance from him, they had kept their flag flying in very honourable fashion. The independent support given to the national policy in South Africa, in presence of an unfriendly world, and especially at times of disaster, by men like Mr Asquith, Sir Henry

Fowler, and Sir Edward Grey, had been of considerable moral value. Some tribute to the worth of these services might naturally have been looked for in the letter which, in July of last year, Lord Rosebery addressed to the City Liberal Club. In that letter he intimated that he did not take a hopeful view of the kind of harmony secured by the Reform Club meeting, at which, as may be remembered, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman received a unanimous vote of confidence, while at the same time absolute freedom of speech and action was claimed by Mr Asquith and Sir Edward Grey for themselves and their friends. No doubt, as Lord Rosebery pointed out, this universal liberty to differ on questions of primary national importance entailed party impotence—that is, until one or other school of thought should definitely prevail. But neither could prevail without a resolute and prolonged endeavour to educate Liberal thought in its own direction; and, if Lord Rosebery believed, as he plainly did, that with the Imperial school alone lay both justice and safety, there was an obvious call of duty on him to give his best assistance to those who had been afresh manifesting their resolution and their competence to maintain the doctrines of that school.

In fact, the natural thing would have been for Lord Rosebery to preside at the dinner given to Mr Asquith on July 19th by a large number of those politicians who had welcomed the clearness and decision of the protest with which he had met the pro-Boer manifestations at the National Reform Union dinner and the notorious Queen's Hall ticket meeting. But instead of presiding—as it was understood that the promoters of the dinner wished him to do—Lord Rosebery did what he could to take the wind out of his friends' sails. On the very day of the dinner he went down to the City Liberal Club and delivered a speech in which, while emphasising the sound lessons enforced by his letter to the same club a few days before, he left in elaborate uncertainty the question whether he would himself effectively co-operate with those who were seeking to convert the Liberal party to his views. That speech it was which contained, towards its close, the celebrated enigmatic passage:—

‘For the present, at any rate, I must proceed alone—I must plough my furrow alone. That is my fate, agreeable or the

reverse. But before I get to the end of that furrow it is possible that I may find myself not alone. But that is another matter. If it be not so, I shall remain very contentedly in the society of my books and my home. If it be otherwise, I shall wait for those circumstances to arise before I pronounce with any definiteness upon them.'

Not Mr Gladstone himself could have conveyed less information in the same number of words. It was small wonder if, as was understood, those who had been fighting the battle of a national Liberalism in anxious times were somewhat nettled by the cavalier manner in which their natural chief left them and the country to puzzle over cryptic indications of his intentions, at this outset of his return to public life. What happened during the next four months to influence Lord Rosebery's decision as to his immediate course of action, is not as yet clearly ascertained. To discuss the unauthenticated rumours which were current in the late autumn would be unprofitable. All that is known is that, after an energetic campaign had been conducted in September and October by Mr Asquith, who declared, among other things, his conviction that the Liberal party ought never to take office until it could do so without dependence on the Irish vote, and reiterated in clear and unyielding fashion his views as to the war and the settlement which should follow it, it was announced early in November that Lord Rosebery would address a gathering of Derbyshire Liberals at Chesterfield on December 16th. The authorised announcement of this intention conveyed, or appeared to convey, the intimation that Lord Rosebery felt constrained by the serious position of national affairs to throw his views into the 'common stock.'

Thus announced, the coming speech became the subject of an extraordinary amount of random speculation, which need not detain us. But it is worth noting that, during the same interval, the process of disintegration within the Liberal party went forward apace. It was the time of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's campaign in the West of England, with its defiant reiterations of the principal points on which he differed from the Liberal Imperialists; and of the Leicester Conference of the National Liberal Federation, with its demands for the practical supersession of Lord Milner, accepted by the Liberal leader, and con-

demned as disastrous by Sir Edward Grey. It was in view of, though not precisely to, a party thus rent by fundamental divisions that Lord Rosebery at Chesterfield delivered a speech of great length and much ingenuity, charged, as it seemed for the moment, with strange possibilities of reconciliation, and yet possessing, as subsequent events have conclusively proved, little if any uniting power. At first, no doubt, there seemed some ground for believing that Lord Rosebery had achieved what he himself had previously declared to be essentially impossible—the provision of a common platform for those who regarded the war from diametrically opposite points of view. In its tone and spirit the speech was so thoroughly Imperial that the speaker was able, without giving offence to Imperialists, to advance suggestions which, if put forward by another speaker, or in another tone, would have been resented, or at any rate regarded with suspicion, as springing from pro-Boer inspiration. Demanding, as he did, the energetic prosecution of the war to an entirely successful issue, and repudiating with indignation the calumnies circulated abroad against British soldiers, Lord Rosebery could urge without suspicion that leniency should be shown to a defeated foe, and could press his opinion that the natural and desirable end of the war would be a ‘regular’ peace to which responsible persons on the Boer side would be parties.

Opinions might differ as to the merits of the counsel given by Lord Rosebery with a view to hastening the end of the war, but at any rate it was generally felt to be offered in such a fashion as was entirely fitting on the part of a patriotic statesman in opposition. On the other hand, the general effect of his suggestions in regard to the termination of the war happened to be in accord with the feelings of those politicians who were specially anxious to spare the susceptibilities of the Boers. So it came about that for a short period there seemed to be some possibility of a general rally of the Liberal party to the flag raised by Lord Rosebery. Not only did the other Imperialist Liberals, apparently without any hesitation, give in their adhesion to the policy which he outlined, but also, among politicians of the school most opposed to the war, there were exhibited many symptoms of a disposition to accept the Chesterfield declarations as

offering all that, in the general temper of the British nation, there was any reasonable possibility of securing for their clients in South Africa. The Christmas season was full of rumours of Liberal reunion and concentration on the lines sketched by the ex-Premier. Thoughtful Unionists began to hope that the New Year would witness the evolution of a harmonious and responsible Opposition, ready, of course, to fight hard, and to snatch every fair advantage, but still standing, as a body, on the common ground of patriotism—so long, at any rate, as the interests and honour of the Empire were at stake. And many a sober citizen welcomed, as likely to promote that 'efficiency' which Lord Rosebery made a watchword, the prospect of an Opposition which might conceivably furnish an alternative Government.

Yet, as we all know, the past few weeks have witnessed, not an approach to the Liberal consolidation which, at the beginning of the year, seemed to many almost within hail, but, on the contrary, as we have been assured on the highest authority, a 'definite' separation between the two principal leaders of the party concerned. Of course it is much too soon to attempt any complete account of these events. It will probably be impossible for a long time to measure the part which has been played in them by personal idiosyncrasies and ambitions, or by the action and interaction of the rival organisations or leagues which have come to play so considerable a part in our politics. It is enough to refer here to a few leading facts which are matter of common knowledge.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, it is clear, recognised the strong movement of feeling which existed, even in his own section of the Liberal party, in favour of concentration on the platform offered by the Chesterfield speech. His followers, like their leader, were painfully conscious of that ineffectiveness which comes of separation from the main stream of the national life; and to them, if not to him, the prospect of resuming their place in politics, as members of a united party, of respectable dimensions, under the leadership of a statesman of universal reputation, must have had great attractions. Lord Rosebery and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, moreover, are old friends; and there was no reason to suppose that the latter would



lightly abandon the prospect of serving as second in command to his former chief, in a reunited and effective Liberal party, merely in order to lead a section obviously doomed to exclusion from power for an indefinite period. So, on the first occasion on which he spoke in public after the Chesterfield meeting, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman was at some pains to magnify the measure of the agreement between his own position and that of Lord Rosebery in regard to the war. It was not, however, a very successful attempt; and few persons of calm judgment could read the report of Sir Henry's speech, as president of the new London Liberal Federation (Jan. 13th), without feeling that, even on those points on which the two statesmen seemed to be fairly agreed, the considerations respectively inspiring them were essentially diverse, and were certain to lead them, on any grave Imperial issue, much oftener apart than together.

That the fact was so was proved on the earliest possible occasion. In the debate on the Address, a highly respectable but quite unknown Lancashire Liberal, Mr Cawley, was put up (Jan. 20th) to move an amendment which was understood to have received in advance the endorsement of the united front Opposition bench. It proposed to represent to the Sovereign

'that this House, while prepared to support all proper measures for the effective prosecution of the war in South Africa, is of opinion that the course pursued by your Majesty's Ministers, and their attitude with regard to a settlement, have not conduced to the early termination of the war and the establishment of a durable peace.'

To give even a conditional assent to this singularly vague and colourless vote of censure must have been a severe trial to Mr Asquith, who, at the Reform Club meeting, had expressed unqualified contempt for 'ambiguous formulas,' designed to conceal the differences in a party. The instance he gave was the amendment to the Address entrusted to Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice at the beginning of the first session of 1900, for which the Opposition had dutifully voted, and which had failed to mislead a single soul. On this occasion, however, there was no such dutiful voting; Mr Chamberlain had made one of the ablest of his many able speeches on the war, examining

Lord Rosebery's Chesterfield declarations and suggestions with elaborate courtesy, and pointing out in how very few really essential respects there was any serious difference between the policy there sketched out and that pursued by his Majesty's Government. Among other things, he expressed agreement with Lord Rosebery in the view that we ought not to be deaf to overtures for peace coming from any responsible authority, while he pointed out the absolute necessity, and at the same time the difficulty, of obtaining an assurance that any persons in Europe who affected to negotiate for the Boers in the field would be able to bind the latter. Again, while he declined on behalf of the Government to withdraw the proclamation of August 6th, 1901, because under it they could exercise a necessary power of excluding from South Africa persons who might be expected to be centres of anti-British intrigue after the conclusion of peace, the Colonial Secretary avowed that the largest possible amnesty would certainly be declared. He even intimated that although he could not follow Lord Rosebery in holding that the terms refused by Botha in the spring of 1901 remained open, yet the terms eventually to be granted would, if not in all details, yet in spirit, be of the same character. In these circumstances, Sir Edward Grey and other Liberal Imperialists, who were in the House when the division was taken, abstained from voting, because they were satisfied, as was afterwards semi-officially declared, with Mr Chamberlain's declarations. Mr Asquith was absent from the House through indisposition, but there appeared every reason to suppose that the view just indicated was held by him and represented the mind of Lord Rosebery. It did not, however, represent the mind of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, who led into the division-lobby an attenuated body of Liberals, shrunk not only through the defection of the Imperialists, but also through that of Mr Lloyd-George and a number of other extremists, who declined to commit themselves in support even of 'proper measures' for the effective prosecution of the war. The worst enemy of the Liberal party could hardly have desired a more impressive illustration of the break-down of leadership and the overthrow of discipline in the ranks of the Opposition, or a more conclusive proof of the

incompatibility of Lord Rosebery and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, whether in or out of office.

Nor was the incident just described the only evidence furnished by the debate on the Address as to an essential divergence of view between these two statesmen. The Irish question played a comparatively small part in the Chesterfield speech. At its outset, however, Lord Rosebery referred significantly to the freedom which the Liberal party now enjoyed from the Irish alliance, and also pressed upon the party as a whole the advice to 'clean their slate.' Asked a few days later to elucidate the bearing of these observations on the question of Home Rule, Lord Rosebery replied briefly that he did not think there could be any uncertainty as to his meaning—an observation which indicated an unusual lack of imagination on his part. Lord Rosebery may have known what he had in his mind with regard to Ireland when he spoke at Chesterfield, but the world did not. It was, however, justified in surmising that Lord Rosebery's somewhat apocalyptic utterance pointed to an abandonment of the Home Rule policy of 1892. In order, therefore, to clear the air in that connexion, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, on the first night of the debate on the Address, took occasion, while making some unfavourable comments on the Irish policy of his Majesty's Government—which he described as floundering between concession and coercion—to add, with much deliberation, a sentence contrasting this line of action with that which, reading from a paper, he said had been and still was the Irish policy approved by the Liberal party.

On the absence of ambiguity in this declaration the leader of the Opposition was justly congratulated by Mr Balfour. It was apparently intended to extract, and it speedily succeeded in extracting, an equally definite statement on the same subject by Lord Rosebery. When the ex-Premier, in discharge of the second great engagement of his renewed political life, went down (February 14th) to address the Liberals of Liverpool, it was to his treatment of the Irish question, even more than to any further observations he might have to make upon the war, that public attention was chiefly directed. Nor can it be said that he shirked the issue. It is not necessary to examine very closely the arguments by which Lord Rosebery sought

to justify, on the one hand, his share in the introduction of the Home Rule Bills of 1886 and 1892, and, on the other, his recent conversion to the policy of burying both those measures, not as the Boers bury their guns, but beyond hope of resurrection. What concerns us is not so much to know the road by which Lord Rosebery has travelled, or likes to suppose that he has travelled, from his earlier position to that which he now occupies, as to understand clearly what is the nature of his present views; and, so far as we are able to understand them, they seem to be neither more nor less than any Unionist might hold without reproach. Not only is he—as he explained both at Liverpool and a month later at Glasgow—dead against the erection of any independent parliament in Dublin, but he is equally opposed to ‘anything that will lead up to’ an independent parliament. Mr Gladstone would probably have repudiated with indignation the word ‘independent’ as applied to the parliament which he intended to establish in Dublin; but Lord Rosebery’s words, taken with their context, if they mean anything, can refer only to a parliament of Mr Gladstone’s kind. A really ‘independent’ parliament, which implies an independent country, no English Home-ruler has, so far, demanded. It would, in Lord Rosebery’s judgment, be insanity, in the light which the events of the past two years have thrown on Irish sympathy with the enemies of England, as well as in that shed by the working of cognate systems in Europe, to think of setting up a dual system at the heart of the British Empire; and by inference it would be equally insane to create a system having in it the potentiality of evolution into parliamentary dualism.

On the other hand, Lord Rosebery desires to see a considerable development of local government in Ireland, involving the devolution of at least a part of the duties which at present are inadequately discharged by an overburdened Parliament at Westminster. A similar devolution he would wish to see carried out in other parts of the United Kingdom; and he still cherishes the dream of seeing some scheme of Imperial federation in which Ireland might possess a local subordinate legislature. But with anything pointing in any degree towards legislative independence he will have nothing to do; he considers that the hope of satisfying the Irish leaders in

this respect must be definitely given up, and that no satisfactory solution of the Irish question in the future can be achieved except by 'the concurrence and patriotism of both political parties.'

Having regard to the declarations thus summarised, we agree with Lord Rosebery when he admits that, if the question of Irish Home Rule were the only domestic question, it might be possible for Liberal Unionists and Liberal Imperialists to get on together without much difficulty; indeed the remark might we think be extended to both wings of the Unionist party. In view of Lord Rosebery's Liverpool speech and of his own declaration (already referred to) on the first day of the session, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman was virtually constrained, by considerations of ordinary self-respect, to take a strong line. In the speech which he made at the Leicester meeting of the National Liberal Federation (February 19th), he took this line, somewhat offensively, as it appeared to the readers of his speech; in a genial and friendly manner, as some of those who heard him declared; but in any case he took it. Sir Henry remains a Home-ruler by conviction, a Home-ruler, as we understand, not despite but even because of Irish disloyalty. Lord Rosebery is, to all intents and purposes, a Unionist; and one 'tabernacle' will not hold them both. Lord Rosebery promptly recognised the fact, with more courtesy but equal decision.

It is hardly necessary to say how completely, in the later phases of the chapter of history which has had this issue, Lord Rosebery possesses our sympathy. Yet it would be foolish to ignore the fact that the difficulties of the situation with which he and his friends have to deal are very largely due to his own abdication in 1896. If it is the fact, as we believe it is, that the 'machine' of the Liberal party is for the present mainly controlled by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues, this state of things cannot cause any surprise. After occupying for so long a time the leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, it would have been strange if, with his gifts for winning personal regard, Sir Henry had not secured a strong following among those who conduct the ordinary business of the Liberal party. The dislodgment of the left wing of that party from the vantage-ground which they thus occupy may be a long and troublesome enter-

prise, yet doubtless it must be undertaken if Lord Rosebery and his friends are to have any hope of establishing the effective predominance of their opinions within the Liberal party. Not only the mechanism of electioneering, which might possibly be successfully improvised by competent enthusiasts, but the control of the selection of candidates lies, to a large extent, in the hands of the local caucuses; and any attempt simply to override them might, and probably would, frequently result in double candidatures and the loss of seats. That is a kind of result which the Liberal Imperialists will have to do their best to avoid; for to be associated with defeats in constituencies where success has been usual would give a bad start to a new organisation like the 'Liberal League,' into which the 'Liberal (Imperialist) League' has recently been merged.

Still the present Parliament is young, and the Liberal Leaguers may have some four or five years in which to achieve the 'inoculation' of the Liberal party with Imperialist principles and aspirations. Within that period, if they work steadily, they ought to be able to obtain some tolerably clear notion as to the prospect of securing a general adhesion on the part of the rank and file of the party to the flag raised by Lord Rosebery. Our own impression is that they will have to be content with slow progress, for they have the results of six years of disorganisation and Little-Englandism to make up for. But that they will succeed, if they persevere, seems to us highly probable. Imperialism, for which they stand, is in the air; and while the middle-aged may escape, the younger generation seldom avoid the influence of the *Zeitgeist*. May we not say, indeed, that the *Zeitgeist* itself is the spirit of the younger generation?

Moreover, the reaction of colonial upon home opinion is already becoming sensible, and is certain to grow steadily more powerful. During the last few weeks, while the Liberal party in England has been, if possible, more acutely divided than ever in regard to the war, there has been manifested, in the most striking fashion, the practical unanimity of the young British democracies beyond the seas in favour of a resolute vindication of Imperial dignity and security. The patriotic sentiments of the Colonies have been proved by their eagerness to send

more and more volunteers to South Africa, notwithstanding that what might be regarded as the interesting and romantic stages of the war are long past, while its dangers remain very real and terrible. Just as happened in the 'Black Week' of December 1899, so lately, after the lamentable reverse at Tweebosch, the heart of England has been promptly cheered by the fresh assurances which she has received of the readiness of her sons at the other side of the world to furnish fresh contingents, and to support her in a still more strenuous prosecution of the struggle.

The same high spirit has been demonstrated in the great meetings held in the Colonies to express indignation at the calumnies uttered and written in foreign countries against British soldiers—meetings marked by the greatest enthusiasm and addressed with equal conviction by leaders of opposing political parties. The hero of these demonstrations has been Mr Chamberlain, as the most conspicuous embodiment and exponent of a resolute Imperialism, the chief author of the Government's South African policy, and peculiarly in favour at the present moment because of his proud refusal to 'take lessons' from the Chancellor of the nation whose attacks upon our policy have been most virulent, and whose libels on our troops have been most mendacious. It is inconceivable that the feeling thus displayed in the most actively democratic of the British Colonies—where legislation is actually in operation of a type far in advance of that for which even working-class opinion in England is prepared—should not produce a powerful impression on the masses of our home population. Time was when it was possible on public platforms to depreciate the sentiment of Empire as connected with the maintenance of aristocratic institutions, and the provision of administrative and military careers for the younger sons of nobles and squires. But that kind of thing would not be listened to now in view of the passionate and self-sacrificing devotion to the Empire's cause, and the warm approval of Mr Chamberlain as its most conspicuous exponent, displayed by young communities, in which there are no titled persons, no ancient houses, no old estates, but a fair field for every man. That this feeling exists in the most democratic parts of the Empire is a fact which, if the Liberal Imperialists organise their

tactics judiciously, will be widely enforced among Liberal electors; and we can hardly believe that it will fail to exercise a strong and growing influence.

In all probability, however, Lord Rosebery and his friends cherish hopes of detaching a certain number of Liberal Unionists from their present association with the Conservative party, and so balancing, and perhaps more than balancing, the Radicals who, either from their personal regard for Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, or from their persistent devotion to the Manchester school, cannot be induced to throw in their lot with the Imperial principles of the Liberal League. So far there have been few positive evidences of any likelihood that these hopes will be fulfilled; but the touch of acerbity to be observed in the speeches of Liberal Unionist leaders like the Duke of Devonshire and Lord James, when they allude to Lord Rosebery and his friends, may reasonably be regarded as an indication of an anxiety to which they would not think it becoming or politic to give actual expression. We take it that the extent to which any defections are likely to occur from the Unionist camp to that of the Liberal Imperialists, will depend mainly upon two considerations, first, the success which the Imperialists have in convincing their countrymen that their Unionism, though certainly belated, is deep and genuine; and secondly, the success which the Unionists have in convincing their countrymen that they are, though sober and cautious, yet genuine and earnest social reformers.

In regard to the first of these heads, it seems to us that the colleagues of Lord Rosebery, though not he himself, have a good deal to do before they can be regarded as having cleared themselves of all suspicion of a liability to fall back into the political slough from which they are now painfully emerging. Mr Asquith is perhaps the next in importance to Lord Rosebery among the leaders of the new, and in many respects promising, school of Liberalism. In respect of the war, he has a remarkably good record. No Liberals have done more than he in the way of giving support, at once clear, decisive, and independent, to the cause of liberty under the British flag in South Africa. It is his habit to express himself with great freedom from ambiguity, and, it may be added, from confusing metaphor. But we cannot say



that, up to the present time, Mr Asquith has succeeded in convincing us that, given certain imaginable parliamentary conditions, he would not succumb to temptation in the direction of Home Rule. Alike in writing and in speech Mr Asquith has made it abundantly plain that he thinks Home Rule for Ireland impossible because of the temper of the British people so decisively and repeatedly shown at the polls. But we do not yet understand him to express the satisfaction and thankfulness which, if he were a convinced convert, he ought to feel at the action of the House of Lords in throwing out the second Home Rule Bill in 1893. Clearly if, as he now acknowledges, the mind of England was, and is, thoroughly set against the establishment of an Irish parliament in any form, the House of Lords discharged a patriotic duty of the very highest importance in rejecting the second Home Rule Bill, and thereby requiring that, before any such revolution became law, the people should be directly and unambiguously consulted. We are not addicted to shibboleths as a general rule, but we cannot help expressing our opinion that no one who was a party to the abortive Home Rule legislation of 1893 can be regarded as a satisfactory convert until he has expressed his approval of the action of the Upper House on that occasion.

Mr Asquith's language in his speech at St Leonards (March 14th) on this subject was not nearly so clear as Lord Rosebery's, which we have analysed, in regard to the unwisdom of setting up anything in Ireland which might grow into an independent parliament. The 'colonial legislature' plan, he said, had been rejected by the Commons in 1886, and the 'delegated legislature' plan, combined with representation at Westminster, had been rejected by the Lords in 1893. Both rejections had been ratified by the electors; and he could not think of any new method. But he said nothing to indicate conversion to the view that these measures were intrinsically wrong, or to show that, if a third measure, attaining similar results in another way, could be devised, he would not support it. It may be that he would not do so; but, until he definitely repudiates such a course of action, and until his repudiation is avowedly shared, not only by Lord Rosebery, but by the other principal architects of the new Liberal movement, we do not see how a genuine Unionist could

vote for the return of any of these gentlemen to Parliament.

On the other hand, the Unionist leaders, Conservative and Liberal, will, in our judgment, be profoundly mistaken if they do not recognise in the new Liberal organisation a powerful incentive to the development on their own part of a far more serious temper in connexion with domestic reforms than they have hitherto displayed. There is nothing which Lord Rosebery has proposed to write on his 'clean slate' which might not be owned to by Unionists, although, no doubt, statesmen might differ materially about the development of the texts thereon inscribed. But it is difficult for Unionists to answer satisfactorily Lord Rosebery's reproaches as to the uses they have made of their time and of their magnificent majorities. Revolutions and confiscations are not wanted by the country, but carefully considered treatment of problems of acknowledged gravity is generally deemed necessary; and, if the present Parliament should not show that such treatment may be looked for from Unionists, it is only too possible that the constituencies may, when the war is over, decide to try their luck elsewhere. That luck, if the party so brought into power had not been thoroughly purged of its dangerous elements, might spell disaster at home and abroad. Consequently it appears that the 'security,' which Lord Salisbury rightly says is the prime aim of the present Government's policy in South Africa, can only be guaranteed, there or elsewhere, by the steady pursuit of large-minded and thoroughgoing, if cautious, domestic legislation, with a view to administrative efficiency, and to the settlement of the outstanding social questions of the day.

The danger, just referred to, of a premature consolidation of the Liberal party on an unsound basis is, as we hold, a real one, and can only be securely guarded against by an all-round development of efficiency, both legislative and administrative, on the Unionist side. On the other hand, the contingency of an indefinitely prolonged and increasingly open battle between the Imperial and anti-Imperial sections of the Liberal party is equally real, and offers the prospect of grave perils to national interests; for it would practically involve a renewed lease of unchallenged monopoly of power to a party which, important

as its public services have undoubtedly been, is by no means qualified to dispense with the bracing influences exercised by a strong and coherent Opposition. We are not of those who think that the two-party system, as it has been illustrated in England during the past two centuries, is the only system upon which parliamentary government can conceivably be carried on with general advantage. That system may be hopelessly vitiated by insincerity on the part of those working it; and this is perhaps the most pernicious malady whereby any scheme of dealing with public affairs can be infected. It may be that a set of political groups, each held together by common beliefs and aspirations honestly entertained, would supply a more healthy, if less stable, form of parliamentary government than a party-system of the dual kind not based upon conscientious divergence and real difference of principle. A state of things, however, in which, on the one side, there is a very powerful and well-organised party, and on the other a number of groups which cannot unite, except casually, without the suppression of vital differences of principle and feeling, has few of the merits either of the system to which we have been accustomed or of that which future developments of democracy may have in store for us. From every point of view, therefore, we most cordially wish success to Lord Rosebery and his friends in their endeavour to reconstruct the Liberal party on the basis of a frank and cheerful acceptance of England's Imperial responsibilities, and of the clear, if somewhat belated, recognition that Irish Home Rule would be a fatal hindrance to the discharge of those responsibilities.

If, however, this hope should not be realised—if, on the contrary, the prospect before us should prove to be one of protracted Liberal disintegration, one unfortunate result will be that a group of statesmen of recognised Imperial competence will, for an indefinite period, be excluded from Cabinet office. But must this necessarily involve their complete exclusion from responsible participation in Imperial affairs? We touched on this point nearly two years ago in connexion with the overwhelming case which, as we maintained, had then been established for the creation of some form of advisory Imperial council. Such a body, we contended, having as its primary duty

the continuous review of the problems of Imperial defence and external policy, in the light of the fullest information to be given by the Cabinet Ministers concerned, might very suitably contain, not only representatives of the great colonial Governments, but also a few leading members of the party not in office, invited by the Government of the day to give their counsel.

The existence of some body of this kind, in which all Imperialists, of whatever party, should be represented, is an essential condition of that regular participation of the Colonies in the work of Imperial defence which is increasingly recognised as just and necessary by the best colonial opinion, but which cannot be expected to take definite shape unless assurance is given to the Colonies of a regular and recognised representation of their views at the centre of the Empire. The gathering of colonial statesmen at the Coronation will afford an opportunity, of which His Majesty's Government may be assumed to intend to make all possible use, for promoting a real and important advance towards the effective consolidation of the Empire. It is impossible to conceive of circumstances more favourable than those which will then exist for fruitful consultation among Imperial statesmen on subjects of the utmost interest to all the states united under the British flag. The assembly will take place on an occasion of supreme Imperial interest; it will consist of the trusted leaders of great communities, of one allegiance and blood, which have been giving signal and prolonged proof to one another and the world of their readiness to face the severest sacrifices in the discharge of their reciprocal fealty. Surely it is not too much to hope that from the deliberations of such a gathering there will emerge an understanding on the basis of which the several self-governing members of the British realm will henceforth stand together, ready and prepared to meet by common action whatever difficulties or dangers the future may have in store.

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## Art. XII.—TURKEY AND ARMENIA.

1. *Armenia: Travels and Studies.* By H. F. B. Lynch. Two vols. London: Longmans, 1901.
2. *The Highlands of Asiatic Turkey.* By Earl Percy, M.P. London: Arnold, 1901.
3. *Turkey in Europe.* By Odysseus. London: Arnold, 1900.

MORE than a century has now elapsed since that complicated group of problems which we call the Eastern Question began to trouble the statesmen of Europe. It became formidably acute in 1821, when the Greek insurrection flamed out; and again in 1838, when Ibrahim, son of Mehemet Ali, then ruler of Egypt, threatened the Turkish Empire; while the three wars of 1853, 1877, and 1897 are comparatively fresh in our recollection. The correspondence that has passed between the great Powers upon the various phases of this interminable entanglement fills hundreds of volumes. But the Question goes on, a little reduced in its area as province after province has passed from beneath the sway of the Sultan either to independence or under the control of some one of the Powers, but otherwise substantially the same, and as perplexing now as it was in the days of Pitt, and Canning, and Palmerston. For the moment most people in England, absorbed by other troubles, have forgotten its existence. But it remains scarcely less menacing to the peace of Europe than in earlier days; and those who know all that its recrudescence may involve, and how much in time past we have suffered through our ignorance of the facts, will welcome any light which intelligent travellers and impartial students of history can throw upon the actual situation in the East.

The books that lie before us are, in their several ways, valuable contributions to the literature of the subject, and deserve to be studied by those who desire to know the facts as they stand to-day. Of the three, that of Mr Lynch is by far the biggest, although he treats of an area smaller than that covered by the others, that area being practically the Armenian plateau between the valleys of the Phasis and the Kura on the north, and the rugged country whence the Tigris and its great tributary, the Zab, emerge

on the south. It is a region of about 250 miles each way, the northern part of it now Russian, the southern and larger part Turkish. But Mr Lynch's account of what he saw on his two journeys is so frequently interrupted by elaborate dissertations on the history of some of the places visited, and indeed on the earlier history of the country generally, that one may almost describe his book as a treatise on Armenian topography and Armenian antiquities, partly historical, partly archæological. He has taken enormous pains to consult the works, not only of preceding travellers, but of recent scholars, German and English, who have discoursed upon the very obscure history of the various kingdoms that have from time to time risen and ruled and vanished in these regions. Thus his book is a storehouse of information, additionally serviceable because he has been careful to give references to all the authors cited, and has placed in an appendix a very complete bibliography. Nor must we forget to add that the volumes contain a number of plans of the environs of cities, and sketch-maps of mountain masses, such as Sipan Dagħ, Nimrud Dagħ, and Bingöl Dagħ, prepared from Mr Lynch's own surveys; and that they are illustrated by a profusion of engravings reproducing photographs taken in the course of his journeys. These illustrations are of great value, for, while some of them faithfully convey the character of the Armenian plateau, others form an admirable record of the remains of ancient edifices, chiefly churches, which are everyday yielding to decay and to the destroying hand of those who abstract their materials for building or road-making purposes. The Armenian architecture of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, as seen, for instance, in the ruined city of Ani, once the capital of the northern Armenian kingdom, is of the highest interest. It is a form of the Romanesque or Byzantine style, with peculiar features, especially in the ornamentation, and it is so little known to most students that what Mr Lynch has done by these photographs is a service of real and permanent worth.

Mr Lynch's first journey was made in 1893-4, his second in 1898. As much of the region over which he travelled is but little known to geographers and archæologists, his careful descriptions ought to be welcome. Without laying himself out for highly coloured pictures

of scenery, he conveys to us a distinct impression of the physical features of the country; nor does he omit to mention any facts of interest regarding the character of the people. There is, for instance, in his first volume, a very interesting account of one of the colonies of Russian sectaries who have been transplanted by the Czars to the bleak region in the upper valley of the Kura. The story of the Dukhobortsi and their 'queen' Lukesia, who has become since her death a sort of saint, almost worshipped by these simple people, is extremely curious, and may serve to explain some of the stranger phenomena in the earlier history of religion.

When he comes to speak of social and political phenomena, Mr Lynch is commendably fair and candid. He is neither Russophile nor Russophobe. He is free from that absurd prejudice in favour of the Turks and against the native Christians which so many travelling Englishmen imbibe from the commercial cynics of Constantinople and Smyrna, but he does justice to the good qualities of the Mussulman peasantry, and recognises the difficulties which stand in the way of protecting both them and the Christians from the ferocious rapacity of the Kurds and the corruption of the Turkish officials. The moderation of his language on these topics adds weight to his judgments.

Lord Percy is already favourably known, not only to the world of politics as one of the most promising and earnest-minded of the younger members of the Conservative party in Parliament, but also in the world of letters by his previous book of travels in the East. He shows a curiosity about the countries for which England has made herself largely responsible, specially to be commended in a politician whose talents and position make it probable that he will be called upon to have a share in deciding how, if at all, she is to attempt to fulfil those responsibilities. In the course of his journey he experienced, as all travellers do, much discomfort, and at a few points ran some risk of attack by Kurdish marauders; but potent introductions from high quarters enabled him to escape the difficulties which the Turkish authorities, now even more vexatiously than before, throw in the way of western travellers.

Lord Percy writes easily and pleasantly. He has a

good eye for the features of nature, but in describing them avoids rhetorical ornament, telling us what he saw in a clear and simple way, and touching but lightly on those trivial personal incidents which make so many narratives of travel dull reading. The only defect we observe is what may be called a certain want of proportion in his pictorial effects. His pages evince a scholarly interest in the history and antiquities of the cities visited, though his accounts are less elaborate than those of Mr Lynch, and though neither he nor Mr Lynch brings to the subject such a wealth of knowledge and power of trained observation as that admirable scholar and traveller, Mr Tozer, whose 'Turkish Armenia and Eastern Asia Minor' covers a good deal of the same ground over which we are carried in the books now before us.

When Lord Percy comes to deal with the political phenomena of the country, he seems to us to be distracted by two tendencies in his own mind. He has far too much honesty to try to conceal the atrocious mal-administration of the Turks and the sufferings of the subject populations, and far too strong a sense of justice and humanity not to desire the speedy substitution of some better kind of government. But he is also possessed by the old notion that the maintenance of the 'integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire' is a necessary object of British policy. Wishing to see abuses corrected, he pleads forcibly for the creation of additional British consulates in the districts where Kurdish savagery and governmental oppression reach their maximum; and he sighs over what he calls the 'deliberate discarding' by Great Britain of 'the methods of Lord Beaconsfield.' Yet the facts which he sets forth, and the history of the last fifty years which he recalls, show how hopeless it is to expect any improvement from the Turks, and how little was being effected, or could ever have been effected, by the methods whose abandonment he deploras.

The most complete reply to the arguments by which Lord Percy seeks, though indeed rather half-heartedly, to defend the old idea of buttressing the Sultanate by the power of England is to be found in the third of the books placed on our list, that which appears under the pseudonym of 'Odysseus.' It is called 'Turkey in Europe,' and is primarily a description of the various races that occupy



the European provinces of the Turkish Empire. Turks, Greeks, Bulgarians, Serbs, Albanians, and Vlachs are successively passed in review, their history sketched, their ethnical and linguistic affinities examined, their respective characters delineated. The only part of the book which expressly refers to Asia is the short concluding chapter upon the Armenians. But in reality the general lessons of the whole volume are just as applicable to the phenomena of Asiatic as to those of European Turkey; for what is said of the Turks and of the Greeks is equally true of them in Asia and in Europe; and those features of Ottoman character and Ottoman administration, with which 'Odysseus' deals, constitute the centre and kernel of the Eastern problem in the region where it seems most menacing and most insoluble, that is to say, in Eastern Asia Minor and Armenia. Those features have never been better described than in this volume. 'Odysseus' has not only a wide range of knowledge and an evident personal familiarity with the facts he handles; he has also a singularly keen and incisive pen, which goes to the heart of the situation, and relieves the dismal blackness of the picture by occasional flashes of cynical humour. The book is good reading from cover to cover. Perhaps the historical parts of it might have been reduced in bulk; but if there be in this respect some want of proportion, it is compensated for, not only by the brightness of the style, which gives to a series of dissertations the vivacity of personal experience, but also by the writer's power of drawing on his large stores of philological knowledge to explain and illustrate the tangled relations of the various races of Turkey. Few persons possess a mastery of the tongues of these races equal to that which these pages reveal; still fewer know how to apply such a mastery to the unravelling of the difficulties by which both the historian and the modern traveller are perplexed.

Of the books here noticed, the first two—those of Mr Lynch and Lord Percy—deal with the physical aspects of Asiatic Turkey, and with its history and archæology, as well as with the racial and political phenomena it presents. The book of 'Odysseus' relates to races and politics only; and as it is impossible, within the compass of an article, to handle all three subjects, we propose to

confine the following pages to this third subject, and to present a summary view of the present conditions of the Eastern Question as it affects the Asiatic provinces of Turkey.

Stretching from the Hellespont to the Persian Gulf, the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan have an area (excluding Arabia) of some 530,000 square miles, and a population roughly estimated at 16,400,000. A large part of this vast region, though it contains many mountain-ranges and some arid tracts, is naturally rich, the soil fit for tillage or for stock-raising, the mountains no longer (as a rule) well wooded, but containing valuable minerals as well as plenty of good pasture in their valleys or on the gentler slopes. It was the birthplace of several ancient civilisations, notably of those which we know as Assyrian and Babylonian, Phœnician, Phrygian, and Lydian. It was, in the days of Herodotus, the home of many diverse races, populous and prosperous even under the semi-barbarous rule of the Persian kings. Under the earlier Roman Empire it was probably still more populous, and much further advanced in the arts of peace. It was full of thriving cities, was traversed by great roads, and enjoyed (except in a few mountainous districts and along the north-eastern border) the benefits of a highly organised administration and of a seldom broken security for life and property. Both in heathen times and under the Christian emperors, down to the days of Heraclius, the level of education and of culture stood high, and many men of literary or theological eminence appeared.

With the appearance of the Mussulman invaders in the seventh century the sky darkened; Syria and Mesopotamia were lost; Arab armies crossed Asia Minor and threatened Constantinople. Yet the fabric of Roman government maintained itself to the north and west of Taurus until the advent of the Seljukian Turks in the eleventh century. Even under their rule large parts of Asia Minor continued to enjoy a measure of prosperity; and it was not until the nomad tribes, especially those of Turkman and Kurdish race, had begun to lay waste the open country, to destroy the villages, and to cut off the cities from one another, that population declined, land fell out of cultivation or relapsed by the destruction of irrigation works into mere

desert, and the pall of ignorance and poverty settled down upon these countries, which were by this time almost cut off from the knowledge of Europe.

In the fourteenth century the Ottoman Turks, originally a small tribe, living under Seljuk rule, rose to mastery. Their power was for a time shattered by the invasion of Timur, as that of the later Seljukian sultans had been by the invasion of the Mongols. But they soon recovered their ascendancy, and, since the death of Timur in A.D. 1405, they have (except during the brief episode of the Egyptian conquest of Syria in 1833) been lords of the vast region that lies between the Ægean and the Persian Gulf.

That region is now occupied by many different races, languages, and forms of faith; and one of the difficulties in conveying a just notion of its condition lies in the fact that distinctions of race, language, and religion run across one another. Most of those whom we call Turks or Arabs, because they speak Turkish or Arabic and are Mussulmans, are not really of Turkish or of Arab blood. As in European Turkey there are Mohammedan Albanians and Christian Albanians, Mohammedan Bulgarians and Christian Bulgarians, so in Asia there are Christian as well as Mohammedan Kurds, and populations formerly subject to the East Roman emperors that have embraced Islam. However, one may say—neglecting the minor races and tongues—that, broadly speaking, the future of the country lies in the hands of five principal races speaking five languages; these are the Turks, the Arabs, the Kurds, the Greeks, and the Armenians.

The south-eastern provinces, including Syria and Palestine, with the lower valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, and so much of N.W. Arabia as obeys the Sultan, are occupied by a population which speaks Arabic and is overwhelmingly Mussulman in faith. There are, however, besides the small scattered Christian communities and a few Jews, some important tribes, like the Christian Maronites of Lebanon, and like the Druses of the Hauran, whose peculiar faith keeps them apart both from Christians and Mussulmans. This population is in some places organised on a tribal basis, and along the edge of the desert is warlike and unruly. But it has no sort of collective nationality, and no political aspirations; nor, except in the Druse and

Maronite regions, is there any acute religious strife between the various elements.

The Turks—for this is the only name by which one can call the dominant Mussulman race, exclusive of the Kurds and Circassians—occupy the interior of Asia Minor, many parts of the coast, and some parts of the high country which lies between Mesopotamia and Russian Transcaucasia, and which is best described as Armenia. Their number is quite uncertain, for there are no statistics; and, if there were, Turkish statistics cannot be trusted; but it must amount to more than one half of the population of these regions. Some of these Turks retain their Central Asian habits of wandering over the country with their flocks and herds; but the large majority are either townsfolk or agriculturists, indolent, patient, submissive people, with little education and still fewer aspirations. As we find them now, they are a mixture of the old inhabitants of the country—Hellenised under the successors of Alexander, Romanised (to some slight extent) under the Roman emperors, and finally Islamised (if the expression be permissible) under the Seljuk and Ottoman sultans—with the nomadic tribes of Central Asia who flowed in from the eleventh to the fifteenth century. Though the percentage of genuine Turkman blood may not be large, they have adopted some of the characteristic habits of the pastoral races of Turan. These cannot be better described than in the words of ‘Odysseus,’ who, with the instinct of a philosophic traveller, finds in the character and ideas of the individual Turk the explanation of the history and political condition of the race. His analysis is not only clear and vivacious; it goes to the heart of the matter:—

‘Perhaps one fact which lies at the root of all the actions of the Turks, small and great, is that they are by nature nomads. It is their custom to ornament the walls of their houses with texts instead of pictures, and, if they quoted from the Bible instead of the Koran, no words would better characterise their manner of life than, “Here have we no continuing city.” Both in the town and in the country they change their dwellings with extreme facility, and think it rather strange to remain long in the same abode. The very aspect of a Turkish house seems to indicate that it is not intended as a permanent residence. The ground floor is

generally occupied by stables and stores. From this a staircase, often merely a ladder, leads to an upper storey, usually consisting of a long passage from which open several rooms, the entrances to which are closed by curtains, not by doors. There are probably holes in the planking of the passages, and spiders' webs and swallows' nests in the rafters. The rooms themselves, however, are generally scrupulously clean, but bare and unfurnished. . . . The general impression left on a European is that a party of travellers have occupied an old barn and said, "Let us make the place clean enough to live in; it's no use taking any more trouble about it. We shall probably be off again in a week" . . .

'The same thing may be witnessed in a more striking form at the Imperial Palace of Yildiz. I have seen a number of secretaries and officials working in a room decked with red plush and the ordinary furniture of European palaces. Some were sitting curled up in armchairs, with their inkpots poised perilously on the arms, the idea of having a writing-table never having come into their heads. Some were squatting on the floor, eating with their fingers off broad dishes placed on a low table. One was taking a siesta in the corner. Nothing could have more vividly suggested the idea of a party of tent-dwellers who had suddenly occupied a European house, and did not quite know how to use it.

'It is not only in such details that this characteristic occurs, but in the whole economy of the state. The Turks certainly resent the dismemberment of their Empire, but not in the sense in which the French resent the conquest of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany. . . . As soon as a province passes under another government, the Turk finds it the most natural thing in the world to leave it and go somewhere else. In the same spirit he talks quite complacently of leaving Constantinople some day; he will go over to Asia and find another capital.' . . .

We might continue these quotations indefinitely; but we have only space for one other extract, which concludes the author's subtle analysis of the Turkish character:—

'In industry, honesty and truthfulness the country Turk usually compares favourably with his Christian neighbours, and may be trusted implicitly when he has given his word. Alas! that one must add another salient characteristic—his extraordinary stupidity, or rather the extraordinary limitation of his knowledge and interests. Even this expression is not quite accurate, for the Turk has no interests in our sense of the word. Few things throw a more instructive light on the character of a nation than an examination of the ideas

which cannot be expressed in their language. Now the Turkish language, copious as it is, contains no equivalent for "interesting." . . . Perhaps I ought to allude to another characteristic of the Turk—his laziness. In some ways the popular European idea of Oriental indolence is unjust; for the Turk, as a peasant, is the most laborious and industrious of men, and as a soldier the most enterprising. But clearly many of the qualities which we have already reviewed tend to produce inertia. The Turk is too proud to do many things, too stupid to do others. His religion—of which more anon—inculcates a fatalism which leads to a conviction that effort is useless. But perhaps what gives more than anything else the impression that the Turk is fundamentally indolent is the fact that all his recreations consist of repose. When the nomad halts he does not wish to sing, or dance, or distract himself with games after the European fashion, but merely to rest quietly. He has a power of sitting still, doing nothing, and wanting to do nothing, which seems to us animal rather than human. His idea of bliss—what he calls *keif*—is to recline in the shade, smoking and listening to the soothing murmur of running water' (pp. 91 sqq.).

These extracts, which we have not feared to make long because we know few other books in which so just an impression of the Turk is conveyed (though those of Professor W. M. Ramsay well deserve to be studied in the same connexion), explain the moral and social facts which lie at the bottom of the helplessness and hopelessness of the Turkish Government. The Turks do not constitute a national state in the European sense of the term. They are, as was observed by Mr Freeman long ago, an army of occupation, dwelling in a country which they have conquered, but with which they have not permanently identified themselves, ruling over subject-races which may in time rise up against and expel them. They are not only splendid fighters, valiant, patient, and admirably susceptible of discipline, though savage when roused by fanaticism; they are also kindly, laborious, temperate, hospitable. But their primitive virtues yield immediately to temptation when they are placed in any position of power, and they seem quite incapable of assimilating any but the worst features of European civilisation. Moreover they are physically a decaying race. Polygamy and other vices which it is

needless to dwell upon have sapped their vigour; and their numbers seem to decline. When the Sultan loses Macedonia, they will soon become an insignificant element in Europe, for they do not like to live under a Christian Government. And they are everywhere so much less prolific than their Christian neighbours that a progressive change in the proportion of Mussulmans and Christians must be expected, even in the Asiatic provinces, where the Christians live under discouraging conditions.

The third of our Mussulman races is the Kurdish. They dwell along the eastern frontier of the Turkish Empire in the mountain-land which stretches all the way from Ararat in the north to the hills which rise between Baghdad and the Persian border in the south. Though the bulk are Mussulmans, there are (as already observed) some Christians, who, for political purposes, may really be classed with the Christian Armenians, and some Yezidis or so-called Devil-worshippers, who are supposed to preserve traces of the doctrines that used to be known as Manichæan. The Kurds are a very ancient people. Their name appears in Assyrian inscriptions as Gardu. The Ten Thousand Greeks fought with them on their way back to the sea—Xenophon calls them Karduchians—in the fourth century B.C., and they have changed wonderfully little in the course of twenty-two centuries. They are herdsmen, warriors, and robbers, grouped into tribes under hereditary chieftains, spending their summers upon the mountains and descending at the approach of winter into the valleys, where they like to live at free quarters upon the less martial peasantry, most of whom, being Christians, are forbidden to possess arms. Sometimes a Kurdish chief claims to hold a few villages in a sort of vassalage, alternately levying blackmail upon them or raiding them in the way familiar to us all from Scott's descriptions in the story of Rob Roy. Some wander out over the plains as far as Syria and Cilicia. What the number of the Kurds may be, nobody knows—figures do not exist in Turkey, except when invented to present to the European Powers—but it may reach a million and a half.\* They are a hardy, active people,

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\* Sir Charles Wilson, in his admirable 'Handbook for Travellers in Asia Minor' (Murray), estimates the total number of Kurds in Turkish, Persian, and Russian territory at between two and three millions, of whom those dwelling in Turkey constitute the large majority, probably 1,500,000.

with a good deal of native force, made for better things than brigandage and cruelty. It is merely the love of plunder that makes them cruel, for they are lax Mussulmans, and seldom fanatical.

The two Christian races numerous and important enough to need description—for the Nestorians and Jacobites and Maronites may be passed over—are the Greeks and the Armenians. The Greeks, whom the Turks call 'Rumi' (Ρωμαῖοι), are not necessarily of Hellenic stock; probably most of those who dwell on the Asiatic mainland are not; it is chiefly in the islands that one finds a pure race. They are descendants of the former subjects of the East Roman Empire, who for the most part, though not universally, have continued to speak Greek, and to recognise the Patriarch of Constantinople as their spiritual head. Along the western and southern coasts of Asia Minor, in a number of spots along the north coast, such as Sinope and Trebizond, and to a smaller extent in parts of Cappadocia and Pontus in the interior, one meets with Greeks established as traders and artisans, more sparingly as agriculturists. Those who dwell in the mountains near Kaisariyeh constitute a particularly active and industrious group. In nimbleness of mind, in a desire for knowledge, in commercial aptitudes of every kind, they are far superior to the Turks. Were they as resolute and independent in character as they are keen in intellect, they might before now have gained the upper hand of the Turks, who have often been obliged to use their talents for administrative and diplomatic work.

Last of all we come to the Armenians, with whom the books of Mr Lynch and Lord Percy are chiefly concerned. They appear for the first time in history about the eighth century B.C., when they were already in their present seats round Lake Van, and where they seem to have established their first kingdom on the ruins of the earlier one of a people for whom we have no name, but who have left enduring records of their greatness in the cuneiform inscriptions on the rock of Van. From that time onward, sometimes as dependent on the rulers of Persia or of Parthia, sometimes as an independent and, at certain moments, a powerful state, they played a considerable part in the world. Just before the Emperor Constantine embraced Christianity, the Armenian mon-



archs had been converted, exposing themselves thenceforth to a more bitter hostility on the part of the fire-worshipping Sassanid kings of Persia. Sore pressed, first by the Sassanids and afterwards by successive Mussulman dynasties, the kingdom of Old or Greater Armenia finally succumbed in the thirteenth century; while that of the so-called Lesser Armenia, in the difficult mountain-country north of the Cilician coast, maintained itself till the fifteenth. Long before that time Armenians had begun to move westward; indeed one hears of some who had risen to high posts in the Byzantine service in the first half of the sixth century. When their national kingdoms were destroyed, a large part of the nation dispersed itself over Asia Minor (as well as south-eastern Europe), where they now form nearly one third of the urban population, probably outnumbering the Greeks in the eastern half of that peninsula, but inferior to them in the western and on the coasts. In these districts they are all townsfolk, artisans, shopkeepers, or merchants. But in Armenia proper, and in a few remote valleys of the Cilician mountains, they are cultivators and shepherds or herdsmen, a patient and industrious people, cleaving to their ancient ways of life, and having little, except religion, physiognomy, and a certain robustness of character, in common with the occidentalised Armenians of Stamboul or Smyrna.

There has been much controversy, sometimes taking a sort of political tinge, over the qualities and merits of the Armenian race. The British Turcophile or Russophobe has thought himself bound to disparage them; while those whose sentiment of humanity has been shocked by the massacres of 1895, and those whose sympathy with the doctrine of nationality has appreciated the amazing tenacity with which the Armenians have clung to their Church and their ancient traditions, have naturally dwelt upon the more attractive features of Armenian character. Mr Lynch, who has studied the people carefully both in Russian and in Turkish territory, pronounces a judgment which we believe to be correct. He writes, as any one who examines his volumes will perceive, without either religious or political prepossessions:—

‘It would be folly to expect that the Armenians should not have suffered in character by the menial pursuits which they

have been constrained to follow. They have been *rayas* . . . exploited by races most often their inferiors in intellect. One should rather wonder that their defects are not more pronounced. On the other hand, they are possessed of virtues with which they are seldom credited. The fact that in Turkey they are rigorously precluded from bearing arms has disposed superficial observers to regard them as cowards. A different judgment might be meted out were they placed on an equality in this respect with their enemies the Kurds. At all events, when given the chance, they have not been slow to display martial qualities both in the domain of the highest strategy and in that of personal prowess. The victorious commander-in-chief for Russia, in her Asiatic campaign of 1877, was an Armenian from the domain of Lori—Loris Melikoff. In the same campaign the most brilliant general of division in the Russian army was an Armenian—Tergukasoff. . . . If I were asked what characteristics distinguish the Armenians from other Orientals, I should be disposed to lay most stress on a quality known in popular speech as *grit*. It is this quality to which they owe their preservation as a people, and they are not surpassed in this respect by any European nation. Their intellectual capacities are supported by a solid foundation of character, and, unlike the Greeks, but like the Germans, their nature is averse to superficial methods; they become absorbed in their tasks and plumb them deep. . . . These tendencies are naturally accompanied by forethought and balance; and they have given the Armenian his pre-eminence in commercial affairs. He is not less clever than the Greek; but he sees further, and, although ingrained with the petty vices of all Oriental traders, the Armenian merchant is quick to appreciate the advantages of fair-dealing when they are suggested by the conditions under which his vocation is pursued.'

Every one is aware that, in order to know the true character of a people, it must be seen in its own home, living freely in its natural surroundings. The unfavourable estimate of the Armenian race, which has so often been presented to the British public, has been based, as a rule, on experience confined to maritime towns, or to the demoralising atmosphere of Constantinople. Mr Lynch knows the Armenians at home:—

'To estimate this people at their true worth one should study them, not in the Levant, with its widespread corruption, but in the Russian provinces of Armenia. Here they have

most successfully utilised the interval between the period when the sword of Russia was the sword of the deliverer and that present-day period when the principles which inspire her rulers are those of Panorthodoxy and Pan Slavism. . . . In every trade and in every profession, in business and in the Government services, the Armenian is without a rival, and in full possession of the field. He equips the postal service by which you travel, and if you are so fortunate as to find an inn, the landlord will be an Armenian. Most of the villages in which you sojourn are inhabited by a brawny Armenian peasantry. In the towns, if the local governor attaches to your service the head of the local police, it will be a stalwart Armenian in Russian uniform, who will find you either a lodging or a shady garden in which to erect your tents. If you remark on the way some well-built edifice which aspires to architectural design, it will be the work of an Armenian builder from Alexandropol. . . . The excellent wine which is found in Erivan is made according to the newest methods by an Armenian who has studied for two years in Germany the most modern appliances of the industry in Europe. The monetary transactions of the country are in the hands of Armenian bankers. The skilled workmen—jewellers, watch-makers, carpenters—are Armenians. Even the ill-miened officer of mounted frontier police, whose long association with the wilder elements—Kurds and robbers of small and large degree—has lent him the appearance of a chief of brigands, will bear, not much to its honour, an Armenian name. . . . The Armenian has edged out the Russian, and if peace were allowed her conquests unhindered, he would ultimately rule in the land.' (Vol. i, pp. 467, 468.)

This description substantially agrees with that of such competent observers as Mr Tozer and Sir Charles Wilson. The Armenians are the strongest race in Western Asia, stronger than the Persians or Turks, stronger than the Russians, stronger than the Greeks. They are not poetical or artistic, but they have tenacity, endurance, solidity of intellect. They have shown an extraordinary capacity for revival after apparently overwhelming disasters, like the massacres and the famine of 1895-6. Their weakest point is the tendency to dissension and self-seeking, a tendency revealed in their earlier history, before they had contracted the faults of a subject-people. But those faults did not prevent them from displaying, seven years ago, a loyalty to their faith which recalls the first centuries of

**Christianity.** Thousands perished as martyrs when they were offered their lives on condition of accepting Islam.

This sketch may help to convey to the reader how complicated is the problem which Asiatic Turkey presents. Over all the northern part of it, that is, everywhere except in Arabic-speaking countries, there are at least two, and in most districts three, quite distinct peoples, different in speech and habits and hostile in religion, dwelling upon the same ground yet without intermingling. Between Turks and Christians there is of course no intermarriage and very little social intercourse. Between Greeks and Armenians there is almost as little, for, though the only theological divergence consists in the fact that the Armenian Church has never accepted the decrees of the Council of Chalcedon—whether she formally rejected them has been matter of dispute\*—the two Churches stand aloof from one another very much like Protestants and Roman Catholics in Ulster; and the two races deem one another aliens, and suspect one another as certain rivals and probable enemies. None of these races is entitled to be called the people of the country, taking the country as a whole. Turks are more numerous in some places, Greeks in others, Armenians in others again. None has any local organisation. The petty chieftains, called the Derebays, who constituted a sort of aristocracy among the Mussulmans a century ago, have disappeared or lost their power. The Greeks and Armenians have no leaders except the priests of their communities, seldom educated or energetic men; but they are better off than the Turks in so far that each religion possesses a loose organisation as a community under its Patriarch, which assimilates it to a nation. The constitution of the Gregorian Armenians, granted by the Sultan in 1862, is printed in the appendix to Mr Lynch's second volume. It creates a kind of National Assembly (as well as various provincial assemblies) in which questions affecting the welfare of the Armenians are discussed, and by which representations have from time to time been made to the Sultan. These representations are of course seldom regarded; but the existence of

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\* Mr Lynch, quoting the learned Armenian writer, Ter-Mikelean, thinks it clear that the Gregorian Church did, and does still, reject the decrees of Chalcedon. (Vol. I, p. 313.)

such an organisation, if it does not mitigate the sufferings of the Armenians throughout the country, has helped to maintain a feeble consciousness of national life among them. Since 1892 the General Assembly has not met, and the constitution has been virtually in abeyance.

So far, the problem of Asiatic Turkey bears some resemblance to that which presents itself to the English in those parts of India where Hindus and Mussulmans dwell together on the same ground, interspersed but not commingled, and liable at any moment to be roused to strife by religious passion. The English in India succeed in maintaining peace, and in providing an efficient administration, first, because they are impartial as between Hindus and Mussulmans, standing far apart from both; and secondly, because they are a civilised people, who bring, not only their western energy, but also their western ideas of justice and efficiency to a country which, till they appeared, knew very little of either. But the Turks are intellectually inferior to their Greek and Armenian subjects. They have no talent for administration, which, indeed, means to them nothing but opportunities for taxation, extortion, and bribery. Of justice, as between Mussulmans and unbelievers, they have, of course, no idea, for Mussulmans and unbelievers belong to wholly different categories—the one naturally rulers, the other naturally subjects. The simplest illustration of the gulf which separates these categories is to be found in the fact that, according to the Sacred Law of Islam, the evidence of a Christian is not valid against a Mussulman; and, as a matter of fact, a Mussulman is never—the exceedingly rare exceptions are only sufficient to show the generality of the rule—put to death for the murder of a Christian, even when the Christian is the subject of one of the great European Powers. Accordingly, both the characteristics which enable the English Government to succeed in India are wanting to the Ottoman Government in Turkey. It is uncivilised and it is partisan. It is barbarous in its methods and stupid in its application of them, a government infinitely inferior to that of any European state, and fit only to be classed with the governments of Morocco or Korea.

Nor does the partiality shown by the Turkish Government to Mussulmans imply that Mussulman subjects are

substantially better off than Christians. They are not, indeed, subject to quite so many personal outrages, and offences against them do not so invariably go unpunished, but they are robbed with just as little compunction, and they have no such chance of foreign intervention on their behalf as the Christians occasionally profited by, until the events of 1895-6 had relieved the Sultan from any fear of the western Powers. Patient as the Mussulmans are, and great as is the reverence they bear to the sovereign who, whether he be legitimate Khalif or not, does actually stand at the head of Islam, they would doubtless have long ago broken out into rebellion, but for the fact that their suspicion is primarily directed against the Christians who live among them, and that a revolt against the Sultan would mean the loss of their predominance. As it is, there have been of late years movements among the more educated class of Mussulmans which have gravely alarmed the Sultan. The Young Turkish party, though it has very few adherents in the provinces, is a disquieting sign of the times. Quite recently a congress of so-called Turkish reformers was held in Paris, which exhibited the new and interesting phenomenon of a *rapprochement* between Mussulman and Christian malcontents. A number of Armenians—there are large Armenian colonies in France, who seem at present more politically active than the Armenians of England or of the United States—expressed their sympathy and their wish to co-operate with the Turkish reforming party, while reserving their own special rights (whatever these may be worth) under the Treaty of Berlin. Both parties agreed—and it is a thing which (as Lord Percy observes) ought never to be forgotten—that the Mussulmans have their grievances as well as the Christians, and that any attempts at reform ought to be made in the interests of both sections of the population.

Intellectually barren and limited as the pure Turkish stock is, and unfit for administration as it has usually shown itself, the faults of Turkish government are not to be wholly charged upon any inferiority of the Mussulman population. These faults are due partly to features of their religion, partly to the system and the traditions which the Government has formed, and which its jealousy and hatred of Europe forbid it to shake off. There is

talent among the Mussulman population which would develop under better conditions. There are good men, capable, honest men, even among the Valis and Mutes-sarifs whom the Sultan sends to squeeze his provincial subjects. But unfortunately the good governor is never allowed a free hand, never supported when he seeks to establish order and dispense justice, never valued for anything but the amount of money he is able to raise for the benefit of the central Government. He is usually recalled after a short term of office; and such reforms as he has effected are lost under a lazy or dishonest successor. The habits of corruption have been engrained in the Turkish administration by many centuries of unbroken usage. Such changes as have been made of recent years have done nothing to cure them. The Government is far more centralised now than it was seventy years ago; but it is only the vices and not the merits of European bureaucracy that have been reproduced.

Since the accession of the present Sultan—an abler and more active, but also a more timid and suspicious man than his last two predecessors—a new element has come into the Government, that of espionage and secret denunciation. Not only Constantinople, but other important cities are full of spies who surround all high officials and all persons of note, watching their action, and prepared to report or to pervert their words. Nobody is safe; everybody moves in an atmosphere of fear and distrust. The spy, to justify his existence and earn his pay, is obliged to invent if he has nothing real to send to his employer. Innocence is no protection. Silence and caution may themselves expose a man to suspicion. These things recur from time to time under despotic governments. The account which Procopius gives of the spy-system at Constantinople during the sixth century suits very well the phenomena of Constantinople to-day.

It is to the morbid terror which dominates the present ruler of Turkey that the Armenian massacres of 1895-6 were chiefly due. Nothing is so cruel as fear. The Sultan's mind was filled with exaggerated tales of revolutionary plots; and, believing that emissaries from Transcaucasia and Western Europe were everywhere rousing the Armenians to rebellion, he encouraged the officials to take harsher and harsher measures, even where no evidence of

any conspiracy existed. The English Government remonstrated, but no action was taken by Europe; and the Sultan perceived that the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin were not likely to give him trouble. The massacre of Sasun in 1894 was followed in 1895 and 1896 by massacres far more extensive, which were evidently carried out upon a plan carefully prearranged. The evidence contained in the Blue-books leaves no doubt of the complicity of Abdul Hamid himself; and the representative of the British Foreign Office, in one of the debates which arose in the House of Commons on the subject, went as far as diplomatic usage permitted in stating this fact. When these atrocious events went on unpunished month after month through the autumn of 1895, it became plain that the provisions for the protection of the Armenian Christians contained in the Treaty of Berlin, as well as those of the Anglo-Turkish Convention of 1878, were practically dead; and the Sultan perceived that he had nothing to fear from European intervention.

The observations of 'Odysseus' (in the chapter on the Armenians) on the causes which led to the massacres are acute and judicious, save in so far as they may seem to convey that the American missionaries and the friends of Armenia in England either expected any reforms from the Turkish Government or gave any encouragement to revolutionary schemes. On the contrary, they appealed to the British Government, basing their appeal on the Treaty of Berlin and the Anglo-Turkish Convention; and they did everything in their power to denounce conspiracies or attempts at rebellion, knowing how fruitless these must prove. 'Odysseus' observes with truth that the British Government had not formally promised reforms to the Eastern Christians; but it had caused the Treaty of San Stefano, in which the Turks had promised Russia that they would treat the Armenians better, to be superseded by the Treaty of Berlin, and having withdrawn the protection which Russia had undertaken, might well seem bound to provide other protection in its place.

None of the European Powers can be cleared from the reproach of having looked on while innocent Christians, to the number of fifty to a hundred thousand, were done to



death. But the chief responsibility lies with Russia, which, under the guidance of Prince Lobanoff, repeatedly refused to join in any attempt to stop the massacres, putting forward various pretexts whose flimsiness none knew so well as Prince Lobanoff himself. The explanation of his conduct usually given is that he desired to bring Turkey more than ever under the wing of Russia, by posing as the protector of the Turks and making them odious in the sight of England; but it is also to be noted that Russian statesmen, who dislike the rapid progress and the national spirit of their Armenian subjects in Transcaucasia, are credited with a willingness to see the Armenians of Turkey so weakened that they may be unable to join in forming an Armenian nation. This is a callous view, but not more callous and cynical than the whole attitude which Prince Lobanoff assumed.

The failure of the European Powers to interfere on behalf of the Eastern Christians in 1895-6 marks a momentous stage in the slow evolution of the Eastern Question. It was an abandonment of the policy which brought about the Crimean War, the policy of trying to sustain the Turkish Government by inducing it to reform its ways. That policy had been revived by England in 1878; but, after the events of 1895-6, it is scarcely possible that any British Government can again entertain hopes such as those which appear in the Anglo-Turkish Convention, or attempt to save a sultan from the consequences of his own misdeeds. In fact, it is well understood that, since 1896, no efforts have been made to remonstrate with the Turks or to induce them to adopt wiser courses. 'Ephraim is joined to his idols: let him alone.'

We may accordingly, in considering the future of the country, eliminate all ideas of reforms to be carried out at the instance, and under the encouragement, either of England or of any other western Power. We must assume that the government will continue to be substantially what it is now, possibly less harsh or less vexatious under a more indolent or less suspicious monarch, but no better in essentials. It will be a government of rapine and extortion; a government which does nothing for its subjects and takes from them all it can squeeze out of them; a government under which nearly every official and every judge can be bought; a

government which will grant concessions to the syndicate that can apply most pressure from some other state and can offer the largest bribe; a government which will allow its costly warships to perish of rot and rust, as the fleet purchased some years ago perished, and will leave its soldiers unpaid and its fortresses unprovided with guns and ammunition. We must further assume that the population will continue to diminish, as the Armenians are diminishing under robbery and starvation, with an occasional massacre, while the Mussulmans are diminishing from pernicious ways of life and under the depressing influences of an abominable government.

Why, it may be asked, does such a government go on living? Why has not the weakness born of its own vices cleared it long ago out of the way? Why is the natural order of things suspended, that natural order under which bad governments perish because their subjects hate them, and because they are unable to defend themselves? There have been many bad governments, especially in the East, and they have nearly all either vanished or been transformed by the infusion of some new reinvigorating force. Bad governments usually come to their end in one of two ways; either by domestic insurrection, which perhaps brings a new dynasty to the throne, or substitutes a republic for a tyranny; or else by foreign conquest, some stronger power subjugating the nation as well as expunging or mediatizing the royal house. These causes have already acted largely on the Turkish Empire, at least in Europe, and it is by their combined operation that the Turks have lost the bulk of their European dominions. The Greeks, the Servians, the Herzegovinians, and the Bulgarians successively rebelled; and in all these cases one or more European Powers stepped in and either established the rebels as a new state or annexed the territory which they inhabited. The Sultan has now nothing left in Europe (if we except a small territory north of the Propontis) save Albania, which is virtually independent, because he exerts no authority over its fierce mountaineers, and Macedonia, which is seething with insurrection, and kept in some sort of order only by the incessant pressure of Austria upon the Servians and of Russia upon the Bulgarians, both Powers wishing

to stave off for the present the conflict of these two races and the inevitably concomitant struggle between their own rival interests. In Europe, it should be noted, the situation displayed two features which are absent in Asia. In Europe there were regions, such as Greece and Bulgaria, where the Christians were in a large majority. There were also powerful neighbours, Austria and Russia conterminous on land, England and France not far off by sea. But in the Asiatic provinces the Mussulmans nearly everywhere outnumber the Christians; and in Asia the Turks have only one powerful neighbour, Russia, who, since she acquired Georgia and Imeritia, has taken her stand on their north-eastern frontier. These conditions have tended to save the Turkish Government in Asia from losses such as it has suffered in Europe, and make its position there even to-day less precarious.

The Sultans have also enjoyed two other advantages, without which their dominion must long ago have fallen. Their enemies, without and within, have been divided. Several other Powers, and particularly England, France, and Austria, have been jealous of Russia; and the Turks, who, with all their stupidity, have a turn for diplomatic craft, have used these jealousies and played off one Power against another. So too their Christian subjects have been divided. As in Europe the Servians hate the Bulgarians and the Greeks dislike both, so in Asia the Armenians and the Greeks stand coldly apart, no more ready to combine with one another against the Turk than they are to fall into the embrace of the Turk himself. Just as the Sultans have played off England against Russia, so have they fostered the jealousies of the Christian sects among their subjects, and found safety in the discord of their enemies. In Asia indeed it is only of recent years, since the liberation first of Greece and then of Bulgaria, that the subject-races have begun to dream of reform or freedom, so complete was their subjection, so absolute their isolation from one another and from Europe.

All knots, however, are untied or cut sooner or later. Even the Schleswig-Holstein question, which had occupied the diplomatists of Europe for more than a generation, found at last its solution. So the day will come, perhaps within thirty or forty years, when the Sultanate will vanish, and the lands that have obeyed the house of

Othman will pass to new rulers. Will this come to pass by insurrection or by foreign conquest? So far, reforming or revolutionary movements—for there has been nothing approaching an insurrection—have produced only massacres and repression; nor is there any likelihood that either Greeks or Armenians could take up arms with the least prospect of success. Even if an insurrection be supposed successful, what sort of new political community could it create? The Mussulmans have been too long accustomed to superiority to become fellow-citizens with Greeks or Armenians in any constitutional government. There is no large area of Asia Minor where the Greeks are in such a majority as to enable them to set up a government conducted on European lines, even such a government as those of the Hellenic kingdom and Bulgaria. Nor is there any region in which the Armenians are strong enough, as against either the Kurds or the other Mussulmans, to mark it out as the seat of an Armenian principality or kingdom. Mr Lynch estimates the population of the Armenian plateau at 392,000 Christians, 442,000 Turks, 410,000 Kurds; and the Kurds are far too turbulent, their country far too difficult, to give hope that they could be reduced to peace except by a strong hand. Accordingly the various plans which English or American sympathy with the misfortunes of the Armenian Christians has suggested have always pointed to the creation of a large administrative province under a governor named by the European Powers and not removable by the Sultan, who might use the revenues of his province in maintaining a force strong enough to keep the Kurds in check, and to enable the peaceful Mussulmans and Christians to restore prosperity to the country. The steady opposition of the Sultan and the indifference of all the Powers, except England, have prevented these plans from being even seriously considered; nor is the prospect any better now than it was in 1878.

If the present disorders are ever to cease, it is apparently from without that deliverance will come, that is to say, from some one or more of the five European Powers which retain an interest in the fate of the East. The position and policy of these five have notably altered of late years. In the days of the Crimean War England and France, though they had often thwarted one another,

stood together against Russia. Now England and France are again divided, and show much less active interest. France has placed herself on the side of Russia. England has practically withdrawn from the Anglo-Turkish Convention of 1878, though not from the occupation of Cyprus; and the language of her statesmen indicates an abandonment of the old policy. Her Eastern interests lie now in Egypt. It is pretty well understood that she would not go to war in order to keep Constantinople from falling into Russia's hands; nor is it likely, though Mr Lynch and Lord Percy might regret the fact, that she would take such a step even to prevent Russia from advancing across the Armenian plateau to the edge of the Mesopotamian plain.

But while France and England have to some extent fallen into the background, a new force has pressed to the front. Germany began about ten years ago to exert her influence in Constantinople to secure trade-advantages and concessions for her subjects; and, through the increasing numbers of Germans who were concerned in enterprises in Turkey, she became a prominent factor there, and thought it worth her while to pose as the friend and protector of the Sultan. The important line of railway from the Bosphorus to Konieh belongs to a German company; and a few months ago the long-sought concession was granted to this company to extend the railway from Konieh to Baghdad, across Cilicia and Northern Syria, and down the valley of the Euphrates. This grant, being taken to imply the recognition of south-western Asia Minor as falling within a sort of 'German sphere of influence,' roused Russia, which pressed for and obtained a declaration that in the making of railways in northern and eastern Asia Minor her interests and wishes should be regarded. This partition, and the leaving out of Englishmen from similar concessions, are significant, and have been deemed presageful of the future, for nowadays the control of a railway means a great deal; and Germany is a power not likely to neglect any source of influence that comes to her hand.

Important, however, as such a trunk-line will be, it is a long step from ownership of a railway to political occupation. The part which Germany can play in the Levant depends upon many conditions outside the purview of this

article, and in particular depends largely upon the fate of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Should that ill-compacted fabric break up, should the German-speaking provinces fall to the German Empire, enabling it to reach the Adriatic, should Croatia and Bosnia pass under German control, the whole position would be changed, and Germany would find projects of Eastern conquest easier and more tempting. Asia Minor is two thirds empty; and the population of Germany overflows. Russia may be jealous; but the Germans would avoid a quarrel, for good relations with their great Eastern neighbour are a fundamental principle of their policy. France might murmur, but she will not return to her old ambitions and occupy Syria except by an understanding with her indispensable northern ally. Should part of Asia Minor fall to Germany, England need not object, but might rather be pleased to see a counterpoise to the power of the Czars created in that region.

Were any such consummation to come about, it could not be for a long while. But the acquisition of Armenia and north-eastern Asia Minor by Russia is an event that might happen almost any day. The disorders and oppressions that go on within the Turkish border would supply a pretext, while the vast force which Russia can place in Transcaucasia would make the defence of the plateau of Erzerum and the plain of Van a hopeless task. No Power except England would feel its interests affected by such an advance; and, if England wished to oppose, she could do so only by trying to annoy Russia in some other quarter, not by aiding the Turks to protect their frontier. Whether English public opinion would approve a war undertaken in such a cause seems more than doubtful. It is, of course, likely enough that Russia, which has her hands pretty full at present, may not for many years care to extend her dominions either in Asiatic Turkey or in Persia. To hold one or both of these as a practically vassal state is easier and less costly. But when she does choose to advance, no European combination, unless the present grouping of states is materially altered, will be formed to repel her.

One question more demands a few words before we close this article. What will become of the subject-

populations, and especially of the two Christian races which have clung to their faith and their culture through centuries of oppression and misery? They are races of great natural capacity, fully equal, in respect of natural intelligence, to any European people. They have sufficient national consciousness to desire to maintain their nationality, and they would doubtless increase rapidly in numbers under a government such as Germany or such even as Russia would give them. Russia might not try to Russify the Greeks as she has been trying, in defiance of her pledges, to Russify the Finns, for the Greeks belong to the Orthodox Church. She would doubtless try to Russify the Armenians of Asia Minor, as she has been for the last thirty years trying to drive her own Armenian subjects in Transcaucasia into the Orthodox fold and the use of the Russian tongue. But she has so far failed in Transcaucasia; and she would fail in Armenia also so long as the people cling to the patriotism which consecrates their ancient Church.

A philosopher surveying the movements of the world in our time might be disposed to regret the tendency which each of the great nations shows to extinguish or absorb smaller races and minor languages in order to establish its own type of culture, or, in the case of Russia, its own form of religion. For the sake of those who are to come after, it would be well to save some at least of these small peoples with their characteristic types. In literature and art, in science, philosophy, and religion, the record of the small peoples, and even, perhaps, of the small communities, is a richer one than that of the large nations; and in the future there may be reason to lament that types of culture are becoming too few. It is, however, possible that the phase through which we are passing may be transient, powerful as is the present impulse of the stronger to blot out the weaker. Russia in particular—which is even more proud of her Pan Slavism than England and Germany are of the diffusion of their Teutonic energy—may, through internal social and religious changes, undergo a transformation which will completely alter her relations to the countries which her armies now overspread and to the races which she seems so eager to absorb.

**Art. XIII.—MR KIDD ON CIVILISATION.**

*Principles of Western Civilisation.* By Benjamin Kidd.  
London : Macmillan, 1902.

MR KIDD is a writer who, for many reasons, deserves to be treated with respect. He has a genuine propensity for philosophic thinking, and for tracing, through a mass of diverse and seemingly disconnected facts, the unifying operation of a common cause or principle. In certain of his hypotheses there is a breadth, we might almost say a grandeur, of conception; and many of his incidental criticisms are just, penetrating, and original. We are anxious, at starting, to pay a just tribute to his merits, because part of our duty in dealing with him will be to call attention to his defects.

Both sets of qualities—his merits and defects alike—were exhibited in the volume which first introduced him to the world. ‘Social Evolution,’ the volume to which we refer, was an attempt to find a proof of the truth of religious doctrine, not in an analysis of the human mind, or in the origin or constitution of the universe, but in the functions performed by religion as an element in the life of societies. The idea that the truth of religion may be tested by its social functions was certainly, in itself, no discovery of Mr Kidd’s; but he may justly claim the merit of having exhibited it under a new aspect, and boldly attempted to affiliate it to the doctrine of evolution in history.

The manner, however, in which he developed his argument was in singular contrast to the coherency of its general outline. As soon as he attempted to descend from the general to the particular, his clearness of thought and his grasp of facts deserted him. None of his ideas and definitions were clear to his own mind, and one part of his argument altogether contradicted the other. Reduced to its simplest elements, his main contention was as follows. The inter-racial struggle for existence incidentally conserves those races whose internal social organisation renders them more efficient; and those races are most efficient in the external and inter-racial struggle in which the acutest struggle takes place



between their own members. This internal struggle for existence, however, though beneficial to the race as a whole, is prejudicial to the vast majority of the living individuals who take part in it, and benefits only a small aristocratic minority. What, then, prevents the majority from suspending this struggle and rearranging society on a socialistic and non-competitive basis? The majority, said Mr Kidd, might do this at any time. They would sacrifice the future of their race, but they personally would be the gainers. What, then, induces them, he asked, to pursue the opposite course? One thing alone, he said, could induce them to behave so irrationally; and this thing is the mysterious influence of religion. Is the sole function of religion, then, Mr Kidd proceeded to ask, to induce the masses to submit to conditions of disadvantage and subjection? Nothing, he said, could be falsier than any supposition such as this, for the action of religion is twofold; and whilst it restrains the masses on the one hand from accomplishing their desires by force, it so softens the heart of the aristocratic, or, as he calls them, 'the power-holding classes,' that they are voluntarily surrendering to the masses one privilege after another, which, apart from the influence of religion, they would jealously have reserved for themselves, and which the unfortunate masses could never have taken from them. Thus, in one half of his book, when dealing with the condition of the masses, he argued that they could at any time have deprived the successful few of their privileges, and that nothing but religion could have possibly debarred them from doing so; and in the other half of his book, when dealing with the position of the few, he argued that the masses could have never done anything of the kind, but that the few, had they chosen to do so, might have kept all their privileges to themselves, and that nothing but religion could have induced them to part with a single one of them.

The astonishing inaccuracy, the want of steadiness and precision of thought, which enabled Mr Kidd to flounder into such a self-contradiction as this, is indicative of a weakness which is apparently inherent in his intellect. With a considerable aptitude for the construction of general theories which, in their broader outlines, are at once striking and suggestive, he appears to be totally

incapable of connecting them with the minute details of fact, and so accommodating them to reality as to give them any serious value. This fatal deficiency, which he betrayed in 'Social Evolution,' is exhibited in his new volume on a greatly extended scale.

'The Principles of Western Civilisation' is an attempt to develop, in a new and amended form, the general ideas and theories which he elaborated in 'Social Evolution.' It is an attempt to find a place for a religious, or a quasi-religious principle, not only in the processes of social evolution in the past, but also, and still more expressly, in the social evolution of the future.

The first idea which Mr Kidd endeavours to impress upon us is as follows. The Darwinian idea of evolution is the idea of a struggle for existence which aims exclusively at the welfare of the present generation; and as applied to evolution under certain of its historical aspects, the idea was true. It is, however, says Mr Kidd, not true universally, and of certain races it is ceasing to be true at all. He illustrates his meaning by a very interesting reference to an essay by Professor Weismann dealing with the duration of life, which was read before an association of naturalists some twenty years since in Germany. Professor Weismann astonished his contemporaries with a theory which was entirely new. He maintained that the length of the individual life had no direct connexion with either the structure or the circumstances of the individual; nor did it tend to be longer amongst the higher species than amongst the lower. On the contrary, as a species became more highly evolved, the individual life tended to be shortened rather than prolonged. What really governs the length of individual life was, said Professor Weismann, not the needs of the individual, but the needs of the species. If, for example, we suppose a species of animals in a rapidly changing environment, it will be necessary, if the species is to survive, that its members shall change correspondingly; but if the individual members live beyond a certain number of years, and the generations in consequence follow each other too slowly, the changes of the species will be incapable of keeping pace with the changes of the environment; and the species will in time disappear, or at all events it will be worsted in the struggle with species which

are more adaptable because the lives of the successive generations are shorter.

This purely biological theory forms a parable which contains in outline the whole of Mr Kidd's philosophy. If we put this theory, he says, in a more general form, we shall find it to come to this, that the end towards which nature works in the process of natural selection 'is not simply the benefit of the individual, nor even of his contemporaries, in a mere struggle for existence in the present, but a larger advantage, probably always far in the future, to which the individual and the present are alike subordinated.' The principle in accordance with which the welfare of the present generation is thus constantly subordinated to the welfare of the generations of the future, Mr Kidd calls the Principle of Projected Efficiency; and by transferring its application from the biological sphere to the social, he declares that we shall find in it the key to the whole meaning of human history.

In this fact, says Mr Kidd, is to be found the reason why certain races or societies have thriven, ruled, developed themselves, and become civilised, whilst others have died out, or dwindled, or remained inefficient and stationary. The winning races have invariably been those who have exhibited most aptitude for subordinating the present to the future. Here, however, he continues, there is one great point to remember. That a process should be in operation is one thing. That we should be ourselves aware of it, and should consciously co-operate with it, is another. And, as a matter of fact, even amongst the races who have subordinated the present to the future most successfully, there has been no clear knowledge till recently of what it was they were doing. On the contrary, they imagined themselves to be doing something totally different; and their conduct was profoundly modified by their failure to understand its meaning. Progress, in fact, says Mr Kidd, may be divided into two epochs, the ruling principles of which he sums up as follows (pp. 140-142):—

'In the first epoch of social development the characteristic and ruling feature is the supremacy of the causes which are contributing to social efficiency by subordinating the individual merely to the existing political organisation. . . . In the second epoch of the evolution of human society, we begin to be concerned with the rise to ascendancy of the ruling

causes which contribute to a higher type of social efficiency by subordinating society itself with all its interests in the present to its own future.'

Between these two epochs, he says, the dividing line is, in a certain sense, the beginning of the Christian era, though this statement, as will appear presently, is to be taken with many qualifications.

And now let us see how Mr Kidd applies these principles to history. The only branches of the human family which he touches on as exemplifying the higher operations of evolution, and with which, in his volume, he in any way directly concerns himself, are the European nations and their offshoots, such as the people of the United States. Now Europe, he says, was originally peopled by a number of white races, who in rapid succession invaded it from the north and east, and who, for thousands of years before the dawn of written or even of traditional history, fought amongst themselves for the possession of the more favoured localities; and it was from the picked survivors of these strenuous and struggling races that those states and civilisations sprang with whose rise and fortunes western history opens. Chief amongst these states and civilisations were those of Greece and Rome; and it is with Greece and Rome that Mr Kidd's historical survey begins.

These two civilisations, he says, afford us the most perfect type of the state as it was during the first of the two great epochs, when the object of all social action, so far as it was consciously understood, was the welfare of the state in the present. This political egotism of the present, prevalent under such conditions, affected, says Mr Kidd, every relation and institution of life, but in none did it exhibit itself more vividly than in the relations and institutions of religion. The deities of the ancient world were essentially deities of the state, from Pallas Athene as she shone amongst the marbles of the Parthenon, down to the last of the Cæsars who received adoration as a god. Religion, the State, and the present, in fact, were one and the same thing. And just as the spirit of the old epoch expressed itself most vividly in its religion, so it was in the form of a religion that the spirit of the new epoch expressed itself also; and the religion

in which it expressed itself was none other than Christianity.

With the advent of Christianity, says Mr Kidd, there first arose amongst men a perception of an object of endeavour, desire, and duty, not contained in the present, or represented by the existing state; and this was accompanied or caused by the development of an evolutionary principle which was of 'entirely new significance' and was wholly without a parallel in the past history of the world. This principle, says Mr Kidd, was a new inward sense of a profound antinomy inherent in the nature of man, which in ordinary religious language is spoken of as a sense of sin, but which Mr Kidd prefers to regard as a sense of discrepancy between the satisfaction to be derived from the present, and the higher satisfactions of the future. It was this sense that differentiated Christian thought from that even of the loftiest of the pagan moralists and philosophers. The ideal of these was a life lived in harmony with nature—with nature as represented by the world in which we at present live. But there was for the Christian no such harmony possible. This present life was for him, not harmony with the world, but a struggle with it; and, as soon as the Christian religion was triumphant within the Roman Empire, this conception gave rise to very remarkable consequences.

In the pre-Christian world, when the influence of the present was in the ascendant, law and religion were united in the same political institutions, for the gods and the law were alike local and material. But now, since the precepts, the sanctions, the rewards, and the consolations of religion were removed to a region unconnected with and indefinitely remote from the wars, the ambitions, and the welfare of any state or country, religion and the secular law began to be gradually separated, until the spiritual power, instead of being the servant of the State, became first co-ordinate with it, and at last for a time its superior. This latter result was reached when the Church of Rome attained towards the close of the Middle Ages the zenith of its temporal power; and 'all the sovereigns of the world' were declared by the Pope 'to be subjects of St Peter, and to owe allegiance to him and to his vicar.' Now, had this temporal sovereignty of the spiritual power become permanent, the new principle of evolution would

have accomplished its own destruction ; for religion and the State would have been once more united ; the free action of the spirit of man would have been paralysed ; the sense of individual ' responsibility to a principle transcending every human power ' would have been lost ; the ideas and motives of men would have been once more imprisoned in the present ; the antinomy between the temporal and the spiritual would have disappeared from the human consciousness. This, however, was not to be. The sense of this antinomy having been once awakened in the soul, it could never be laid to sleep again ; and in proportion as the Roman Church became seemingly more successful in reducing the life of the spirit to obedience to a temporal government, the soul of man rose in instinctive protest against it—a protest leading to a revolt which had the result of restoring the stronger, the most living, the most really evolutionary races, to the freedom they had so nearly lost. These were the races amongst which the principles of the Reformation triumphed.

The real significance of this movement, however, was not at first apparent. The reformed Churches at first exhibited all the appearance of merely desiring to change one temporal tyranny for another. In England Henry VIII took the place of the Pope ; and throughout Europe every Protestant sect sought to ally itself with the State, and turn the State into an engine for enforcing its peculiar doctrines. The evolutionary principle, in fact, which was the underlying cause of the Reformation, failed to realise itself in any overt act, till James II had been driven from the throne of England in consequence of his attempts to employ the machinery of the State for enforcing adhesion to doctrines which the majority of his subjects repudiated. The flight of James was followed by the Bill of Rights and the Toleration Act, and with these enactments began the recovery of that spiritual freedom which, always inherent in the principles of the Christian religion from the first, had sunk into abeyance as the rule of the Catholic Church established itself. It was not, however, till a hundred years later that the movement first expressed itself in a completely logical fashion. This epoch-making event, as Mr Kidd regards it, took place in America in 1789, when the various States of the Union, in which any Church establishment had existed, threw it off, and it was

enacted in Congress that no law whatever should be made in the future 'respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.'

Thus the new religious principle of evolution which became operative at the beginning of the Christian era, and the essence of which was to project the object of action out of the present into the future, achieved its first complete and practical expression after the evolutionary vicissitudes of more than seventeen hundred years. It is true that the general process of disestablishment is not even yet complete; amongst the progressive peoples of Europe establishments still survive. The time, however, is drawing near when they too will come to an end.

But in dealing directly with the emancipation of religion from the State we are, according to Mr Kidd, dealing with but half of the evolutionary process. We shall find, he says, that whilst religion has been preparing to emancipate itself from the State, and whilst the principles of the State have been divorcing themselves from those of religion, the State itself has all the while unconsciously been coming under the influence, not indeed of a religious institution, but of the religious spirit of which the chief characteristic is that it places the object of our actions not in the present but in the future. One of the most signal illustrations of this fact is to be found, says Mr Kidd, in the concession of universal suffrage to the masses in progressive countries. It is impossible to justify universal suffrage by the intellect. Why, then, has it been conceded? It has been conceded in deference to a distinctly religious sentiment—to a quasi-mystical feeling that men are really equal, though if measured by the standards of the present, nothing is more apparent than that they are not so.

Again, amongst the political doctrines prevalent in the nineteenth century, few have been more influential than those of the Manchester school, whose object was to reduce the action of the State to a minimum, and in especial to secure absolutely free play for all the processes of economic production and competition. But these doctrines, and others closely allied to them, though in certain respects they still remain in the ascendant, have provoked, by their practical consequences, a reaction against themselves; so that, whilst during the earlier

period of the nineteenth century progressive politicians denounced all State interference with industry, during its latter years they demanded it. And why did they demand it? In order that the process of production might be made cheaper and more profitable? In order that they and their immediate friends might profit by it? It was for neither of these reasons. The interference of the State with the conditions of labour has tended to make production not cheaper but costlier. It was of no benefit to those who took the lead in demanding it. They demanded it in obedience to an influence which is now, with growing intensity, prompting men to act, consciously or unconsciously, with a view, not to advantage in the present, but to advantage in the remote future.

In other words, among the progressive races—the races to which in the future the government of the world will belong—the evolutionary process is tending to remove all restrictions on human activity in every domain of thought and action—in the domain of faith and devotion, and in that of practical work; and, by so doing, to enable all human beings to enter on the rivalry of life with complete equality of opportunity. ‘The ideal,’ says Mr Kidd, to which the evolutionary process in the second epoch of the world’s development has always tended, and now at last is beginning to tend visibly,

‘is the ideal of a fair, open and free rivalry of all the forces within the social consciousness—a rivalry in which the best organisations, the best methods, the best skill, the best abilities, the best government, and the best standards of action and belief, shall have the right of universal opportunity.’

This ideal, says Mr Kidd, rests ultimately on a principle of tolerance, which principle of tolerance rests in turn on the religious ‘projection of the controlling sense of responsibility outside the bounds of political consciousness;’ or, in other words, in the transference of this sense from the present to the future, which constitutes what Mr Kidd calls ‘the principle of projected efficiency.’

Such is Mr Kidd’s account of human evolution and progress up to the time in which we are now living. His prophecies and counsels with regard to the immediate future we will consider presently. We will first examine



his theory so far as it concerns the past. In its general outlines there is a completeness and a bold simplicity which has not only deeply impressed Mr Kidd himself, but is also calculated to impress a considerable number of his readers. Those races survive in the struggle for life which are most capable of subordinating the interests of the generation to those of the race as a whole. This subordination first takes the form of conscious military devotion to the interests of the races in the present; and, as the outcome of a military struggle, lasting for unnumbered thousands of years, the most efficient races of the world were in possession of the European Continent at the time when the civilisations, from which our own descends, first arose. These civilisations—the Greek and the Roman—were the flower of that inter-racial struggle, the conscious object of which was the highest degree of military and political efficiency in the present; and when, with the establishment of the Roman Empire, this type of civilisation had reached its culminating point, the spirit of self-sacrifice involved in all racial efficiency began to be transfigured under the influence of a new religion, and to be consciously directed towards an object, not in the present, but in the future. This new consciousness gradually asserts and spreads itself. It is at first in open conflict with the established order of things. In course of time, the established order comes to terms with it. When this happens, the new consciousness of the future is in danger of being lost in a reviving consciousness of the present. Later still, when it seems to have completely liberated itself, and expresses itself through the machinery of the Church, as the supreme temporal power, its apparent triumph brings it nearer to extinction than ever. By becoming supreme over the present, it is fast being lost in the present. Then, with an effort, it frees itself from the conditions that had all but stifled it. With renewed vigour it continues its work in the world; and is now at last emerging in its true character, as a power which influences the present, but does not belong to the present—which affects its institutions, but is not embodied in any one of them.

Mr Kidd, as he informs us in every chapter of his book, regards this theory of human progress, which we

have thus briefly described, as the most astonishing, the most overwhelming, the most illuminating that has ever been revealed by a philosopher to a previously ignorant world. At each new tableau in his moving diorama of evolution he pauses and exclaims, like Dominie Sampson, 'Prodigious!' We have counted no less than twenty-three historical crises which he declares to be 'unprecedented,' 'unparalleled,' 'extraordinary,' 'remarkable,' 'more remarkable still,' 'of quite peculiar interest,' and so forth; and there must be fully as many again which have escaped our enumeration. Though we cannot emulate Mr Kidd in these outbursts of imperfectly graduated admiration, we may admit that the general picture which he puts before us has a unity of design which, when we remember its dimensions, is striking. It seems, in fact, that he is, as we have said already, capable of taking an extended view of existence; and that he possesses an evident aptitude for devising philosophic hypotheses which shall unify the most varied phenomena by correlating them with some common principle. And not only is his theory thus remarkable as a whole, but much critical insight into the hidden meaning of things is displayed by him in a number of his observations on the various events of history. We may specially call attention to the interesting contrast which he draws between the spirit of the Church in the first three centuries of its existence, and the spirit which underlay the various heresies. All these heresies, he says—Pelagian, Manichæan, Gnostic, and Arian—tended to check or undo the precise and peculiar work which the Church of Christ had inaugurated. The mission of the Church was to keep alive in man the new sense of the insufficiency of human nature, and his need of something beyond what the resources of the present could supply to it. The heresies, on the contrary, says Mr Kidd,

'nearly all represent an attempt to bring back the point of view of the human mind to that state of equilibrium between the individual and the conditions of the existing world, which formed the characteristic principle underlying all . . . the ancient civilisations.'

Equally interesting, and displaying similar acuteness, is his kindred criticism of the Renaissance, which was, he

says, a retrograde, not a progressive movement: its object or its tendency being, like that of the early heresies, to make peace once more between the human soul and the present: whilst the manner in which he presents to us the gradual entanglement of the spiritual kingdom of the Church with the temporal kingdoms of the world, until, at last, for a time, it becomes itself the chief of them, is worthy of a philosophic historian. These are examples of Mr Kidd's natural aptitude for wide philosophic speculation and acute historical criticisms, which might be multiplied indefinitely.

Our business, however, is to appraise, not Mr Kidd's aptitudes, but the value of his work as a contribution to philosophic thought; and, taken as a whole, we are compelled to say that this is small. It is small because, though Mr Kidd possesses, in considerable measure, some of the qualities that go to make a scientific philosopher, there are others equally essential in which he is altogether wanting. He is capable of forming general views, and of criticising general movements; but he is utterly incapable of dealing with the minute facts and forces from whose action and inter-action all general movements spring. He treats the phenomena of human progress and evolution very much like a doctor, who seeks to understand a disease, solely by observing the directions in which it spread itself, and the nature of the climates and the localities in which it becomes most virulent; and who never attempts to supplement this general knowledge by a minute diagnosis of the condition of the individual sufferers.

Mr Kidd, in fact, eliminates from his philosophic method any systematic study of individual character altogether. And yet it is from this character of the individual that all human phenomena spring. The widest social phenomena are the resultants of innumerable individual motives; and, though it may be impossible to understand the significance of these motives, or even to realise the manner in which, from time to time, they are modified, without comprehensively observing the larger phenomena which result from them, it is even more impossible to understand the larger phenomena, without applying to these motives a method of research as careful as that which has enabled the modern enquirer to discover,

in the minutest of microscopic germs or microbes, the cause of pestilences that have terrified and desolated continents. In other words, everything that masses of men do, no less than everything that the individual man does, depends partly on external circumstances and partly on certain subjective or psychological conditions; and if any true explanation of human events is to be arrived at, the latter of these two causes must be studied no less systematically than the former. Of this truth Mr. Kidd has apparently not the least perception. He never presents to himself any one of the movements with which he deals, in the form in which it presented itself to the individuals who took part in it, and he is consequently led into errors of the same kind as those which diminished so fatally the value of his previous volume. The results of this partial and inaccurate manner of philosophising are shown most strikingly in the following ways.

The three great factors on which his whole theory of human progress depends, are, as we have seen, these—religion in general, the religion of Christ in particular, and the substitution of the future for the present as the logical end of action; but of none of these factors does he give us any precise definition. Though he speaks of religion in nearly every page of his book, what he means by religion he never defines anywhere. Is it conscious devotion to a personal god? or is it a desire to move with a stream of tendency that makes for righteousness? or is it merely a vague feeling which refuses to submit itself to analysis, but fosters a propensity to action of a certain character? For questions of this kind Mr Kidd has no consistent answer.

Secondly, the influence of Christ and the general spread of Christianity introduced, according to Mr Kidd, a wholly new principle into the process of historical evolution; but he leaves us totally in the dark as to the manner in which he conceives this new principle to have originated. Does he adhere to the orthodox Christian view, and regard its introduction as the supreme miracle of the universe—as an interference, altogether supernatural, with the natural evolution of humanity? We certainly gather that he does not. He makes no mention of miracle; but beyond saying that the new principle of evolution had its birth in a small oriental people, he tells

us nothing, either about its origin or the details of its psychological operation. All is hidden and lost in a haze of solemn generalities.

Lastly, although the new philosophical discovery, on which he specially prides himself, is the discovery of the principle of Projected Efficiency, or the transference of the object of action from the present to the remote future, he never makes his readers clear as to what the future, which he refers to, is. Sometimes it would appear to be a future in another world. It was certainly in this sense only that the object of action amongst the early Christians was projected beyond the present. The future of the race they regarded with profound indifference, because they believed that the race and the world also were both destined to come to an end in a short space. And yet Mr Kidd, throughout a large part of his argument, seems to mean by the future, not a new life in heaven, but the indefinite future of the human race on earth; but he never attempts to make it clear to his readers which of these two meanings he from time to time has in view; nor does he attempt to bring the two meanings into any relation with one another. The reason of this procedure on his part is evidently his constitutional inability to deal systematically and accurately with the facts of life in detail; and the result of it is that his theories, though in many ways interesting and suggestive, have no close connexion with the facts of life at all.

This same deficiency, which vitiates his conception of the principles of evolution, exhibits itself in a manner even more conspicuous when he seeks to elucidate the nature of their practical operation. With regard to this matter, his general idea is as follows. All evolution is due to some form of competition or rivalry; and the more completely all the talents and forces latent in any race or society are drawn into this competition, the more efficient will this race or society become. In the past, however, competition has always taken place under circumstances which ultimately turned freedom into tyranny, and competition into monopoly; and placed one system of religion, one system of government, or one social class, in a position of power or of artificial advantage which deprived the community of most of the

spiritual, political, and economic forces contained in it, because it practically allowed them no opportunity of exerting themselves. The tendency of the evolutionary process ever since the Christian era has been by very slow degrees to break down the barrier which the present or the *status quo*, has placed in the way of the free self-realisation of the talents and forces latent in the hitherto unprivileged masses. But it has been only during the last two hundred years that this emancipation, which was so long maturing, has begun to be an accomplished fact. During this period, amongst the progressive races, thought has become free, religious belief has become free, and the masses have been transfigured into free and independent voters. There is only one sphere left in which a similar emancipation is necessary, and this, says Mr Kidd, is the economic sphere. This emancipation, he maintains, is not yet accomplished, but it is at hand; and here we come at last to the practical moral of his philosophy—the message which he has drawn from the past for the guidance and exhilaration of the future.

At the present moment, he says, the economic world exhibits a condition of things which appears to be in absolute contrast to that presented by the political world, the intellectual, and the religious. In these last, the evolutionary process has resulted in general freedom, toleration, and equality of conditions. In the economic world the principles of absolutism, monopoly, and exclusion, seem to be more supreme than ever. Capital, in fact, is now in a position analogous to that which was occupied by the Roman Church in the days of its temporal supremacy; but in the one case no less than the other, this monstrous exaggeration of power is the preface to its rapid dissolution.

As we follow Mr Kidd through the successive chapters of his work, as we listen to his recurring insistence on the tremendous character of the drama whose events he is setting before us, and his frequent allusion to the grim, earnest, austere, and expectant party of progress, we are continually wondering to what definite conclusion this long and solemn series of general argumentations is tending. We feel certain that there must be some special political doctrine or nostrum which the writer, if we may speak so irreverently, has up his sleeve; and in his last

chapter Mr Kidd shows us what it is. Expressed in general terms, it is a species of State collectivism; and expressed in terms of the politics of the immediate future, it is legislation against trusts, and taxation of the unearned increment. This is to be the climax, so far as the immediate future is concerned, of that tremendous evolutionary process in which, as we apply to it the mental stethoscope of his philosophy, we shall, as it were, hear 'the very pulse of the cosmos' beating.

Having watched the mountain of Mr Kidd's philosophy in labour, the ordinary reader will feel a profane inclination to tell himself that nothing is born but a ridiculous mouse at last. Mr Kidd, however, attaches to his political programme a wider meaning than we may at first be inclined to impute to it. As we said just now, he contends that, under existing conditions, free competition ends in absolutism and monopoly, because it enables the most capable and strongest competitors in the economic struggle, not only to exert their superior talents to the utmost, and reap a reward in proportion to the social service rendered, but also to use this reward as a means of securing for themselves advantages besides their talents in the economic struggle of the future. In proportion as the stronger competitors secure for themselves these secondary advantages, they not only increase their own opportunities, but decrease those of others, so that the economic struggle, although it may be a struggle of all the talents at the beginning, ends by disqualifying all but those of the very few, thus incapacitating the majority from taking part in the economic struggle at all, and leaving them in the position not of competitors exercising their own talents and initiative, but of passive instruments of the talents and initiative of others. The tendency of human evolution at the present moment is accordingly described as follows by Mr Kidd himself:—

'The general will' (he says) 'consciously acting under a sense of responsibility to principles transcending all the claims of existing competitors, and acting therefore in the interests of the process of our social evolution as a whole, will . . . hold the stage [of general economic rivalry] open and free . . . in spite of the conditions in which we see modern industrial competition tending universally towards monopoly control; . . . and will bring us into view of an era in which increments in

the profit of ownership of the instruments and materials of production which are unearned in terms of social utility shall form part of a common inheritance to which the energies and abilities of the individual shall be applied in conditions tending towards equal economic opportunity. In no other condition' (he continues), 'as we begin to see, can that characteristic significance of really free competition, towards which it has been from the beginning the destiny of our civilisation to carry the world, be realised.'

In other words, there is to be a general surrender on the part of the whole community of the larger portion of the reward which has hitherto fallen to the share of the leaders of commerce and industry. The most efficient are to be handicapped in the race, in order to give free play for the talents of the less efficient.

It is difficult to imagine a more chaotic dream than this; and the more closely the scattered details of it are studied in Mr Kidd's pages, the farther removed do we see it to be from anything resembling an intelligible or coherent system. In one place Mr Kidd seems to contemplate the establishment of State workshops, which will gradually supersede private enterprises by competing with them. In another he seems to look forward to an enormous national fund, derived from the spoliation of the real leaders of industry, from which fund any scatter-brained inventor will be given capital sufficient to enable him to put his follies to the test; and in any case there is one idea which seems always uppermost in his mind—namely, that the power of one man of talent to control, by means of capital, the economic operations of a number of men inferior to him will be, if not abolished, reduced to its smallest proportions. The extreme development of State socialism which would base society on a system of economic conscription, and make each citizen a soldier in the industrial army of the State, is sanity compared with this Walpurgis-nacht of Mr Kidd's imagination. He proposes to make economic competition more and more efficient by constantly undoing the conditions in which it naturally results, and which alone permit of its efficiency being increased farther.

How utterly devoid of coherence his ideas on this subject are will be seen more clearly when we reflect that,



as we have seen already, this equality of opportunity in the economic struggle is merely one part of an equality of opportunity that will be general. Not only is every human being, according to Mr Kidd, to be absolutely free to set up in business, and to try all methods of manufacture, but the dunce, the lunatic, and the madman are to have the same facilities as those accorded to the wisest and profoundest thinkers, for trying new systems of government, advocating new religions, and making practical experiments in new systems of morals. 'The ideal,' says Mr Kidd, in a passage already quoted,

'is a rivalry in which the best organisations, the best methods, the best skill, the best abilities, the best government, and the best standards of action and of belief, shall have the right of universal opportunity.'

This sentence as it stands appears to us to be nonsense; for universal opportunity, as Mr Kidd conceives of it, could only give us the best governments, the best religious and moral codes, by according free play to the worst, and allowing these to disappear overwhelmed in their own failure; and this anarchical pandemonium, this tumult of universal folly, is precisely the condition of things to which Mr Kidd actually does look forward, as the opening scene of the act of the evolutionary drama which is first to bring us within appreciable distance of the glorious cosmic consummation which was implicit in its evolution from the beginning.

Mr Kidd will no doubt reply—and he has given himself every right to do so—that the new condition of things which equality of opportunity will produce, will not be advantageous to the successive generations who are born with it, and that he does not pretend that it will be. He will say that, on the contrary, the fact on which he primarily insists is the fact that nothing but a surrender of the advantages of the present generation to the future efficiency and prolonged vitality of the race could induce men to submit to a condition such as that which he here foreshadows; and that nothing could induce them to make this surrender but a motive which is essentially religious. But in urging this defence, Mr Kidd is merely bringing into view new difficulties no less disconcerting than the former. As has been observed already, he nowhere gives

us any analysis of this all-important religious motive, as it presents itself to the consciousness of the individual. Had he endeavoured to do this, he would have realised the insoluble nature of the practical difficulties in which his theory lands him.

In the first place, it must be remarked that, whenever he does condescend to adduce any facts as evidence that members of the progressive races are actually beginning to be influenced by the religious motive in question, and to surrender the good of the present for that of the remote future, his facts in reality point to a precisely opposite conclusion, and are nothing less than examples of an absolute preoccupation with the present. Thus, in one passage, he tells us that the general will is fast directing itself against competition in its existing forms; and, in order to illustrate his statement, he cites the animosity which such competition arouses in the breasts of those who, whether as capitalists or labourers, are unable, under existing conditions, to make an 'assured income.' Those whose incomes are assured can have no idea, says Mr Kidd, of the depth of this feeling in the breasts of the feebler and less successful competitors. What, then, does this feeling denote? An indifference to the present, and a religious preoccupation with the future? On the contrary, it denotes nothing more than the persistence of the old preoccupation with existing interests, which has characterised human beings since the human race began, and will continue to do so as long as the human race exists. There is not a single reform mentioned by Mr Kidd, as an example of the sacrifice of existing interests to the future, which was not similarly due to the presence of ordinary motives, though the motives were, no doubt, in a number of cases, highly distasteful to many who had to submit to them.

But, waiving this objection to Mr Kidd's theory altogether, we have yet to ask how, if we take him at his own word, and suppose that the coming generations are to take no interest in their own welfare, but are always to be sacrificing it to an ever-receding future, they are to discover any meaning or interest in human life at all. This difficulty Mr Kidd himself has perceived. We can only say that he has not been able to solve it. A life of self-denial as a preparation for another state of existence is

intelligible; a life of self-denial for the benefit of our children and our grandchildren is intelligible; but a life of self-denial for the sake of future generations, who will never enjoy the present any more than we do ourselves—a sustained effort to produce and mature a wine, which each generation is to pass on untasted to the next—this is absolutely inconsistent with common sense and with human nature. It could be made consistent with them only by the belief that this surrender of ourselves to our children, who will in their turn make surrender of a similar kind, is a species of ascetic discipline imposed upon man by God, and revealed to man by some special channel of revelation. But if this is the meaning of Mr Kidd's philosophy, it is a meaning which could be set forth far more fittingly in a longer or a shorter catechism than in the phrases of evolutionary science; for, apart from some God of whose character we have some definite knowledge, the mere continued existence on earth of such-and-such human races, 'who never are, but always to be, blest,' is a prospect not calculated to excite in man, woman or child any feeling except one of weary and apathetic wonder.

On the whole, it is impossible to imagine any system of philosophy more wholly divorced from the actual processes of life than this system of Mr Kidd's. It touches fact in a large number of places, as a key may touch the wards of a lock into which it refuses to fit. But, taken as a whole, it is a system of pure self-delusion. Mr Kidd reads history as Hamlet read the shapes of the clouds. He presents us with a series of majestic, if shadowy, tableaux; but the outlines of events which he takes to resemble a whale, might stand for a weazel with precisely equal justice. Many scientific specialists fail as general thinkers because they are unable to take a wide view of existence. Mr Kidd fails because he can take nothing else. Some day, we trust, he will learn that for a philosophy of human events, a study of the individual is as necessary as a study of the mass, a study of the microbe as necessary as a study of the course of the pestilence; and that the social telescope is useless without the aid of the microscope.

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**Art. XIV.—THE LOCAL-OPTION EDUCATION BILL.**

WITH the introduction of the Ministerial Education Bill by Mr Balfour on March 24th a too-long lacking element of seriousness returned to domestic politics. Here at last, in the judgment of all thoughtful Ministerialists, and probably in the hearts of the majority of educationists even outside the Ministerial ranks, is a measure which, if cleared of one radical blemish, offers a rational, fair and comprehensive solution of a problem of prime national importance. To the imperative necessity for the removal of that blemish, and to the facility which happily exists for doing so without interference with the main structure of the Bill, we shall presently refer. What, at this point and without delay, we desire to emphasise is our welcome of the general principles embodied in the legislative project now before the country for the settlement of the education question.

In these pages, least of all, can such welcome be grudged. In an article on 'The Educational Opportunity' published exactly a year ago, we urged that the Government should avail themselves of the necessity created by the Cockerton judgment to produce and carry through a measure of thorough-going and comprehensive reform. In sketching what, as it appeared to us, should be the main features of such a measure, we specified first, 'the establishment of a single local authority with power over the whole field of education within its area.' As to the composition of that authority, we expressed a strong preference for a committee of the existing municipal authority, strengthened by members chosen from outside under schemes allowing 'elasticity of adaptation to local circumstances.' Further, we insisted on the necessity of empowering the new local educational authority to aid the voluntary schools out of the rates in such fashion as to place them on a financial and educational equality with the schools with which they have hitherto carried on a virtually hopeless competition. Such aid, we pointed out, would need to be met by arrangements, satisfactory to the authority dispensing it, for securing the quality of the secular education given in all aided schools.

We put forward these principles in April, 1901, as

representing the general result arrived at by the best educational opinion of the day, and accepted on the Opposition side in politics, so far as educationists could detach themselves from purely partisan considerations and influences. It is needless, had we sufficient space, to review here the melancholy story of the fiasco which actually ensued—how a Bill was brought in, which, under firm and wise treatment, might have been developed into, or at any rate made the foundation for, a comprehensive settlement of the whole problem; how it was withdrawn, ignominiously, before the second reading; and how a temporary measure, dealing with the difficulties created by the Cockerton judgment, was forced into law at the expense of an amount of exertion on the Government side and irritation on the other, which, though inevitable in the circumstances, would have been far more worthily incurred for legislation of a permanent character. The pleasant and the fair thing is to recognise, with the one cardinal reservation already mentioned, that the Bill now before the country follows the sound principles just referred to, not, indeed, absolutely, but to a very large extent—almost, perhaps, to as large an extent as, amid the actual conditions of political life, could reasonably have been hoped.

First, as to the single local authority for educational purposes. That requirement is met over great areas in the first sentence of the Government Bill: 'For the purposes of this Act, the council of every county and of every county borough shall be the local education authority.' That is to say, that throughout all purely rural districts, and in all large towns, the existing principal municipal authority shall have education included within the scope of its responsibilities; and, as the subsequent clauses make clear, education of all grades is thereby intended. We regret that this unity of local authority does not go all through the country. It is qualified by the provision, also contained in the first clause, that in the case of non-county boroughs with a population of over ten thousand, and of urban districts with a population of over twenty thousand, the local municipal council shall be the local education authority in respect of elementary education; and (clause 3) shall have, within its own area, a concurrent power with that which will be possessed there

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by the county council in regard to the provision of education other than elementary.

In our judgment, the admission of this division of authority in the educational sphere is an unfortunate departure from that which may be called the root-principle of the Bill; also the small local councils, in whose sphere this departure occurs, will be rather specially liable to take contracted and illiberal views of the right method of dealing with the border-land between primary and secondary education. At the same time, it is fair to acknowledge that the complete and summary abolition of local educational autonomy, in a large number of places where it has existed for many years, might have raised serious difficulties. We wish the Government had faced those difficulties; but apparently there are good judges who hold that it was necessary to compromise here in order to secure the support needed for the Bill as a whole.

Moreover, there are certain considerations which may tend to mitigate the apprehensions caused by the creation of a dual educational authority in the small boroughs and urban districts. On the one hand, in those areas, so far as secondary education is concerned, the county council will be the definitely suzerain authority, and can, if need arises, take cogent measures for the enforcement of its paramountcy. For example, if the small local council should refuse to conform to its views as to the education other than elementary to be provided or aided within the area in question, it can withhold the grant from the 'whiskey money,' which the county councils have authority to dispense for the furtherance of technical and also, under the Bill, of secondary education. Also, as we understand, it can insist on rating the area, so as to make good—within limits—deficiencies in the educational provision due to any obstinate adherence to narrow views on the part of the small local authority. On the other hand, it is expressly provided (clause 15b) that any such small local authority may hand over to the county council all the educational powers and duties reserved to it under the first clause.

Living, then, as we do, in a country of compromise, we are not prepared to contend that the departure from principle involved in the proposed treatment of small

boroughs and urban districts, much as we regret it, is likely to be fraught with consequences constituting a serious drawback to the manifold advantages to be expected from the Bill as a whole. These we proceed briefly to indicate. They arise from the full embodiment in the Bill of the second and third of the principles adopted, as we have said, by a body of educational opinion, preponderating alike in quantity and quality. Unity of local authority the Bill offers us, as has been seen, over very large and populous areas, though not everywhere; an authority framed on the right lines, the Bill offers us at once and everywhere. The educational powers conferred on existing municipal authorities are to be exercised (clause 12), through 'an education committee or committees, constituted in accordance with a scheme made by the council' concerned, and 'approved by the Board of Education.' Every such scheme, it is laid down, shall provide for

'the selection and appointment by the council of at least a majority of the committee, and for the appointment by the council, on the nomination, where it appears desirable, of other bodies, of persons of experience in education, and of persons acquainted with the needs of the various kinds of schools in the area for which the council acts.'

Nobody who has any acquaintance with English provincial life—the whole case of London has been expressly reserved for special treatment next year—can doubt that an authority constituted in the fashion described by the words just quoted from the Bill is very much more likely to contain a sufficient number of persons with the requisite qualifications for successful educational administration than would be a body elected *ad hoc* at the polling-booths. Many of the persons best fitted for such work are precisely those whom nothing can induce to conduct an electioneering canvass over a large area. Their qualifications, in many cases even their names, are known to a comparatively small proportion of the electors; and, if they consented to become candidates for such office, they would be perpetually liable, and indeed likely, to be defeated by persons of an altogether inferior type. Under schemes of the kind contemplated by clause 12 of the Government Bill for the constitution

of education committees, there is every reason to anticipate that, wherever there is any local interest in the subject of educational reform, the services of those citizens will be enlisted who are most competent to aid in dealing with the subject.

It is to be observed that the Bill does not require, as former bills have required, that a majority of the education committee of a county or county borough council should be members of that council, but only that a majority of the committee should be 'selected and appointed by the council,' the remainder being appointed by the council, 'on the nomination where it appears desirable of other bodies.' This is an important, and, on the whole, we think, advantageous modification upon previous schemes. For, while it certainly appears desirable that, wherever possible, a large proportion of the educational authority should consist of persons who from time to time come into touch with the people on the occasion of elections, the provision to which we are calling attention meets the case of those councils, governing large and populous areas, whose members may be already too fully occupied to take over, with advantage to the public, all the large new responsibilities assigned to them under the Bill.

We do not, indeed, imagine that there are many councils which, if Parliament imposed new and comprehensive educational responsibilities upon them, would desire to delegate the discharge of those responsibilities mainly to outsiders. On the contrary, we believe, with Mr Balfour, that legislation such as that now before Parliament is likely to increase the number of persons, possessing special competence for dealing with educational questions, who will become members of county councils, and will naturally be selected by them for the education committees. None the less, however, does it seem well to provide, particularly at the outset of the working of this new system of national education, for cases in which councils might honestly feel, either that very few of their members had time for the discharge of educational responsibilities, or that they could find among their neighbours men better qualified than themselves, and also willing, to undertake the starting of the new system. It should be added at this point that the Bill also con-



tains, in clause 12—here following the good precedent of last year's measure—provisions for local enquiry on the part of the Board of Education with regard to any scheme for the constitution of an education committee offered to it by a county council, so that there may be every possible guarantee for the adaptation of the new authority to local requirements.

None, as it seems to us, but the very idolaters of direct election can sincerely complain, on democratic principles, of the new local authority proposed by the Government. Parliament, directly elected by the people, instructs a local authority, directly elected by the people, to propose schemes for the election and constitution of an education authority, of which one feature must be that the majority of its members shall be both selected and appointed by the directly elected authority, while the ultimate decision as to the method of nomination of the other members rests with a department which is responsible to Parliament. Whatever resolutions may be passed, attacking these proposals as undemocratic, by leagues and associations with a *parti pris* against any scheme that promises permanent relief to the straits of voluntary schools, the country, we are convinced, will discern the hollowness of such protests. Seven years ago this ground-principle, in regard to the constitution of new local authorities for dealing with education, was conceded from the Radical point of view, when Mr Bryce set his signature to the Report of the Secondary Education Commission. A system of indirect election and nomination, which would have been good enough, and indeed, by acknowledgment, best for the treatment of the complex problems of Secondary and Technical Education, is surely good enough for the supervision and co-ordination with them of Elementary Instruction.

The Bill, in a word, provides for the establishment of educational authorities in county and county borough areas as good, in all probability, as could be devised. There are drawbacks, as we have recognised, to the arrangements proposed in the case of the small boroughs and urban districts; but it is not on that ground that the Bill will be fought, if, as seems likely, it will be obstinately fought by a large section, though, we hope, not the whole, of the Opposition. The main ground of resistance

to the Bill will be found in that which to us appears to be one of its cardinal merits—that it aims at maintaining the voluntary schools, recognises them as a permanent and essential part of the national provision for elementary education, and seeks to place them in a position of financial and educational equality with the schools provided out of the rates.

Part III of the Bill enacts that the new local education authorities may, throughout their respective areas, take over the duties of school-boards. Where they do so, the boards will cease to exist; and the new authority will maintain, and also control, secular education in all public elementary schools, whether provided by them or not. In the case of voluntary schools, the local education authority will have power to insist on the carrying-out of any directions they may give as to secular instruction; to inspect the schools and audit the managers' accounts; to veto, on educational grounds, the appointment of teachers; to insist, subject to a reference to the Board of Education, on any reasonable alterations and improvements in the buildings, which will have to be made at the expense of the managers, who must also keep the buildings 'in good repair'; lastly, to appoint additional managers, 'so that the number of the persons so appointed, if more than one, does not exceed one-third of the whole number of managers.' In return for these important powers, the local authority will be expected to undertake the whole charge of maintaining the schools under their control in a state of educational efficiency.

The bargain appears to us to be a fair one. So far as the Church of England is concerned, it represents, in spirit, if not in every detail, the articles of settlement put forward by a joint committee of the two Convocations which sat last summer. The concessions made by the friends and supporters of voluntary schools are very large. They involve the entire surrender of all power which is capable of abuse. Wherever the new system comes into force, the 'one-man school'—the school of which a single overbearing clerical manager can speak as 'mine'—may possibly continue as a private establishment, but as a public elementary school will disappear altogether. But no surrender of principle is asked. The selection of teachers, subject, as is proper, to the veto of the local

authority upon the appointment of any professionally inefficient candidate, remains with the managers; and so does the control of the religious teaching. The outsiders appointed to take part in the management are not to be more than a third of the whole number. The schools thus controlled will remain institutions giving definite religious teaching of the kind desired by those who built and will still maintain the fabrics; but they will be brought into line educationally with the best schools in the locality.

The benefit thus conferred on the children of the nation, of whom three millions are still educated in voluntary schools, is of incalculable importance. It means nothing less than the relaying, well and truly, of the foundation of our educational system, which, for many years, has been growing more and more uneven and distorted. The Liberation Society and kindred bodies have raised preliminary protests, and are organising more serious opposition. But even they do not venture at this time of day to suggest that nothing should be done to improve the position of the voluntary schools. All that they can do is to deny that the Government Bill offers any 'real or effective public control' in return for the maintenance offered to those schools. But a perusal of the above-mentioned conditions attached to the acceptance by the local authority of the burden of maintenance will convince any fair-minded person of the hollowness of this objection. The 'power of the purse' will rest with the authority; to refuse to conform to its views as to the requisites of a sound secular education would be a suicidal proceeding on the part of managers of voluntary schools. This is so obvious that the attempt, if made, to persuade the country of the contrary will be made with the certainty of failure. The fear is rather that local authorities animated by Liberationist principles may sometimes exact conditions, for instance, in regard to buildings, which it may be very difficult, if not impossible, for managers of voluntary schools to perform. But this is a risk which must be faced; and there will be an appeal to the Board of Education.

Why then should there be any serious qualification of the satisfaction with which the Government Bill is regarded on their own side, as was shown by the debate on the first

reading, and expressed by independent elementary educationists in the resolution of general commendation passed at the meeting of the National Union of Teachers at Bristol? The single authority is approved, so far as it goes; the composition of that authority is practically unchallenged, even by the National Union of Teachers, which is known to contain many theoretical partisans of direct *ad hoc* election; the equalisation of the position of all public elementary schools meets with equal approbation. The one radical defect in the Bill is the clause (5) which makes the provisions dealing with elementary education optional, or adoptive, at the discretion of the local authority.

It is difficult to exaggerate the potential mischief contained in this clause. It was intended, if we are to accept the weak defence given of it in Mr Balfour's speech, as a means of avoiding the production of irritation in places where school-boards are strong and, through the good work they have done, have won a powerful hold upon public sentiment. But obviously it is precisely in those parts of the country where school-boards are strong and have worked with energy that the pressure upon voluntary schools is most severe, and the need of rectifying the lop-sided and distorted condition of elementary education is most clearly established. What is wanted, we need hardly say, is not a levelling down, but a levelling up of the two classes of elementary schools in respect of secular efficiency. If the municipal authority of such places is left to decide for itself whether it will take over the work of the school-board and exercise a general control over all public elementary schools within its area or not, it will inevitably happen in many cases that the new responsibility will be declined, as involving a good deal of unpopularity as well as additional trouble. The result is that there will be large areas in which the vices of the present oppressive competition between schools of different classes are maintained and aggravated, side by side with others, in which the new authorities are using all the powers placed at their disposal by Parliament for the creation of a well co-ordinated system of education, resting upon a firm and even foundation.

It seems hardly conceivable that Parliament will become responsible for creating a new system full of such vast

and flagrant anomalies. No one, so far as we have seen, has had a word to say in favour of the adoptive clause (5) of the Government Bill. Sir Richard Jebb, on the night of the first reading, in an excellent speech, exhibited the gravity of the disfigurement which it would introduce into the settlement attempted by the Bill. His protest on this point, coupled as it was with a cordially—and quite justly—favourable analysis of the general scope of the Bill, was echoed by several other speakers, and it has been strongly sustained by the National Union of Teachers. Mr Balfour has subsequently expressed, in his letter to Mr Plummer ('Times,' April 1st), the strong hope that the local authorities will decide in favour of taking over the charge of elementary education. If this is so desirable, it would surely be better to put it out of their power to refuse.

Happily, as we have said, the offending clause can be cut out without any alteration of the general structure of the Bill, with the spirit of which, indeed, it seems curiously at variance. If it is excised, the Government may count on carrying through Parliament, with the exercise of a normal amount of resolution, a settlement of the education problem on broad lines which will not soon be disturbed. Until it is excised, or an assurance given that that fate awaits it, ministers are likely to find that support will be but half-hearted, and that the wheels of legislation will run heavily. An early intimation that they have recognised the decisive manifestation of feeling among their supporters and among independent educationists in regard to the adoptive clause would liberate an amount of genuine enthusiasm for the Bill, before which the opposition to it would speedily break down. The Government have practically staked their legislative reputation on this measure, brought in, as it has been, not by a subordinate Minister, but by the Leader of the House of Commons. If they choose, they may, by enacting a great and beneficent educational reform, redeem the memory of a long series of weaknesses and failures. They cannot afford to neglect the one means of securing that their Education Bill shall rank as a first-class legislative achievement.

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